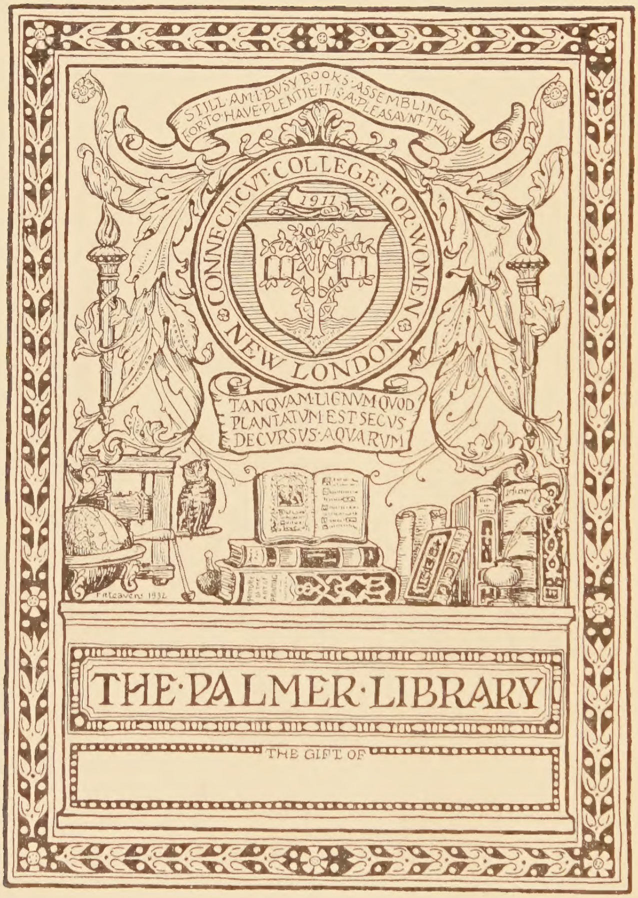
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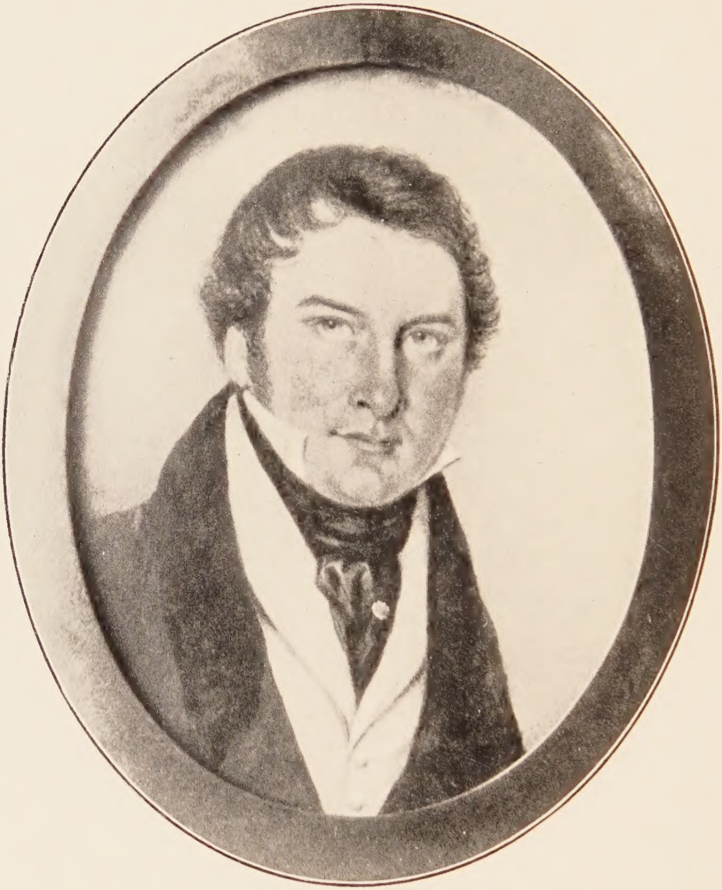
THE CRADLE DAYS OF NATAL



Francis George Farewell, Lieutenant R.N.
Founder of Port Natal.

(From a miniature in the Durban Museum.)

THE CRADLE DAYS OF
NATAL
(1497–1845)

BY

GRAHAM MACKEURTAN

LL.B. (Cant.)

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S COUNSEL FOR THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

I AM much indebted to the following for kindness and assistance during my effort to write a readable history of the early days of one of the fairest countries on the earth :

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Mr. Lynn Acutt of Durban has supplied most of the photographs reproduced. Unhappily there is no portrait of Pieter Retief in existence.

GRAHAM MACKEURTAN

DURBAN NORTH
April 1930

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THE CRADLE DAYS OF NATAL

THE CRADLE DAYS OF NATAL

CHAPTER I

THE DISCOVERY

ON Christmas Day 1497 Vasco da Gama's fleet of three small vessels plunged slowly along the coast of South-East Africa in search of " Prester John and the King of Calicut " by command of Dom Manoel, King of Portugal, afterwards called " The Fortunate."

Dom Manoel believed that in the dark heart of Africa or India there was a mighty Christian State whose monarch bore the dynastic name of Prester John. He was not in this respect original. His ancestors had for centuries nursed the same belief with a praiseworthy insistence, for which the Infidel Turk was in the main responsible.

The Kings of Portugal yearned to find this Prester John, so that they might ally themselves with him. Once this was achieved they could engage the same Turk upon his front, while Prester John fell heavily against his unprotected rear. It seemed that only by some such manœuvre could the Holy Places find themselves again in Christian hands. This queer obsession had emerged from a letter which Prester John was alleged to have written in the twelfth century to the Greek Emperor Manuel the First. It was widely circulated through Europe in the year 1165, and took the credulous by storm. In it Prester John described in convincing detail the glories of his Asiatic kingdom, and recorded his consuming desire to recover the Holy Sepulchre by means of his countless armies. He had monstrous ants that dug for gold, kept fish that produced the famous purple dye, and collected pebbles that not only cured blindness but made their possessors invisible. What is more, he bred salamanders, from whose unconsumable excretions his royal robes were fashioned, to be laundered only in flame. These were but a few of the amazing figments of this preposterous document. He had, so the letter said, a sceptre fashioned from a single emerald, crosses of gold and blazing gems for battle standards, and a mirror in which he could miraculously observe the activities of his teeming subjects. The humblest of his courtiers was a bishop. He was surrounded by adoring archbishops, counts, dukes, and—it was whispered—even kings. His chief cook was an abbot, and his master of the horse an archimandrite. And yet amid this fantastic fabulous splendour, whose very contemplation made one like to swoon, the monarch was content with the title of naught but a simple presbyter or priest. This was proof of a humility so exquisite that the devout proceeded to hug themselves in an ecstasy of fervour.

Nobody asked why Prester John, with such illimitable resources, had not simply fallen upon the unregenerate Turk and incontinently obliterated him. The answer would no doubt have given general satisfaction, but it is unhappily not on record.

In later days Prester John was, still rather nebulously, located in Africa rather than Asia as the " Patriarch of Nubia." He finally turned out to be the important but prosaic Christian Emperor of Abyssinia, who could hardly in his most inspired moments have claimed a tithe of the mythical glories once the fervent belief of Europe. So that it was in fact a less fabulous, but still potentially useful, Christian emperor, somewhere in North-East Africa, that the Portuguese of the late fifteenth century set out to discover. He still bore, of course, the name of Prester John.

The King of Calicut, who was also an object of Vasco da Gama's quest, was a much less grandiose figure than Prester John. He was presumed to be merely the King of the Indies —an opulent but heathen ruffian who, when run to earth, was to be well trounced and converted. No greater difficulty was expected in discovering him than in finding Prester John. All Vasco da Gama had to do was to sail round Africa and ask for " Sofala and the Island of the Moon." There pilots would guide him to the coast of Malabar and Calicut.

After this simple preliminary the rich and exotic products of those realms were to find their way to Europe by way of Portugal.

What had led Dom Manoel to pass from a state of quiescent belief to one of active exploration was this.

Dom John, who succeeded his father King Alfonso upon the throne of Portugal in 1481, was much intrigued with the exploration of Western Africa, stimulated no doubt by the fact that the revenue from that region had been assigned to him during his father's lifetime. His interest was augmented when one of his captains brought back from Benin an ambassador from the king of that place, who disclosed the existence of a "Powerful Prince" with the significant name of Ogane some two hundred and fifty leagues to the eastward of his country. To this prince even the ruler of Benin himself paid tribute. According to the ambassador, each new King of Benin was bound to acquaint Ogane of his accession, and received in return a large Maltese cross of brass, which he retained as a symbol of his vassaldom. Here was the true Christian flavour. Besides, the Great One never appeared in person to the messenger who brought him the news. He remained behind silk curtains, exhibiting only one foot, not merely as an earnest of his presence, but as an object of veneration. Who could this be but Prester John?

Certain wandering friars who were clearly qualified to speak—had they not been to Jerusalem?—confirmed this view. So did the royal cosmographers, who actually measured the two hundred and fifty leagues on their maps. No further proof was needed.

Two of Dom John's equerries were bundled off by way of Alexandria, to conduct a search, each of them wearing a brass medallion which proclaimed in all known languages that Dom John was King of Portugal, and brother of all Christian kings. Their adventures, alas, do not concern us here.

It is of more importance, from the South African point of view, that Bartholomew Diaz, a Knight of the Household and sometime Receiver of Customs in the warehouses of Lisbon, was also dispatched to find Prester John, by way of the south.

His expedition consisted of two small vessels of fifty tons each, with a storeship; Diaz commanded one vessel, and Juan Infante, another knight, the other. They sailed in August 1486.

After rounding the Cape without seeing it, they steered north-east for some time and reached Algoa Bay. Sailing on a little farther, they erected a pillar to St. Gregory on an island which lay just off Cape Padrone (" The Cape of the Pillar "), and not, it seems, upon the island of Saint Croix in Algoa Bay, as is generally thought.

They finally anchored at a river some sixty miles north of that cape, which they named after Juan Infante, who was the first to set foot upon its banks. It is now, less romantically, called the Great Fish.

There the crews decided that their maritime crusade had lasted long enough, and forced Diaz to return. With a heavy heart he faced his ships homewards, leaving the island landmark " with as much grief as if he had left there a son banished for ever." On the way back the vessels sighted the Cape, which they had missed on their outward voyage. To this, by way of graphic tribute to the weather, they gave the name of Cabo Tormentoso, or Cape of Storms.

Later on, they came to their store-ship, which they had left on the West Coast of Africa some nine months before, finding only three men alive out of the nine who had remained upon it. One of these, a clerk, was so weak with illness that, upon seeing them, he died of joy.

Thence they sailed back to Portugal with their cargo of copper bracelets, brass basins, rattles and little bells, looking-glasses, knives and gaily coloured cloths still unopened in the tiny holds of their vessels. They reached Lisbon after an absence of nearly seventeen months.

When Dom John heard their news he changed the name of the cape they had rounded from that of Storms to that of Good Hope. The dutiful chronicler recorded that this name would probably " be preserved as long as the world lasts."

The King's enthusiasm, however, petered out, and no other expedition sailed in his time to continue the discoveries of Bartholomew Diaz.

Dom Manoel succeeded his uncle, Dom John, as King in 1495, the latter having been indiscreet enough to leave no legitimate male issue. He discovered in a royal chest the correspondence between his predecessor and an astute and influential merchant in Venice, upon the subject of Prester John. This merchant had done much business for Dom John at this flourishing centre, and was his friend.

Dom Manoel was by tradition the inheritor of a quest which had so far not succeeded ; but this of itself need not have induced more than a languid interest, with a desultory expedition or so launched by way of concession to public opinion. As it happened, his discovery of the letters awakened an enthusiasm which developed into fervour when he secretly consulted Abraham Zakut, a Jewish astrologer. This astute old gentleman triumphantly declared that God had specially reserved the discovery of India for Dom Manoel alone.

No doubt he assumed a risk in adding that two natural brothers of the King would effect the discovery, but his boldness appears to have been overlooked by the rejoicing monarch.

The King was agog with excitement. The preliminaries were embarked upon without delay, and Estevan da Gama, a nobleman and Governor of Sines, was chosen to lead an expedition which, in view of Abraham's inspired and confidential information, could only be crowned with success.

It is only fair to Dom Manoel to assume that the religious side of the affair was of tremendous importance, but it must be remembered that the letters from Venice which had lit the flame were strewn with descriptions of the limitless wealth of India. They spoke of " the trade which issued from it by many seas and lands, by which way there came merchandises and aromatic spices to Alexandria, from which the Turks drew great profits." Thence came, the merchant said, the merchandise to Venice, and it was the source of her greatest trade, for her galleys, and hers alone, brought it to Spain and even Lisbon.

As for India, the merchant could say not where it was, but he adroitly hinted that its discovery was clearly an affair for a Great Prince, who would thereby be " exalted in riches and grandeur over all the Christian Princes," especially, of course, if he conquered it into the bargain.

It must therefore have been very comforting to Dom Manoel to feel that the greater the spiritual glory won the greater the temporal dominion achieved. As he himself said, the discovery of India would not only mean that the Faith would be spread and accepted by the help of God, but also that the Portuguese would "gain merit in the eyes of Our Redeemer, praise and honour amongst men, and new Kingdoms and States, now defended by a horde of barbarians."

The denizens of the East, as the inheritors of a civilisation much older than that prevailing in Dom Manoel's dominions, hardly deserved so abusive a description. It would not, however, be proper to blame Dom Manoel, since greater enlightenment has not led the West to any much more tolerant an attitude.

While the expedition was being fitted out Estevan da Gama died, and his elder son Paulo was suggested as commander in his father's place. He, however, was not inclined to take upon himself so onerous a task, and in the end his brother Vasco, who had already proved himself in an expedition under Dom John, was chosen as leader.

Vasco da Gama had been born and reared at Sines, a small seaport on the western coast of Portugal, flanked by a great cliff of granite and cut off from the hills by leagues of sand. It was a bleak and barren spot, swept by the wild Atlantic gales, and much of Vasco's maritime daring was bred of his days among the tiny vessels that rocked in the meagre harbour. These days were an apt prelude to the perils and adventures he was to face, which ended when he "delivered up his soul" on Christmas morning of the year of our Lord 1524.

He had first seen the light in a fishing village, to the sound of the Atlantic surge. And he closed his tired eyes in the Indies he had opened to the towering galleons of Portugal. His body, clothed in silk, belted, spurred, and girt with his sword, lay in the end in the chapel of a Franciscan monastery at Cochin, covered with the mantle of the Order of Christ.

It was a far cry, but he had been "of so strong a spirit that, without any human fear, he passed through so many perils."

The fleet which was to achieve so much where others had failed consisted of four vessels, each of the burden of about a hundred and twenty-five tons. The flagship was the *San Gabriel*, whereof Pedro d'Alanquer was appointed pilot, because he had already sailed round the Cape with Diaz.

Another vessel was the *San Raphael* under Paulo da Gama, who, though unwilling to assume the leadership, gladly joined the expedition to serve under his younger and more hardy brother. Then there were the *Berrio* under one Nicholas Coelho, and a store-ship which was to be destroyed at the Bay of San Bras, or Mossel Bay. It was considered that by then her purpose would have been fulfilled.

Paulo da Gama had very nearly been left behind. When the time came for him to take command of the *San Raphael* it was found that he had playfully inflicted a serious wound upon the Judge of Setubal. This was no doubt a trivial matter, but it required the technicality of His Majesty's pardon, which was only just obtained in time.

These four vessels, with a hundred and seventy souls on board, sailed from Lisbon on the 8th of July 1497, and were accompanied as far as San Jorge del Mina, on the West Coast of Africa, by the great Diaz himself. He was now a captain of one of the caravels that traded between Lisbon and that gold-producing port.

Nothing was forgotten, even down to the convicted criminals who were to be scattered along the wild shores of Africa, in the hope that they would aid in the discovery of the elusive Prester John. But the experiment of selecting negresses for the purpose, which had been tried upon the voyage of Diaz, was not repeated. The hope that their sex would induce the natives to treat them with greater clemency than they did the males had, curiously enough, not been realised.

It was in this wise that Vasco da Gama, Crusader and Trade Commissioner, came to be off the African coast this fine Christmas morning. He could hardly have been in a Christmas mood that day, as he was ever " ready to anger." Nor would his temper have been improved had he known that the *San Raphael's* mainmast had sprung and was being " patched up with backstays."

His three ships (the store-ship having been duly destroyed by fire) were leaking so badly that the pumps were day and night at work. He had had a Hottentot spear through his leg at a bay north of the Cape. The Hottentots at Mossel Bay had at first provided beef " as sweet as that of Portugal " and entertained his crews with pastoral flutes, " making a pretty harmony for negroes who are not expected to be musicians." But they had suddenly become so unpleasant over a question of barter that he had fired a couple of cannon at them. What was more, they had deliberately destroyed the great stone cross bearing the arms of Portugal which he had erected as a landmark and evidence of his visit. Their ingratitude was the more detestable since they should clearly have been well content with the red nightcaps they had received in return for their bracelets of ivory.

A fierce south-east gale, now happily replaced by a cool following south-west wind, had bred a mutiny. He had not only clapped the master and pilot of his flagship into irons (where they still were), but had also flung their astrolabes, or navigating instruments, into the sea, in order to show his crews that God was the only master and pilot of whom he stood in need. As he said, God in His mercy would guide and deliver them if they deserved it, " and if not, let His will be done." Abraham Zakut, besides advising his monarch, had also industriously fashioned these instruments of wood and brass, with a special tripod. What he would have said, is best left unrecorded.

Much must have come back to Vasco da Gama that morning on the high poop of his midget flagship, as he gazed moodily at the dark splashes of forest on the green hills of the new land, and then at the *San Raphael* and *Berrio* pitching lazily behind him.

He remembered, no doubt, how the King, taken with his bearing, had finally offered him the command, and how he had replied, " Sire, I am a servant for any labour that may be, which I will perform so long as my life lasts."

He must also have recalled the vigil he kept in the House of Our Lady of Bethlehem the night before he sailed, and the oath he swore when Dom Manoel invested him with the Knighthood of the Cross—the oath to exhibit the symbol of his Order to the Indians, and to protect it " against water, fire, and steel " until he should return, after having, " in the Faith, exerted diligence and industry on its behalf."

Then there was the day of embarkation, tense and interminable, with its procession of tonsured priests, its chanting of the litanies, and its absolution to all those who were to sail, lest they should never return. There were also the genuine, if tactless, lamentations of the spectators, who whole-heartedly commended the crews to God as they left the shore. He could remember quite well the flutter of the royal standard at the masthead, and the bellying of his sails, splashed with the red cross of the Order of Christ, as the banks of the Tagus slid by and faded into the mist.

The reflections of his crews were undoubtedly more mundane. Neither the absolution granted them nor the handsome separation allowance accorded to their families by the King himself could have afforded much consolation to them for the discomfort of their labouring homes, which they must have regarded as a sort of perambulating hell. The crowding of their ships had been accentuated by the division among them of the crew of the abandoned store-ship. They felt also that the irons were always ready (as indeed they were) and that there was no " refuge for either soul or body " from the incessant toiling at the pumps. The fresh-water barrels were broken, and, in order to preserve a supply which allowed each of them less than a pint of drinking water a day, their food was being cooked in brine. The scurvy which was later to play such havoc among them at the Limpopo River, and was only cured by a remedy too drastic to describe, had already raised its rotting head. The crimson of the cross upon the mainsails had long since faded for them.

As the fleet, in this welter, sailed past the new land, which had hitherto never unfolded its jumbled beauty to European eyes, the commander gave it the name of Natal in honour of the birthday of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER II

SIXTEENTH CENTURY

THE astrolabes of Abraham Zakut were rotting on the floor of the Indian Ocean, but his prophecy had come true. Vasco da Gama never found Prester John—but he reached " Calicut."

He returned to Lisbon on the 28th of August 1499 with only a third of his company alive. King Manoel was delighted with the news he brought, and conferred on him and his descendants for ever the title of Dom ; he made him Hereditary Admiral of India, and a count. He even rewarded him in money. But the day of da Gama's triumph was darkened by the thought that he had left his brother Paulo still and for ever silent in the Franciscan monastery of Terceira in the Azores.

The discoveries of Vasco da Gama now indubitably became the property of the Portuguese Crown. Papal Bulls of Nicolas the Fifth and Sextus the Fourth, granted years before, made this perfectly clear.

The Bulls are not reproduced by the chroniclers, because they were much too long—and, anyway, the curious could see them in the Archives.

Some of the newly-discovered Oriental rulers were a little troublesome in declining to recognise them as authoritative, but their obstinacy soon wilted before the Portuguese cannon. Great fleets now left Lisbon every year ; da Gama himself sailed again in 1502 ; forts were built at Kilwa and Sofala, and a factory sprang up at Mozambique ; the " Lord " of Zanzibar became a vassal of Portugal. A Portuguese Viceroy of India ruled at Cochin. Cargoes of ivory, ambergris, pepper, cinnamon, cloves, and Eastern fabrics richly splashed with gold lumbered the wharves of Lisbon.

The Portuguese had the Eastern seas practically to themselves for many years. The French were the first to appear—first as pirates and then as traders—but their expeditions were sporadic and unsuccessful. The English revealed themselves in 1580 by Captain Francis Drake in the *Pelican*, on a voyage round the world. He sighted the Cape and described it as "the most stately thing and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth." Three English vessels anchored in Table Bay in 1591, and in 1595 four ships of Holland, eastward bound, called at Mossel Bay.

But for decades after its christening Natal was ignored. Such outrageous conduct would in these days cause the whole province to become vocal. But the naked Natalians of the time, in their nomadic darkness, remained silent and indifferent to the insult. The Portuguese galleons that sailed to and from the Indies seldom sighted land between Cape Corrientes and Table Bay, except by misadventure. All idea of making the Cape a port of call was dispelled after 1510, when the first Portuguese Viceroy of India, Francisco d'Almeida, at the head of a landing party, was murdered by the Hottentots of that place. Only once or twice did a Portuguese vessel skirt the Natal coast. In 1505 a ship trailed along the seaboard between the Cape and Sofala, in a hopeless endeavour to find Francisco d'Albuquerque. He had commanded an expedition against the "Moors" of Aden in 1503, and disappeared after calling at Mozambique on his homeward voyage.

Another vessel traversed the same route in 1527 in an attempt to find Luiz de Menezes, captain of the galleon *San Luis*, stationed in the East. When Vasco da Gama arrived in India as Viceroy in 1524 he had promptly ordered the brother of Luiz, a peculating Governor of Goa, to be sent back to Portugal. Luiz decided to return with him; whether out of sympathy or a desire to participate is not clear. Two ships left India in 1525, one with the Governor and the other with Luiz on board. The Governor's vessel duly arrived, but that of Luiz, after leaving Mozambique, was heard of no more. Hence the search, which was, of course, without result. In 1536, however, a captured French pirate confessed to having plundered and sunk the missing vessel. His Portuguese captor, righteously indignant, cut off his hands and those of his crew, and burned the whole of them in their ships. For this "afterwards the French pirates committed great cruelties on the Portuguese." It was a strenuous age, but, as the chronicler says, he wrote "from hearsay," and it "all may be lies, like other things in this world except to love the Lord God."

There was one other Portuguese who at the close of 1536 sailed along the coast of Natal. His course was laid close inshore the whole way, and he "touched at the different rivers" as he proceeded. He was not interested in the least in Natal, or, for that matter, in Africa at all. He was making his way from India to Lisbon to see the King; and his vessel was a "fusta," a long, shallow Indian-built row-boat with a "latine" sail, which he had decked in and furnished with two water-tanks. In this crazy vessel, sixteen and a half feet long, nine feet wide, and four and a half feet deep, Diogo Botelho Pereira left India in October 1536, and reached Lisbon in May 1537. He hired an Indian crew by hiding his destination, and kept them by clapping them in irons when they mutinied on discovering the truth at sea; some of them died of cold off the Cape, "notwithstanding his having provided warm clothing for them."

When he reached Lisbon, the Tagus was immediately covered with boats to see the "fusta"; but the King "treated him with coldness and distance"; Pereira had once been imprisoned for threatening to go over to the Spaniards when the King refused him a command, and had been released to sail to India on condition that he should never return without the King's permit. And here he was, without permission, with his preposterous vessel and a brown and shivering crew. The King was pleased to show a kindness to the crew which they thoroughly deserved, but Pereira's hopes that his obvious heroism would delight the monarch were wrecked almost as soon as he arrived.

The "fusta" was exhibited on shore for many years until it fell to pieces; but Pereira was long neglected, and, at last, made "Captain of Cananor in India, that he might be at a distance from Portugal."

One may well express the hope that on his amazing journey he had fine weather off Natal. He certainly deserved it. It is true that Natal is mentioned in the narrative of Father Monclaro, one of the Jesuit priests who sailed with Francisco Barreto, general of the King's galleys, on his ill-starred expedition to change the religion, and, incidentally, acquire the gold mines of the Monomatapa, a native monarch in Eastern Africa. Barreto, with his six hundred soldiers, mostly of gentle birth, and his hundred Africans, sailed past the land of Natal in 1570. But far from rhapsodising over its beauty, or envisaging its future importance, the unobservant Father Monclaro merely records that there was very good shark-fishing to be had off its shores. And he adds insult to injury by remarking that the abdomen of one of the catch produced " a pewter plate, a gimlet, and a shoe." The shark-fishing, by the way, is still good.

It was not until 1575 that Natal received attention, and then only, as it were, by a side wind. Manuel de Mesquita Perestrello left Mozambique on the 22nd of November in that year, with orders to chart the coastline between Cape Corrientes and the Cape of Good Hope. He did not land in Natal on this voyage, but there was no need of that. He had staggered painfully through it in 1554, as one of the shipwrecked party of the *San Bento*, whose adventures will hereafter be related. Of Natal he says : " All this land which is called Natal is high. It has no ports. There are in it some rivers, but none capable of receiving large ships. The interior consists of green ridges and many patches of forest, between which there are also in some places wild olive trees, and in the valleys and lowlands watercress and water parsley." Another translator makes these plants " mint and beril." The reader may have his choice. " The appearance [he continues] of the land for the greater part is high and fruitful, and thus it is well peopled and contains a great variety of animals tame and wild."

Perestrello made his report to Dom Sebastian, King of Portugal, direct after two anxious months off the South African coast. As he said himself, the particulars were " badly composed, and by a trembling hand," but it was better for his King to receive them thus, instead of their being " adorned by some one else before Your Highness sees them." He knew the pretty ways of his superiors.

There is so far one grave omission, at least, in this book. Vasco da Gama's discovery and naming of Terra de Natal have been recounted ; Perestrello's description of it is set out above ; but what Natal meant to either of them does not so far appear. Modern Natal, until Zululand was added to it in 1897, has always meant the country between the Umtamvuna River on the south and the Tugela on the north.

According to de Goes, Vasca da Gama sighted the group now known as Bird Islands, near Algoa Bay, on the 16th of December 1497, and found on Christmas Day that he had made another seventy leagues. The usual contrary winds and currents were to blame. The league of those days was 3·38 sea, or 3·9 statute miles. This would bring the vessels, by Christmas, half-way between the Umzimvubu and Umtamvuna Rivers, or, in other words, well south of Natal as we know it. If this be so, the name of Natal really belongs not to the people of that province, but to the natives of Pondoland, whose predecessors then leapt about in joyous nudity between those ample streams. Others say, however, that, on Christmas Day, Vasco da Gama was off the Umzimkulu River, which is north of the Umtamvuna, and, if that be so, the Natalians of to-day may remain unruffled and content.

Perestrello, who followed Vasco da Gama by some eighty years, awards Natal an area which should satisfy her most ardent patriot. According to him, her southern boundary lay a hundred miles or so up coast from Cape Padrone, or about the Buffalo River, at whose mouth the Port of East London has since grown up. The citizens of that place will probably reject with horror the view that their territory was part of Natal, even as long ago as the sixteenth century. But the bar sinister is there. To the north of Natal lay the land of Fumos, which began above Kosi Bay, nearly a hundred and twenty miles beyond Cape St. Lucia. Natal's coastline extended thus from the Buffalo River to the northern end of Kosi Bay. Between these two points there were five capes or headlands. Three of these Perestrello prosaically named Primeiro, Do Meio, and Derradeira ; or First, Intermediate, and Last. Primeira may have been Cape Hermes ; Do Meio was probably the Bluff at Durban ; Derradeira was about the Tugela River. The two other capes were Pescaria and St. Lucia. Cape Pescaria derived its name from the fact that Portuguese ships had anchored off it and caught great quantities of fish. It was near Richard's Bay, into which the Umhlatuzi River flows, and was probably Point Durnford. Cape St. Lucia lay just south of St. Lucia Bay, into which flow at least two great rivers, the Umfolozi and the Umkuzi. Between St. Lucia Bay and the Land of Fumos lay Kosi Bay, into which flowed the " River of the Downs of Gold." We shall hear more later of these yellow plains.

Perestrello's " Terra dos Fumos " was that portion of northern Zululand later known as Tongaland, lying between Kosi Bay and Lourenço Marques. There was a Cape dos Fumos in this locality, somewhere south of the entrance to Delagoa Bay. It may have been Oro Point. Perestrello disliked this cape, as he lost two anchors there and nearly ran ashore. He remained " three days very anxious."

It has been generally thought that Terra dos Fumos meant the Land of Smokes, and derived its name from the fact that the natives were burning the grass as the Portuguese sailed past. This custom of grass-burning is still prevalent in Natal. By mid-winter, which, by the way, is July, the grass which has made rank growth with the summer rains is reddish gold, waist high, and dry as tinder. To leave it would impose upon the tender shoots of the following spring the heavy burden of forcing their way through the dense and aged mass above them. Thousands of acres are therefore burnt off. Giant pillars of dark smoke are visible for miles, and at night the hills are ringed with cracking flame. To view this from the sea is to achieve a sensation of unbounded pillage or of some gargantuan sacrifice. When the flames die down, giant blotches, dark grey and black, show on the hills for miles, flecked only with the crimson lilies that spring when the earth above them has been seared by fire. The native children hold red armfuls of them up to travellers along the more frequented roads.

With the thunder rains of spring, the new grass shoots untrammelled, and the hills are emerald green. The crimson lilies die, and patiently await the coming of new fire to give them life again. The gaunt and hungry native cattle range the new pasture, eating greedily.

The wisdom or otherwise of this grass-burning is a matter acridly debated by agricultural pundits. Strange words such as " humus " and " potash " have been bandied about concerning it. But the prevalent opinion is that as a biennial practice it is sound. The insects and reptiles are, however, much disturbed

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thereby, although the natives say that the grass will not burn round a snake-hole. The wild birds and animals are neutral—saving the dark wise bird with a forked tail, whose habit is to dart through the clouds of smoke and devour the dazed flying insects on the wing.

To return, however, to the Land of Fumos. One learned author points out that it was described on Vasco da Gama's voyage as being filled with numerous tribes, each under a chief called an "Mfumo," so that the word "Fumos" has nothing to do with smoke at all. The place was the "Land of Chiefs," and the name is thus prosaic and not picturesque in origin. If that be so, those who have hitherto held the other view have erred in good company. The contemporary chronicle of the survivors of the *San Thomé*, who were cast ashore on the land of Fumos in 1588, says that the land was so called "by the first of our people who visited it, from the quantity of smoke which they saw on the land at night."

Having thus discovered so far as may be what "Natal" meant in those days, we may proceed, with, however, one word to the curious. Perestrello's latitudes are, in the main, out by half to three-quarters of a degree. His distances are a safer guide.

Quite apart from these coastal expeditions, the crews and passengers of four shipwrecked Portuguese vessels walked tragically through Natal, or Fumos, in their efforts to reach Lourenço Marques. Each of these journeys was marked by suffering so grievous as to be almost beyond belief. The first wreck was that of the *San João* on the 24th of June 1552, and the next that of the *San Bento* on the 22nd of April 1554. Then came that of the *San Thomé* on the 16th of March 1589, and that of the *Santo Alberto* on the 27th of March 1593.

Accounts of these journeys were published by survivors, and make grisly reading.

THE *SAN JOÃO*

The great galleon *San João* left Cochin homeward bound on the 3rd of February 1552 under the command of Dom Manuel de Sousa. His wife, Donna Leonor, "a woman of noble rank, delicate and young," and their children sailed with him. The cargo was worth " a million in gold, for so richly laden a ship had not left India since it was discovered." When near the Cape she met a violent westerly gale, and was forced, by rotten sails and a defective rudder, to run east before it. The rudder had in fact lost three pintles, but only the master and carpenter knew it ; like most of the vessels that left Goa, she sailed " at the mercy of God, to save four cruzados." In the end both her foremast and rudder were swept away, while her bowsprit was torn out of its fastenings and flung across the ship. A jury-mast was rigged but carried away ; a new rudder, heroically made, proved too small. The ship drifted helplessly along with " fifteen spans of water " in her holds. By this time it was the 8th of June. The waterlogged vessel was gradually carried inshore, and finally stranded just north of the Umzimvubu River, " two crossbow shots off the shore." The settlement at the mouth of this river is to-day called " Port St. Johns " after the unhappy galleon. Of those on board, a hundred and ten were lost in the landing, but a hundred and eighty Portuguese, with three hundred and twenty slaves, survived. In four hours the ship was smashed to atoms, and her debris and disintegrated cargo strewed the shore. " There was not a piece of the galleon as large as a man's arm remaining." The surrounding country was barren, and practically deserted. The Portuguese could only find a few natives who at first appeared willing to barter a cow, but afterwards refused. The captain, though badly in need of it for his wife and children, declined to take it by force.

After waiting twelve days for the sick to recover, the party set out for Lourenço Marques, on the 7th of July 1552. Donna Leonor was borne by slaves in a litter, and a " banner of the crucifix uplifted " preceded them. For a month they travelled in this way, skirmishing with the few natives they saw, and subsisting on rice saved from the wreck and " fruit found in the thickets." Some of the party were killed by the natives, and others were abandoned through physical weakness. Among the latter was an illegitimate son of Manuel de Sousa, who was " the desire of his eyes." The captain was beside himself when he heard that the boy had been left behind. But no one would go back for him, not even for five hundred cruzados. The cruzado was a silver coin, worth at that time about two shillings and threepence of English money. He therefore died in the wilderness. Water was so scarce that a cup was sold for ten cruzados. A kettle holding six quarts fetched a hundred. The dried skin of a goat brought fifteen and " though dry they soaked it in water and ate it." " Shell-fish and fish cast up by the sea " were eagerly devoured.

After three months, spent mainly in walking through Natal, the expedition reached the southern shore of Delagoa Bay. There they found a native chief of the Inhaca. He was a " good man, for there is no doubt that there are good and bad in all nations." He begged them to remain, as the neighbouring tribe of " Ovumos " would undoubtedly slaughter them if they proceeded. In spite of his warning the party travelled on, suffering dreadfully from thirst. Water was still a hundred cruzados a kettleful. Donna Leonor's slaves had long since fallen out to die. She had been bravely walking " the rough and painful roads as if she were a man accustomed to labouring in the fields, often consoling those of her company, and helping to carry her children."

So they came to the domain of the other chief, on the north side of the bay. He offered them his hospitality until a ship should arrive, if they would surrender their remaining muskets and powder, and split themselves up among his numerous villages. Manuel de Sousa, who was by this time almost demented, yielded, in spite of the protest of Donna Leonor, who cried out, " You lay down your arms, and now I give myself up for lost with all these people." She was right, but nobody was to blame. Dom Manuel did not realise that the natives would resort to any stratagem to deprive his party of their firearms. These they feared " more than the devil himself." The wretchedness and debility of the expedition were such that to many there seemed no feasible alternative after six months of horror. They had " no longer the semblance of human beings." But the guns, " in which, after God, their safety lay," were now in alien hands. The result was inevitable. The native barbarians robbed and stripped them without delay, " casting them out of their villages with many blows." Donna Leonor fought like a fury against being stripped. She would have died struggling if her husband had not besought her to yield, reminding her that she was, like all of us, born naked, and that she should submit to the will of God. As it was, she covered herself as best she could with her long hair, and cast herself frantically upon the ground. There with frenzied hands she dug a pit in which she buried herself to the waist. Her agonised husband brought her an old torn mantilla, but, though she took it, she would not move. The Portuguese men, ashamed, withdrew a little. Meantime her two tiny boys cried before her, begging for food. She was unable to succour them. In this desperate plight she called out to the pilot, " You see to what we are reduced, and that we can go no farther, but must perish here for our sins ; go on your way and try to save yourselves, and commend us to God." She was a brave and tragic lady.

In this way the others left Manuel de Sousa, Donna Leonor, the two boys, and some slaves. Three of the slaves were rescued in the end, and, coming to Goa, related the last days of the unhappy family.

Manuel de Sousa, wounded and half crazy, departed in search of food for his starving people. On his return Donna Leonor had neither risen from her place nor ceased to weep. One of the boys was dead, and his father buried him in the sand.

The next day he went off on the same errand, and, returning, found that his wife and the remaining child had both expired. The slaves were " weeping with loud cries " over their dead bodies. He waved them away and, without either tears or speech, sat with his eyes fixed for a long time upon the gentle body of his wife. He took no account of the child. Then, dry-eyed and silent still, he made their graves, and, after burying them, plunged again into the thickets never to return. Forty years later two rings of precious stones which had been found nearby were shown to Portuguese traders by the local chief as those of Manuel de Sousa.

Of the whole company of five hundred, only eight Portuguese and seventeen slaves survived to be rescued by a Portuguese vessel which put in to Lourenço Marques. They were ransomed from the natives for beads of the value of twopence three farthings for each person. One nobleman, Pantaleo da Sa, a soldier, could not be found. He had wandered, starving and distraught, to the domain of another native chief, who was suffering from a suppurating wound. In desperation he announced himself as a doctor, though he " had no idea what to apply to the wound, as one who had rather learned to take life than to cure." However, preferring an instant to a lingering death, he covered the sore with a handful of wet mud. In two days time, Pantaleo da Sa, who had been expecting every moment to be stabbed, was told by the joyful natives that the wound was healing. The tribe " placed him upon an altar and adored him as a divinity." The chief loaded him with gold and precious stones and gave him an escort to Mozambique. In this strange way he was saved. In 1559 he was made Captain of Sofala and Mozambique, with the right to trade a hundred " bars of ivory " each year for his own benefit. He was born under a luckier star than Manuel de Sousa and poor Donna Leonor.

THE *SAN BENTO*

Those on board the *San Bento* which left Cochin, bound for Lisbon, on the 1st of February 1554 were no more fortunate. Perestrello, who explored the South African coast some twenty years later has left us a record of their sufferings which he shared. The ship, battered by ceaseless gales and completely out of control, drifted ashore near the Umtata River, amid a " loud confusion of mournful cries, by which with one voice we called on our Lord for Mercy." Forty-four Portuguese and a hundred slaves were drowned in the landing, and the shore was " strewn with dead bodies disfigured by hideous wounds and deformities." One man, a survivor of the *San João* shipwreck, steered himself ashore with his leg bone showing " so splintered that the marrow was dripping out of it in many places." He died the following night. The beach was a shambles ; the shallows were red with blood.

The dazed survivors rescued some provisions and made shelters from the cargo washed up on the beach. " In a few hours there might be seen a superb lodging made of rich carpets, pieces of gold cloth and silk put to a very different use from that for which they were made."

Ninety-eight Portuguese and two hundred and twenty-four slaves set out for Lourenço Marques on the 27th of April 1554. A young ship's boy and a female slave, each with a broken leg, were left behind. A crucifix raised upon a lance, and a " blessed banner " carried by the boatswain, headed the procession, while " a picture of Mercy " brought up the rear. " Nearly a fourth of the party commenced the journey with sticks and crutches." The numbers of the expedition soon began to diminish. The old ship's caulker and a wounded cooper were the first to be abandoned ; and the " Chancellor and Chief Guardian of Orphans " at Goa was the next. His last words commended to the others his son of three, who was being carried on by his nurse, but the boy did not survive the journey.

Within a few days the party arrived at the River of St. Christopher (the Umzimvubu), which, in consonance with its native name, was " swarming with sea-horses." A little to the north they found the remains of the *San João*. Thence they continued their journey along the sea-shore, living on oysters and mussels, which they found in plenty. Farther on they discovered one of her survivors, " a young man from Bengal." He refused to join them, but the natives were friendly, offering them in barter cakes made from a seed resembling mustard (millet), roots, and other food. Two Portuguese and thirty slaves deserted them at this point, which from the description was probably the Umzimkulu River, where Port Shepstone now stands. Their fatigue and the temptation of remaining among natives who appeared " singing and clapping their hands with joyful demonstrations," and offered them cakes, roots, and other provisions, were too strong for them.

The rest crossed at low tide and continued their journey.

After they crossed a river which, " though not very wide was very deep " (the Umkomaas), they came upon a young Mohammedan, Gaspar, another of the survivors of the *San João*. He joined them as interpreter. At a river they called " Pescaria " from the abundance of fish caught there by the natives (which was in reality Durban Bay) they found a Portuguese, Rodrigo Tristao, and two slaves, who were also from the wreck of the *San João*. The Portuguese was naked, and, " having been for three years exposed to the cold and heat of those parts, he had so altered his colour and appearance that there was no difference between him and the natives." His wandering nudity had apparently palled upon him, for he threw in his lot with the party. The slaves remained, commending themselves " to Our Lord, who would have pity on them wherever they were." They were probably much happier at the bay than in their fetid quarters on the *San João*. This bay the chronicler describes as the " cheapest halting-place which we had found in the whole of our journeys." Modern statistics show that this reputation has unhappily not been maintained.

The troubles of the party now began in earnest. Their captain was drowned while endeavouring to cross what the chronicler calls the St. Lucia River (it was the Tugela) on a raft. He was sadly buried " with more tears than funeral pomps," to rest " until the day when we shall all rise again to give an account of our well or ill spent lives." After this they came to what really was the St. Lucia River, which the chronicler calls the " River of the Downs of Gold." These were composed of a " gold-coloured earth as fine as flour but hard, and full of rivulets of water, and the water is yellow, of the same colour as the earth." They extended for about a hundred and twenty miles north of St. Lucia Bay, and the Portuguese felt sure that they were auriferous. One day the wind blew with such fury over the sand that its flying grains drew blood. The clouds of dust were so dense that they could not see each other, and there was no shelter. They suffered agonies from hunger and thirst, sometimes being forced to drink the muddy water collected in the footprints of elephants ; one night three slaves died of exposure ; and as, one by one, the weak fell out to die, the others passed over them " without any show of feeling, as if they had been a herd of irrational animals grazing in that place."

Slices, two fingers thick, of a dead shark found upon the St. Lucia beach fetched fifteen and twenty cruzados apiece, and half its head brought twenty thousand reis. This shark fetched as much as a " good-sized farm " in Portugal. Old dried bones picked up in the grass were turned into charcoal and devoured ; friends and relations fought viciously over a " locust, beetle or lizard " ; many of them devoured their shoes and shield-straps. Four of the party killed a native and were cutting him up in

The kind of country traversed by the Portuguese.

order to roast him when, suddenly, his companions, who had traced them, " attacked and killed them with cruel butchery."

On reaching the shore near Lourenço Marques they came upon large shoals of white crabs in the surf. These they killed, and, " as it was not a time for daintiness," they ate them raw. They were so voracious that " often when we put them into our mouths they held on to our lips with their claws and stuck fast, while the rest of them, half masticated was wriggling down our throats." After thus gorging themselves the party fell among the shrubs that lined the beach and slept.

Here Perestrello lost his brother Antonio Sobrinho. When the latter became too weak to keep up, Perestrello stayed with him, driving away with blows a friend and a slave who refused to leave him. " Their company," he says, " could only serve to increase my sorrow in life and disturb me in death." But he pays tribute to them in his narrative, making " remembrance of them here, since their loyalty to me deserved no less." Antonio Sobrinho himself besought Perestrello to leave him, already almost a corpse, to meditate upon the Sacred Passion of Our Lord and to die in peace. At last the brother was swept away by the current while crossing a river, he being too weak to struggle, and Perestrello too feeble to hold him. He sadly drew the body ashore, and covered it with a few reeds, " which was the most pious office that in my weakness and sorrow I could render him in that hour." A starving ship's boy, too worn to travel farther, helped him in his task.

After seventy-two days of agony the fifty-six Portuguese and six slaves who had survived came to the home of the native chief of the Inhaca, near to Lourenço Marques. " Every one had his skin clinging to his bones and looked more like an image of death than a living being, and our thinness, together with the poverty of our rags and the filth with which we were covered through labour and want, so disgusted the natives that they came to the huts where we were and assailed us with all manner of scorn."

Here the chief allowed them to remain until a ship should arrive. Finding, however, that their demand upon his scanty food-supplies was very great, and that they had little or nothing to barter, he left them as a rule to fend for themselves. He allowed them food only when an elephant was killed, which was not often. Many of the Portuguese, still too weak to forage, died of starvation. The natives finished off a number of the dying by dragging them into the bush or throwing them into the sea. Some became servants of the natives, carrying wood and water, and receiving in return such scraps as their black masters chose to toss them as they crouched outside the huts. To supplement this meagre supply, they hunted for lizards and snakes in the thickets. So passed five hideous months. They were afraid to leave their huts lest they should be killed, while hunger forced them out; the lice which covered them from head to foot gave rise to sores which were often fatal; and man-eating leopards accounted for still more.

Their misery was beyond belief, and when one day a native reported the arrival of a ship, Perestrello was forced to "put some tests upon himself" to be sure that what he saw "was the truth and no dream." He could not at first believe that he had thus been "succoured unexpectedly by the high goodness of Our Lord."

Only twenty Portuguese and three slaves out of three hundred and twenty-two souls remained alive to creep on board the vessel, each ransomed by the captain for a few pence worth of beads. Two died between the shore and her deck. The once-naked Rodrigo Tristao was among the survivors. Gaspar, the interpreter, had during the last few months been steadily exacting a cash tribute from those who still had coin left, pointing out that it was only his influence that prevented them from being stripped naked and driven away to die, as had happened to the party from the *San João*. The survivors had enough spirit left quietly to murder him when they knew the vessel had anchored. The chief made diligent search for him, but he was never found, and some one else took his three thousand cruzados to Portugal. If, as the chief thought, he had been killed by a leopard, it was "as thirsty after human blood as he was after ours."

Before the party arrived at the home of the Inhaca they were one day lost in a trackless swamp. In the extremity of their agony they prayed to Our Lady to give them deliverance, which she did. She not only disclosed to them a path to comparative safety, but brought them to a grove of wild palm grass. That night they " slept near a lake by the sea," where they " found some fruit almost like pears, with a very pleasant taste," and " some Kaffirs came to speak to us," with millet for barter. In gratitude and " not with dry eyes," they knelt to render thanks, and promised her a " pilgrimage to Our Lady of Guadalupe and a solemn High Mass " in the first house dedicated to the Virgin they should reach. This vow was kept at Mozambique on the 3rd of April 1555 by the handful who remained alive.

THE *SAN THOMÉ*

The *San Thomé*, homeward bound from Cochin, was off the South African coast when, on the 12th of March 1589, she sprang a leak. This increased so much with the labouring of the ship that " all worked day and night at the pumps," including even noblemen, " gentlemen, and members of religious orders."

Their efforts were of no avail. The ship made more water, and the pepper in the cargo choked the pumps. " Within the ship nothing was heard but sighs, groans, wailing, moans, and prayers to God for Mercy. In the 'tween decks it seemed as if all the evil spirits were busy, so great a noise was made by the things that were floating about, striking against each other, and washing from side to side in such a way that those who went below fancied they beheld the likeness of the last judgment."

The ship's boat was got ready, the vessel still slowly making for the land, and a hundred and four persons put off in it to seek for the shore. One of them, Joanna de Mendoca, a widow, was on her way to Portugal to enter a convent, " being disenchanted with the world, though still young and able to enjoy it." She had perforce to leave behind upon the ship a baby girl of two, and her anguish was beyond words.

Friar Nicolas of the Rosary, a Dominican, refused to leave the vessel, believing it wrong that those left upon her should be without spiritual consolation. He was with difficulty persuaded, after the boat had sheered off, to jump overboard and swim to it. The boat was too heavily laden, being nearly under water, and the first act of the sailors was to throw six persons overboard to perish.

They could make no progress owing to the current, and next morning found themselves still close to the ship. Some of the sailors took the opportunity of boarding her again to procure some guns and provisions. During the night they could see many lights on the vessel, "which were burning candles, for those in the ship passed the whole night in processions and saying litanies, recommending themselves to God with loud cries and clamour which could be heard in the boat."

As morning broke, those on the ship addressed them "with loud cries and wails, begging for mercy in voices so heartfelt and pitiful as to inspire fear, which was rendered more awful and appalling because it was still in the early dawn."

At sunrise the decks of the *San Thomé* were almost awash, and the people "mad with fear of the death awaiting them." The slaves, "dishevelled, in piteous supplication," were begging the mercy of Our Lady round a "beautiful picture" of her upon the gallery of the stern. All of this was to no purpose, and at ten o'clock the vessel "gave one great plunge and foundered." Not one soul on board was saved.

Six more persons were now thrown overboard from the boat to make room for the provisions just taken from the ship. These included a "good but very faint-hearted" man who had just relinquished the post of factor of Ceylon, a soldier, a merchant, and a horse-dealer who was a man of industry and invention, but suspected of being doubtful in the Faith. As the horse-dealer was seized, he handed Father Nicolas a quantity of uncut gems and ten thousand cruzados, to be given to his heirs. Donna Joanna was almost demented. As she left the ship she had offered her only child to God "in sacrifice, like another Isaac, begging His mercy for herself, knowing well that the child was innocent and that He would have her in safe keeping." Still, the sailors might have brought it off on their morning visit. They had returned without it "because most of these men are inhuman and cruel by nature."

The boat reached land on the 22nd of March 1589 in the Terra dos Fumos, between Cape St. Lucia and the Bay of Delagoa.

The next day the occupants, ninety-eight in number, set out to reach Lourenço Marques, led by a Franciscan father with "a crucifix as a standard." Some of the women wore "white tunics, trousers reaching to the ground, and red caps." Donna

Joanna cut off her beautiful hair, and scattered it to the winds by way of sacrifice to God. Then she dressed herself in the habit of a Franciscan nun, so that if she died upon the journey her desire might have been in part fulfilled.

It was a wearing performance, especially for the women. A band of natives attacked the party, and they fired their muskets. The natives, " bounding like monkeys on all fours," fled into the bush.

At one village the native women so admired their white sisters that " all night they gave them entertainments and dances." The poor Portuguese ladies would much rather have dressed their blistered feet and gone to sleep. At another, the native women seeing them " so weary and distressed, showed great compassion, and drawing near caressed and made much of them."

They soon reached the territory of the Inhaca, near Delagoa Bay, where they were well treated. In return they presented the chief with a piece of cloth worked in gold, a bar of iron, and a copper basin. The chief put on the cloth, and " laughed with glee among his Kaffirs, counting this the day of his greatest triumph."

The wrecked party now occupied Elephant Island in the bay, but suffered so much from fever and lack of food that they decided to cross to the mainland on the north in small boats.

All but a few who were to be taken off later crossed the bay, One of the few, Bernardim de Carvalho, a " virtuous nobleman," who had been moved by pity for Donna Joanna to guard and protect her, soon died of fever. But for him Donna Joanna would not have survived. " He served her throughout the journey with such respect, honour and virtue that all were struck with admiration." On the island he carried wood and water for her ; when by chance a hen was procured " he it was who killed, plucked and cooked it," after which it was eaten by Donna Joanna and her companions, " the smallest portion always remaining for himself, and even of this he would keep a piece for Donna Joanna at night, or for the next day." He died miserably, " covered with vermin bred upon his body by the dampness of the soil and the sweat of his labours."

One boat came back a month later and rescued the survivors. The crew had been too weak with fever to sail before. Bernardim de Carvalho was left behind, " naked in the naked earth," with a wooden cross to mark his resting-place.

Some of the party now set out to walk to Sofala. Others waited for the arrival of a " pangayo," or small trading vessel, from that port, to which native messengers had been sent for assistance.

Those who remained were well enough treated by the native chief and his people, " with an eye to the coming of the ' pangayo,' knowing that they would be well paid for all, although these Kaffirs never do anything from virtue." The " pangayo " arrived in due course and took the party to Mozambique, but it was too late to save a number, who had in the meantime died of fever. Among these was a distinguished nobleman, Dom Paul de Lima, whose wife, Donna Brites, was with him at the end. His body was taken from her arms, and laid in a grave under some trees by the river bank, " with no other shroud than the poor soiled shirt and drawers in which he escaped from the ship, with no other funeral pomp than the tears of his companions, which were abundant, with no other escutcheon than the dry branches of those trees, nor other gravestone and marble monument than the sands which covered him." His wife refused to leave his bones behind. She took them to Goa, where they lie buried in the wall of a chapel in the Church of St. Francis. This chapel is " the first on the right-hand side as you enter."

Donna Joanna also survived and sailed back to Goa, where she " retired to a house in Our Lady of the Cape, clothed in the habit of St. Francis." She was described in 1611 as " a lady of virtue on whom the eyes of all in the city of Goa are fixed, because of the example she gives by her retirement and virtuous mode of life." Thus she found consolation in the broad bosom of her Church.

The frailer Donna Brites went to Portugal after her act of piety, and married again at Oporto.

Friar Nicolas of the Rosary was one of those who walked to Sofala, where he found established a house of his own Order. Thence he proceeded in 1592 to Mozambique and afterwards to Tete, a Portuguese fort on the banks of the Zambesi River. No sooner had he arrived than an expedition set out to attack the " Zimbas, or Muzimbas," an " army of Kaffirs," which had been making things very uncomfortable for everybody concerned.

They had spread " like a scourge of God " over the Portuguese zone of influence in those parts, " destroying every living thing they came across, with a brutality greater than that of wild beasts." They were cannibals ; they " killed and ate all, even the worms, as by conspiracy."

Friar Nicolas joined the expedition against them " for the administration of the sacraments and the consolation of all."

It was ambushed and practically wiped out. Friar Nicolas sorely wounded, was carried away by the omnivorous enemy, tied to a tree, and finished off with arrows. His captors then ate him. He died " not only with patience, but with joy, his eyes upraised to Heaven." His death was that of both St. Sebastian and St. Ignatius. He was killed by arrows and " devoured by wild beasts."

THE *SANTO ALBERTO*

The survivors of the *Santo Alberto*, which left Cochin homeward bound on the 21st of January 1593, were more fortunate than any of their predecessors. She grounded near the Umtata, River on the 27th of March and broke horizontally in two pieces the upper of which, with its living freight, drifted on to the beach. There the survivors made themselves shelters of " valuable carpets of Cambaya and Odiaz, of rich quilts, of gunjoens chests and mats from the Maldive Islands, which had been laden in the ship for a very different purpose." The widow of a highly-placed official and two young women (one of them a beautiful girl of sixteen) were among the party. Twenty-eight Portuguese and thirty-four slaves were drowned in the landing. The wreck was due to the leaky condition of the vessel and bad stowage. Her keel was so rotten that when it was washed ashore the captain " broke small pieces off it with a Bengal cane." The wonder is that she had come as far as she had. Nunho Velho Pereira, who had been in command of Sofala, was, by common consent, elected captain of the party. He wisely saved all the guns and powder he could ; he also burnt the wreck in order to collect the nails and use them for barter.

One hundred and twenty-five Portuguese, with a hundred and sixty slaves, set out for Lourenço Marques, and a hundred and sixteen Portuguese, with sixty-five slaves, arrived, after a journey of just over three months. Most of the missing slaves deserted. The party took the inland route in order the more easily to cross the rivers. The captain had read the earlier chronicles.

The Hottentot chief near the Umtata stroked the beard of the astonished captain as a sign of friendship, calling the white people " children of the sun," and saying " Nanhata," by way of salutation. He presented them with two sheep, but retained some of the " refuse from the entrails," which with some ceremony he threw into the sea. This was in gratitude, for it had introduced the strangers into his land. His conduct was interesting, no doubt, but a little tactless in view of their predicament. However, he accepted with evident delight a gilt Chinese writing-case, and undertook the care of two of the wounded who were left behind. He kept his word, for one of them, a Javanese, was alive in 1622, when the survivors of the *San João da Baptisto* passed through this place.

His yellow-brown people lived in leaky huts made of reeds, in which they dug trenches in the ground for beds ; they employed " gelded dogs like our large curs " ; they were " very barbarous and worship nothing ; thus they will readily receive our holy Christian law." The chronicler was optimistic.

The neighbouring chief also indulged in beard-stroking. Finding the captain's beard " soft and smooth and his own rough and woolly, he laughed heartily." He would have found himself in a quandary with a clean-shaven nation. They would probably have been murdered. The beard has had its uses.

The various tribes encountered as the party walked farther north were almost uniformly friendly. The captain indulged in an orgy of presentations. The daughters of one chief were overwhelmed when he threw round their necks " three chessmen tied to silk ribands " ; the son of another was transported with joy at receiving the key of a writing-case on a silver chain.

The party crossed the Umzimvubu River on the 11th of April 1593. On Maundy Thursday they erected an altar between two rocks, and placed two candles and a crucifix on it. Peter of the Cross, an Augustinian friar, " preached a sermon suitable to the occasion, which was listened to with no less tears than it was preached with devotion." By now the native greeting had become "Alada."

The trail of odds and ends left by the party in payment for food supplied soon assumed gigantic proportions. Vibo, a chief just north of the Umzimvubu, who was about eighty, "tall and very black," received with emotion a pestle weighing about four pounds and a small kettle. Another one, Inhancuna, was "extremely delighted" with a glass rosary, and "a brass thimble from the end of an umbrella." Mabomboru Ka Sobelo smilingly accepted "a branch of coral fastened round his neck" and "a kettle lid." His mother, a lucky old lady, received some "green speckled glass beads." How her underclad ladies-in-waiting must have envied her.

Mabomboru's subjects were "all good-looking, blacker than those we met before, more truthful, and they had no dogs in their country, like the others." The Portuguese had left the Hottentots behind and were among the Bantu. This was on the 8th of May.

At one place they were entertained with singing and dancing; at another they found edible roots "very sweet and not unlike turnips," of a sort which grew in Portugal. One tribe offered them millet cakes called "sincoa," which was of course "Izinkwa" or bread.

Suddenly they saw to the north the mighty Drakensberg Range covered with snow. No European had ever looked upon these stately mountains before. That was the day on which they left behind Alvaro da Ponte, dying of fatigue and cold. They were too far inland, and changed their course to an easterly one.

In the domain of one Mocongolo, they crossed a river which ran "through a valley between high rocks covered with large and spreading trees of different colours." This they called "The River of Beautiful Flowers." Its native name was Mutangalo. According to a great historian it was the Umzimkulu. It is hard to say whether this is so or not. It was possibly the Umkomaas, a river to the north of that great stream.

A little later the party forded the fastest and widest river they had yet seen. It was the "Uchugel" or the Tugela of today. This river, which for many years formed the boundary between Natal and Zululand, is often mentioned by later writers.

One of them, a hundred years ago, described it as " serpentine and very majestic." The captain gave Uquine Inhana, the native chief who dwelt on its banks, a china bottle. The latter was convinced that its mere application to the body was a panacea.

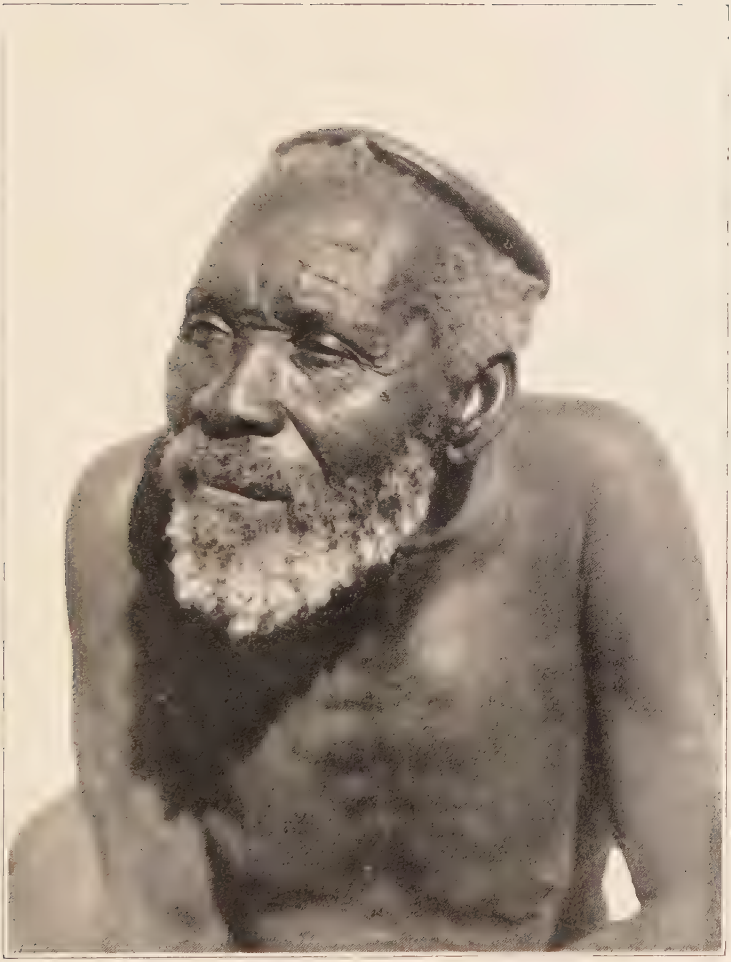
Near to this river two ship's boys were left behind " suffering from a bloody flux caused by drinking so much milk." For a few pieces of copper a native undertook to care for them " for the days they might live, which, judging from their weakness, would be but few."

The Portuguese were now in rugged thorn country, " with large stones and rocks of a black colour." These were the dolerite boulders of the uplands of Natal. The captain was still pouring out a continuous stream of gifts, and making everywhere the sign of the cross upon the natives, " at which they were extremely happy and contented." At one spot he presented to an old native lady who had voluntarily sent food " a bed of China curtain silk of different colours worked with gold." She must have been very proud of it.

By this time the Portuguese had passed through the territory of a number of chiefs with names as high-sounding as Gogambampolo, Gimbacacuba, Panjana, Malangana, and, last but not least, Mutuadondommatale.

The natives were wonderfully impressed with the devotions of the party, and at times rather embarassing in their attentions. They came out of their villages " with great rejoicing to embrace and kiss " the Portuguese, " treating them with the utmost familiarity, and taking the rosaries which hung round their necks, kissed the cross upon them, as they saw our people do." They even asked if it was lawful for them to associate with their wives after they had performed this ceremony.

After a few days the party arrived at the territory of a chief called Gamabela, somewhere in northern Zululand. He showed the Portuguese great kindness and asked for a token whereby he might remember them. The captain took the cross from his own rosary, and after kissing it, handed it to the chief as the " most precious and valuable jewel in the world." The native kissed it and held it before his eyes, whereat the captain ordered a large cross to be made by the ship's carpenter from a neighbouring tree. " Oh, happy tree, in that from one of its branches



An Old Zulu Man.

" So may the African of 1497 have regarded the Fleet of Vasco da Gama."

was made the symbol of our salvation," remarks the chronicler. This large cross the captain gave to Gamabela, telling him that "upon that tree the author of life overcame death by His own death, and therefore it was a remedy against it, and health to the sick." He bade him reverence it, kiss it, adore it on his knees and pray to it in times of sickness and drought. Gamabela's area was suffering badly from lack of rain at the time.

Thus was "planted in Kaffraria the tree of the Holy Cross, from which sweet fruit of salvation among these people may be expected."

Leaving the chief, the expedition proceeded east. They were now in a country of aloes and "green parrots with red beaks"; the land of "large and sweet myrtle berries" and "sweet-smelling pinks exactly resembling those of Portugal" had been left behind.

On they toiled through the swamps that lie behind the bays of Kosi and St. Lucia, until they came suddenly in sight of the distant sea. They were greatly excited. They viewed it now for the first time since they had left the Umtata, over two months before. They saw it across the Downs of Gold.

There now arrived among them from the Chief Inhaca a messenger who turned out to be a negro survivor of the wreck of the *San João* forty years before. As he approached the captain he bowed deeply, removing his cap, and said, "I kiss your worship's hands." He bore a message of friendship and assistance. When they arrived at Delagoa Bay the *Nossa Senhora da Salvacao* was lying at anchor, having put in to trade for ivory. Most of them sailed in her to Mozambique. These included the three women; they were carried from the Umzimvubu to Lourenço Marques by sixteen ship's boys, for a thousand cruzados. The captain paid the latter their well-earned money in Mozambique. Twenty-eight of the party, however, believing the ship overcrowded (which she was), set out overland to Sofala. Only two of them arrived. It would appear that the death of so many was due to their own "insolence," they committing "so many disorders" that the Kaffirs retaliated by killing them.

So ended the sixteenth century in Natal. Her coast and midlands had been scantily explored, her boundaries loosely recorded, and some of her capes and rivers named. The snow-laden peaks of the towering Drakensberg had at last revealed their sunshot glory to alien eyes.

The Bantu tribes that ranged Natal, grazing their cattle on her rolling hills, or hunting her forests from their beehive huts of grass, had for the first time encountered " the children of the sun." Weak and trembling as these adventurers must often have seemed, when they were spewed by the waves from a crumbling ship, or sobbed among the mountain boulders, their advent was to mean grave things in later days for the dark people. The native chief, not knowing this, laughed as he stroked the silky beard of Nunho Velho Pereira, sometime Captain of Sofala.

CHAPTER III

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

DURING the first half of the seventeenth century the ships of Holland, England, and France sailed regularly into Table Bay, for water, repairs, or the refreshment of their sickly crews.

Queer flat stones with letters roughly chiselled on their surface lay strewn upon its shores, to mark the primitive postal service of the visiting fleets. Fitzherbert and Shillinge, two eager Englishmen, climbed the Lion's Rump one morning in 1620 and proclaimed their sovereign James the First as monarch of the Cape. Jourdain and others vainly called the attention of the "John Company" to the advantages of a settlement beneath the shadow of Table Mountain. Jansen and Proot, two officers of the *Haarlem*, which was wrecked there in 1647, made similar recommendations to Amsterdam. The Dutch East India Company was less supine in this respect than its English counterpart, and in 1652 Jan van Riebeck, first of the Cape commanders, landed from the *Dromedaris* in Table Bay, to grow vegetables, barter oxen, and establish a hospital for the crews of its ranging vessels.

But the calm of Natal remained unbroken save for the wandering of Bantu tribes and shipwrecked Portuguese.

Five vessels of Portugal were cast away along her coasts in twenty-five years. The *San João da Baptista* was wrecked on the 30th of September 1622, the *Nossa Senhora da Belem* in the month of July 1635, and the *Nossa Senhora da Atalaya* and *Sacramento* in the month of July 1647. The crews of three walked painfully through Natal, and the crew of the other two built vessels on her borders. There was yet another shipwreck in 1643. The passengers and crew also traversed Natal and reached Lourenço Marques, but no record of the wandering has been preserved. Some of the members of that expedition were also wrecked in the *Nossa Senhora da Atalaya*.

Natal had taken full toll of the unhappy Portuguese in the sixteenth century, but the sufferings of the later wayfarers make as grisly reading as those of their predecessors.

THE *SAN JOÃO DA BAPTISTA*

The *San João da Baptista* left Goa for Lisbon on the 16th of March 1622 upon what was to be her last voyage. Her first adventure was a running fight of nine days with two Dutch vessels, whereby she lost her bowsprit, mainmast, and rudder. She would certainly have been sunk had a storm not providentially blown one of her enemies out of sight, so that the other sheered off.

The chronicler of this voyage was one of the passengers, so that his testiness upon the subject of the rudder may perhaps be forgiven. It was a very old one from a wreck at Goa, " where it had lain on the shore for two years, and so was rotten." Two shots sufficed to smash it to bits. The writer's acid, if unsatisfying, comment was that this was " the usual way of fitting out ships " at that place.

The vessel drifted helplessly along, while, upon the deck, prayers to Our Lady of the Conception that she would send them shorewards mingled with curses upon the captain, Pedro de Moraes. He had declined to use long oars to make steerage way, and endeavoured instead to rig a new rudder. This was washed away, by the mercy of God, after banging against the stern to the common danger for fifteen days. The captain was regarded in these circumstances as an " obstinate clown."

Land was sighted on the 29th of September, and anchor cast almost among the breakers near the Great Fish, or the Kowie River, so that the ship might be unladen.

While the ship was at anchor the boatswain demanded of the captain that some of the crew should desert the others and make for Lourenço Marques by land. The women and children, who would infallibly become an unbearable burden, were thus to be abandoned. By way of answer, Pedro de Moraes, clown or no clown, stabbed him to death upon the deck.

Eighteen souls were lost in the landing, and the rest, numbering two hundred and seventy-nine, then underwent the novel and disconcerting experience of meeting the Hottentots. These queer persons arrived with faces covered with ash and red ochre. Their speech was made up of clicks " at the beginning, middle, and end." Having brought with them an ox, they proceeded to cut open the unfortunate animal, and, while it was still alive and bellowing, to plunge their hands into its entrails. Then with great solemnity they anointed themselves with the contents. This was regarded among them as an infallible sign of friendship and good faith. The proof of this was that they immediately stole back from the Portuguese the cattle they had bartered.

After making a temporary canvas church " hung inside with Chinese cloth ornamented with gold," which must have looked rather queer amid the sand and scrub of that unfriendly coast, the party set fire to the vessel and commenced to walk to Sofala by way of Lourenço Marques. It arrived at its destination literally decimated.

Owing to the Hottentot raid upon the cattle, food supplies gave out, and the expedition subsisted upon hippopotamus meat and shrimps obtained from stray native hunters. Its members also devoured shell-fish, stalks of the wild banana, nettles, and even " refuse cast up by the sea, as starfish and jelly-fish." The Strelitzia, or " wild banana," was often resorted to by the natives in times of famine—even as late as 1835 when Captain Gardiner travelled through Natal. Some of the party ate wild beans, uncooked, and exhibited grave symptoms of poisoning, which, however, gave way after they had been dosed with bezoar stone, of which there was a goodly store. Incidentally, bezoar stone was a concretion obtained in India from the intestines of certain ruminants, especially the goat.

The survivors of the *San Bento* had an exactly similar experience in 1554 with the same kind of bean, and used the same remedy.

Worse even than hunger, however, was the need for abandoning before long a young Portuguese heiress, who, poor soul, was on her way to Lisbon to become a nun. Even her brother was parted from her by force. He grieved so much that, within three days, he was himself abandoned. She wept bitterly to think that no one could be found to carry her litter any farther, she who was "so thin and small" and "the lightest in the company." Then she begged desperately for confession, saying to the Father that, as God was pleased to suffer her to be abandoned with so much misery and hardship, He would surely permit that all should be for her salvation. After this she threw herself upon the ground, covering herself with her mantle of black taffeta, crying out now and again, "Ah, cruel Portuguese, who have no compassion upon a young girl, a Portuguese like yourselves, and leave her to be the prey of animals; Our Lord bring you to your homes." As the chronicler says, "See, sir, if this be not a grievous incident."

So the agonising journey continued. The torture of one sailor suspected of a theft of jewels, and the beheading of another for mutiny, were trivial incidents in the face of starvation and utter despair.

The chronicler records, one day, his grief that a swamp to which they had come contained no frogs, and therefore no food; all the dogs were killed and eaten. Some, in time, preferred them to beef when it was occasionally obtained.

Then the women became a burden. The need for carrying them made progress almost impossible. The result was that "upon the advice of a religious, who was a theologian," they were left to their fate, along with some of the weaker men. It is not said in which capacity he advised. So came to be abandoned Beatriz Alvares, with her two elder sons, and her tiny girl of two years, "a lovely creature." The youngest son was taken on so that the whole generation might not perish, but even he was later left behind with the natives. The "religious" fought hard with the eldest son of Beatriz Alvares, a boy of seventeen, to prevent him remaining with his mother, pointing out that "he risked not only his body but also his soul, by remaining in a land of infidels, where he might be perverted by their evil customs and ceremonies." He would lose his Faith. He might even fall to polygamy. To this the boy gave a brave-hearted answer. The religious were no friends of his, he said, to give him such advice, since he could give no excuse to men in the days to come if he had left his mother to perish; as to the rest, God would have mercy on his soul. Even the anguished entreaties of his mother to proceed had no effect upon him, and they were last seen together. The baby girl still lay upon the breast of her negro nurse. She too, refused to leave her mistress or her charge.

With them was also deserted a nobleman, Lopo de Sousa, who had fought valiantly against the Dutch ships. His foot had been smashed, and he had four other wounds from the encounter, so that he was unable to walk. All bade him farewell, except his servant. Lopo de Sousa thereupon ordered his litter to be taken to the servant's tent, and there, reminding him that they had been boys together asked him whether he had aught to say. Then, continues the writer, who was none other than the servant, " I rose up and embraced him, saying, I confess my weakness your worship ; I had no courage to see one whom I love so much in such straits." Lopo de Sousa, whose eyes had hitherto been dry, could not restrain his tears. Covering his face with his hands, he said, " Rest in peace, my friend, and remember my soul when God shall bring you to a land where that is possible." This was the greatest sorrow the servant had hitherto endured.

The rest walked on, bartering from time to time their copper for a few cows, of which every scrap was eaten, including hoof, hide, and the marrow of the horns. " Let not this amaze you," adds the writer, " for such food was welcome to those who ate all the whites and negroes that died."

One evening two negroes were hanged for some offence, but the bodies did not remain upon the gallows until the morning. The following will show the ghastly straits to which the demented travellers had come :

> " Often in the camp at night I saw quantities of meat which had an excellent smell like pork, so that one day when my comrade relieved me on guard he told me to go and find out what our young men were roasting that smelt so savoury. I went and questioned one of them, and he asked me if I would like some, for it was very good and strengthening. But I, knowing that it was human flesh, went away, saying nothing to them. Thus it may be seen to what straits it pleased God to bring us all for my sins."

During the march an unfortunate Portuguese youth, overcome by hunger, stole a piece of hoop-iron from a bale and bartered it with the natives. He was at once ordered to be hanged. Such severity was much condemned at the time, because, though cruelty was clearly " necessary in governing sailors," it ought not to be carried to excess. The boy begged for decent burial lest he should be eaten, but his corpse was bundled into a thicket, and the other young men " were very careful to give him the usual burial of those who died."

After these almost indescribable sufferings the party came at length to a place where the natives were so amiable and gentle that it was called the " Land of Friends." Here corn, millet, and gourds (whose taste was very good) were obtained, and, for the first time, poultry, each person receiving half a hen by way of ration. Here too there was a river which they named Rio das Formigas, or River of Ants, " for these insects were so large and numerous that we were helpless against them." This, their temporary resting-place, was in all probability the Umzimkulu, where ants, though less redoubtable, are still to be found. On an Admiralty chart of this coast dating from 1867 the Umzinto River, some twenty miles to the north, is marked " Ant River."

There they left behind a sailor, an Italian, a crippled passenger, and a boy of eleven. This boy, the son of Donna Ursula de Mello, was " of good education and understanding ; he was so wasted that he looked the picture of death, whereas before these hardships he was like an angel." His mother was sent on ahead lest the parting should prove too much for them both. After confession, the boy besought the captain " by the wounds of Christ " to be allowed at least to say farewell. On being sadly denied even this, the child lamented, saying, " It is enough, sir. Does your worship deny me even this consolation ? "

" The captain spoke loving words to him and led him by the hand until he could go no farther but remained as in a trance."

The others, blinded with tears, went on their way, believing the captain to be right, for " if his mother had seen him, her heart would surely have broken with excessive grief."

Within a few days the party was attacked by the natives and lost three killed and sixty wounded. The latter made wonderful recoveries, there being no dressing for their wounds except cow's marrow.

The scene of the encounter was a river, in fording which one friar was drowned, and another, through the capsizing of a raft, lost all the valuables in his keeping of those who had died. This stream they called the " River of Blood." It was probably the Umkomaas, although Isaacs, writing in 1830, says the Umzimkulu was known by this name. On the Admiralty chart before referred to, " Bloody River " is shown as the name of a small stream just north of the Umzinto.

In due course they came to what is now Durban Bay. It had " many large rocks at the mouth, and we could not cross it because the water was so deep." They climbed a steep hill (the Bluff) and found some natives who helped them across the bay for a few pieces of copper. The natives, as they neared them, called out " Naunetas " by way of greeting, to which the correct answer was " Alaba," meaning " And you also." This was the same salutation as the captain of the *Santo Alberto* had received at the Umtata in 1593. The local chief, called " Manamuze," came to see them ; his followers sold the party a great quantity of fish and helped them to carry their loads, " singing and clapping their hands."

Manamuze (which may have been " Numzane," a head man) was amazed at seeing a bell for the first time in his life.

After traversing the " Crocodile " River the party reached the Tugela, and crossed it with difficulty. Poor Donna Ursula came to within an ace of perishing. The water came to the beards of the men, and was over her head. Her amazing courage was of no avail. She, the wife of the Chief Judge of Criminal Cases in India, was, in the end, abandoned between Lourenço Marques and Inhambane, along with her eldest son. " It was most pitiful to see a young and beautiful woman, whiter and fairer than a Flemish woman—in the power of Kaffirs and shedding many tears." Her youngest son was taken on by the party, but he died before they reached Sofala. Her generation was thus obliterated.

Some days later the expedition crossed the Rio das Pescarias, or Fishers' River (the Umhlatuzi), and came to St. Lucia Bay, where nine of them died of cold. In this country they were required by one tribe to prove their human origin by exhibiting their abdomens. This further indignity once suffered by two seamen, friendly relationships were naturally established.

The party reached Lourenço Marques on the 6th of April 1623, after a journey of five months, and Sofala some time later. Of two hundred and seventy-nine who set out, about thirty reached their destination. The trail of their tortured dead was hundreds of miles in length.

On their agonising pilgrimage they had encountered three coloured survivors from the wreck of the *Santo Alberto* of some thirty years before. One was a Javanese, one a black of Malabar, and one a Kaffir. All of them were a great help to the party in their bartering with the natives. They also passed the kraal of a white Portuguese from the same wreck, but he, having native wives and offspring, did not face them.

THE *NOSSA SENHORA DA BELEM*

The passengers and crew of the *Nossa Senhora da Belem* which was run ashore in July 1635, near the Umzimkulu River, underwent a less trying but still exacting experience.

The voyage from Goa had been an ill-omened one from the start, for, as the ship set sail, her prow " veered in the direction of the shore." This proved, as the captain himself records, that it would have been better not to have sailed, for " even inanimate objects dumbly prophesy future events." It would in fact have been much wiser not to have set out, whatever opinion was held by the ship herself, for she was undermanned, and her crew were mostly " sick and weak." She leaked without ceasing and the averment of the caulkers that the fresh-water tanks were the source, was hardly calculated to soothe the captain. Storm after storm beset her, even the passengers joining in the constant pumping. One brave lady, Donna Isabel, " with a stout heart," offered " her soft hands to assist in this hard labour."

Donna Isabel's courage will be better appreciated from a description of the scene below the hatches. This was like " a picture of hell, with the shouts and confusion of the workers, the noise of the water rushing in, and the heavy rolling which threw everything from side to side so that no one could stand up, even by holding on."

When the party landed, the question arose as to whether they should build a vessel and leave by sea, or should proceed overland to Lourenço Marques. João Ribeiro de Lucena, who had already done the walk in 1622 as a member of the tragic expedition of the *San João da Baptista*, at once lifted up his voice against a repetition of the inordinate sufferings of that party. His advice most fortunately prevailed.

It was therefore decided to build a vessel. As a preliminary step, the trees of a neighbouring forest were blessed, under the captain's direction, in the name of Our Lady of the Nativity. A solemn vow was then made that if the party should arrive at a port north of the Cape the vessel would be sold and the proceeds devoted to the nuns of Saint Martha.

Thus fortified, the captain gave the first stroke with the axe. The keel of the new vessel was laid and, after the party had walked in procession reciting the litanies of Our Lady, she was named *Nossa Senhora da Natividade*. The ceremony was performed " with tears and great devotion."

The captain was a wonderful organiser. He chose as his own dwelling-place a hillock where others would not live, having seen " vipers " there ; he gave the best site to one of the Fathers for a church, and assigned to the building of it those of the sailors who showed the most devotion.

Under his guidance bellows were made from the " bottom boards of an angelim chest, the leather of a hide from Scindia, and the shortened barrels of two muskets." A davit fixed upside down provided the workmen with an anvil. He set the tailors and shoemakers " who were fit for nothing else," poor fellows, to the making of clothes from the skins which formed the outer covering of the bales of cargo. He secured the goodwill of the natives by giving them syrup (they " marvelling at a thing so delicious "), and in no time he obtained over two hundred cattle, many with calf, so that the fresh milk was used for boiling the rice saved from the wreck. In this work he was aided by a Kaffir who had been wrecked in the *Santo Alberto* as a boy and left behind in 1593. He was now a man of influence.

The captain's first meeting with the natives was full of thrills. After both sides had viewed each other with tense suspicion for some time, the natives stuck their assagais in a sandbank and advanced. The captain handed his gun to a companion, and, walking up to the natives, saluted them by placing his hand on their beards and smoothing them well. He had learnt this trick from the account of the wreck of the *Santo Alberto*, a copy of which was among the party. This strange manœuvre had the soothing effect desired, and the natives " appeared well pleased." They " showered praises " upon the enterprising commander, calling him in their language " Canansys, Umlungo, Umkulu, Manimusa, which were equivalent to great titles in ours." Umlungo of course means " a white man," and Umkulu, " great." Thirteen years before, the native chief at the Bay of Natal bore the title of " Manamuze." The other word may be left to the linguists, but " nanzi " means " here."

These Bantu the captain describes as " very lean and upright, tall of stature, and handsome." " They can," he continues, " endure great labour, hunger, and cold ; they live two hundred years and even more in good health, and with all their teeth. They are so light that they can run over the rugged mountains as fleetly as stags." They were polygamous, taking a wife (up to six or seven) into their house " every moon without any jealousy whatever arising."

The " lobola " system was in force, the man paying the bride's father her price in cattle ; the natives drank large quantities of sour milk ; they planted millet (Kaffir corn) maize, melons, beans, gourds, and sugar-cane. They also ate a root resembling spurge laurel which was very sustaining, and " others yielding a fine seed which also grows underground." These were perhaps the sweet potato and the ground-nut.

Most of the description, except the pardonable hyperbole of their longevity and a wife " every moon," is literally true of the Zulus of to-day.

To return, however, to the *Nossa Senhora da Belem*. The wreck was accidentally burnt as she lay on the sea-shore, but even this was no disadvantage. Thousands of nails not otherwise available were drawn from her charred and sundered timbers, and used for the new ship.

When the vessel was half built, another was begun and named *Nossa Senhora da Boa Viagem*. Each of them was " sixty spans long in the keel, ten in the stern, nine in the hold, and twenty in the breadth."

While the work was proceeding all the feasts of the saints were celebrated, and " not one went by without the church being decorated with a profusion of flowers, and without a Mass and a sermon, with frequent confessions and communions, and when hosts failed for the latter, we made a very good stamp for forming them. Crosses were set up in many places, where altars were erected and feasts appointed, prizes being given for the best decorations."

While the spiritual needs of the community were thus fully catered for, its temporal or social inclinations were by no means ignored. Thus, on the feast day of St. Francis Xavier, to whom the captain was known to be particularly devoted, comedies and farces were played, a bull-fight was held, and there were " charades and enigmas with prizes for those who guessed them, by which all were greatly cheered."

Charades may doubtless have been played since those days by the younger inhabitants of the seaside resort which now graces the banks of the Umzimkulu River. But there has never been another bull-fight.

On the other hand, there were short rations, and some brand-new stocks specially built for the shirkers and malingerers. The party thus presented an unexampled picture of piety, efficiency and courage.

The two vessels, the first ever built on the coast of Natal, were launched on the 10th of January 1636, and sailed on the 28th. The *Natividade* carried a hundred and thirty-five souls, including ten slave-women who " were shut up in the forepart of the vessel under the hatches in a space which could hardly hold them." They must often have thought wistfully of the days of processions and bull-fights. The *Boa Viagem* held a hundred and thirty-seven. Each of the vessels took on board forty bags of rice, twenty-seven casks of water (most of which were leaking), ten kegs of powder, and a leg of beef, steeped in brine and dried in the sun, to each person.

They parted on the second night, and the *Boa Viagem* was never heard of again. The other vessel reached Angola after a terrible voyage, during which " even the religious " reproached the captain for not having proceeded overland. There the captain handed over the precious stones and other valuables he had saved from the cargo, and left for Portugal by the way of Bahia in a caravel supplied by the Governor. When he reached home, thinking to meet with sympathy and gratitude, he found, to his great surprise, that neither his owners nor the Ministers of his Catholic Majesty displayed the least sign of either. In this experience he was, of course, by no means unique.

The story of the last recorded Portuguese wrecks which involved a journey through Natal is again one of heroism and tragedy.

THE *SACRAMENTO* AND *NOSSA SENHORA DA ATALAYA*

On the 20th of February 1647 the *Sacramento*, flagship, and the *Nossa Senhora da Atalaya*, her consort, left Goa, bound for Lisbon.

The latter was a ship of great devoutness. The " religious " recited the litanies and said Mass every day, preaching on Sundays and saints' days, and the boatswain " made a very neat sepulchre," in which, on Holy Thursday, " we had Our Lord exposed for twenty-four hours," all " confessing and partaking of the communion."

On Easter Day 1647, while the ships were, by good fortune, still together, the captain of the consort gave orders to salute the flagship with seven guns. The result of this rash proceeding was that the saluting ship immediately sprang a leak, and took in no less than four spans of water. A general consternation ensued. This was increased by the appearance alongside of the ill-omened " orelhao " fish, and by a heavy gale. The consort lost her main- and topsails, and the flagship was blown incontinently out of sight. The pumps of the consort were kept busy day and night, all, including the " religious," taking a hand. One of the latter, a stout-hearted friar, when approached by another of his order to confess him, replied that this was not the time for anything but hard work. Disputes soon arose as to whether the ship should proceed or put back to Mozambique ; these were quelled by the captain's rather optimistic opinion that she was fit to go to Jerusalem, which, in a ribald sense, she was. In any event, she solved the vexed question herself by bumping on a shoal near

Algoa Bay and becoming so unseaworthy that the crew put her ashore near the Umtata River. This grave step was taken after a collection had been made on board for the Santo Christo do Carmo of Lisbon, and after the reputed appearance upon the maintop of Our Lady " with a light like a crown of great brilliance." All of this was, however, of no avail against defective pumps, the bursting of bales of pepper in the hold, and the heavy seas which repeatedly swept the unhappy vessel from end to end.

The ship soon broke up with great loss of life ; the lofty poop bearing the image of Our Lady of Atalaya was the last fragment to disappear beneath the breakers, amid the piteous cries of those who clung to it.

From this place the survivors set out for Lourenço Marques on the 15th of July 1647, carrying their arms, and also wallets in which were " copper for barter and linen for cleanliness." The wounded were left behind.

One nobleman, Dom Sebastião Lobo, " much burdened with flesh," was carried by ship's boys in a net made of fishing-lines. For this they were each to receive a sum of eight hundred xerafins, a silver coin then current in Goa. The nobleman's brother gave pledges of gold on his behalf.

It was not long before the sufferings of the party began. One poor lady, Donna Barbara, with a nun called Joanna of the Holy Spirit, an unconscious pilot, and a dying notary, were soon abandoned, as well as a little negress who chose to remain with them, " and they had no food whatsoever."

Dom Sebastião was also in difficulties. One day the ship's boys left him behind, and he was only recovered by some sailors under pressure from the captain, who pointed out his high rank and exalted position. His dignity was much hurt by this episode, he averring that he " cared not for death, but for the bad treatment shown to his person." When they reached the Umzimvubu River he gave up hope, confessed himself, and made his will. However, the whole expedition was able to cross in two rafts, which were dedicated one to Our Lady of Help and the other to Our Lady of Good Fortune.

A few days after this it became evident that he would have either to walk or be abandoned ; his bearers had only continued to carry him through gifts of jewels and a golden chain, and were themselves much exhausted. Even the fact that he had sailed by the wish of the King himself was disregarded.

Being quite unable to proceed on foot, he distributed all his valuables; he gave each bearer a ruby ring, and even parted with a metal cross with relics which he wore upon his person, and his copper kettle. This last gift was the most practical, time and place being considered.

So he remained behind " fat and in good health," displaying " in this extremity so much patience and good courage that, if he persevered therein, his salvation may be piously held as certain."

His squire had fallen out some time before. It was he who after being confessed, called back the father friar. The latter hastened to him, thinking to hear him speak of his salvation. But all he wanted was a pinch of snuff and to say, " God be with you." Then he asked that, for his great consolation, a grave might be dug beside him, so that he could tumble into it as he felt the last call approach.

Famine now beset the party, who subsisted on shell-fish, wild banana roots, daisies, nettles, " sow thistles," and an occasional crab. One of the ship's boys roasted his shoe and ate it; others devoured " bitter mad-apples," drank warm water and pepper, or chewed " amber." Many were poisoned through eating the red flowers of an aloe, upon the suggestion of a well-meaning but misguided negress, and were only saved by the faithful bezoar stone.

One day a leopard's head was found, " very rotten, covered with vermin, and of an evil smell." The under-pilot made broth of it and drank it; even a " religious " who asked for a helping was refused. Some quarrelled bitterly over " two dead rats of an evil smell in a thicket "; others ate wild beans (and nearly expired), the hide covering of a bale of cinnamon, or native dogs. The brother of Dom Sebastião was much grieved at not sharing in a dog, but he died shortly after of a " flatulence," which choked him and could not be cured, even by " civet," his usual remedy.

The constantly diminishing band of survivors pressed on bravely, skirmishing with the natives, or hanging an occasional camp follower, until they reached the river where the *Nossa Senhora da Belem* had been wrecked. Here they rested fourteen days, and the men were able to give themselves a much-needed shave. There was " one who owned that more hair had grown on his body through hunger than he had ever imagined could be possible."

Further north the people were for the first time friendly, and the expedition found chickens and millet for barter. An historical fact of first importance emerges from the records of these wanderings. There were no hens south of the Umzimkulu in the seventeenth century. This gallinaceous absence still prevailed well over a hundred years later. The German doctor, Lichtenstein, who travelled among the Xosas in 1803 regards it as a notable fact. " Here," he says, " we saw no poultry, but among the more Northern Caffre tribes there are hens of a small size, and without combs. . . . Vasco da Gama found hens among the Caffres on the coast of *Terra do Natal*."

One day an earnest young Jesuit came upon a Kaffir who had been one of the survivors of the *San João da Baptista*, twenty-five years before. He exhibited signs of great devotion, kissing the crucifix and showing submission to the priests. This moved the Jesuit to stay with him and minister to his family and their neighbours. He made his decision in spite of all entreaties to the contrary. Parting with everything he had, save an image of Christ our Lord, and a metal picture of the Nativity, he bade the party a smiling farewell and plunged rejoicing into the forest with his new companion. This gentleman, however, decided that the sponsoring of a white missionary was too risky a business for him to face, and very soon deserted the unfortunate young man in a thicket, whence he found his weary way back to camp, " grieved and disconsolate." Far from acknowledging his self-sacrifice and commiserating with him on his failure, the others bluntly told him that he was extremely lucky not to have been murdered. It was in reality the renunciation of his baggage that saved him. Had he taken with him any useful metal article he would have died with an assagai in his back on the opening day of his mission.

Shortly after the party had crossed the Fishers' River they came upon five Portuguese and four coloured men, who were none other than the sole survivors of the flagship *Sacramento*, in whose company they had left Goa nine long and weary months before. It was a fortunate but tragic meeting, and under a " fig tree laden with figs of Portugal " by the sandy Bay of Saint Lucia the nine survivors unfolded their unhappy story. The *Sacramento* was wrecked, and broke up immediately, almost on the same day as her consort, but some distance farther south. Only seventy-two of the company were saved, and they set out upon the same journey as those of the *Nossa Senhora da Atalaya*, whose wreck they came upon in due course. There they found the wounded still alive, and, farther on, the unhappy Donna Barbara. The nun, the pilot, and the notary lay dead beside her. She pleaded with them to rescue her, but they had, perforce, to leave her, as she was too weak to walk. This was after she had been deserted eleven days.

By the time they reached the wreck of the *Nossa Senhora da Belem* at the Umzimkulu, only ten of the seventy-two were alive. Some had died of famine and sickness, others had been murdered by natives, and the rest were simply left as they were too weak to walk any farther. They had eaten their shoes, and even their chart, with the result that the mercury in the colours of the latter had killed those who had indulged in so strange a diet. They had also fought hand to hand over a single locust —but that was on a day when six of them died of sheer hunger. What made matters worse was that in these regions there had been a five years' drought, of a type with which South Africans of to-day are painfully familiar.

Thus at length a pitiful remnant of nine had arrived at St. Lucia, where they were overjoyed to meet their friends.

All now joined forces and reached Lourenço Marques on the 5th of January 1648, after seven months of travail.

This place must have seemed like Heaven after their continuous misery and suffering, though it was in fact an unpleasing settlement where many of the inhabitants died from over-eating " and the want of a blood-letter," or from sharp fevers which yielded to no treatment. If they escaped these troubles they suffered " badly from the itch."

Since those times malaria has yielded to modern research, and the itch is doubtless confined to the lower social orders.

There is probably some over-eating still to be found. Anyway, there are numerous " blood-letters " to deal with all these ills, which is a great consolation.

In these sorrow-laden argosies of nearly a hundred years the Portuguese and their dependants who gave up their lives on the hills and along the shores of green Natal paid the first instalment of the price she was to exact for her surrender. They left their dead bodies by way of proof among her upland aloes, in the dark thickets of her woods, and along the soft banks of her warm lagoons.

There was no distinction of rank or fortune in this paying. The gently nurtured lady and the cobbler, the stout nobleman and the boatswain, the friar and the weary child, all shared alike in the terrible surrender. Among their jumbled bones, that whitened as quickly as the gaunt ribs of their stranded vessels grew dark, none could separate those of the captain and the crew, the notary and the tailor, or for that matter those of the man of Java and the Canarin of India.

If the suffering of these people is almost unbelievable, as indeed it was, the same is true of their courage. It may perhaps have been born of desperation, but it is a brave thing that it was born at all, and a still braver one that it was so long maintained.

It is difficult for those of us who travel past the coast of Natal in large vessels, or by train along its sun-splashed hills and across its sluggish rivers which find the sea between white beaches ringed with palms, to understand the haunting terror that must have beset these unfortunates. By day there was the sweating march over rough hills and in hot valleys, marked only by stumbling, curses, and groans ; there was the ever-present chance that any straggler would be stabbed to death by the blacks who hovered like vultures upon the flanks of the tragic column. After dark there was the freezing fear of a sudden raid, as the sentries were often too weak to keep awake. There was, too, the eerie loneliness of the African night, as well as the dread of the queer ranging beasts whose cries shattered its intolerable stillness. And most of the time there was famine, that led one to eat foul things, and, when palatable food did come, either to reject it as nauseating, or to consume so much that one was like to die. The partings were also of a poignancy too terrible to contemplate, plucking at what heart-strings were left. One might become inured to the hangings and the poisonings, but the partings——!

Natal was exacting her price. She was red with the blood of Portugal.

CHAPTER IV

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY (*continued*)

WITH the establishment in 1652 of a Dutch settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, Natal emerged from her obscurity. In 1654 Commander Van Riebeck, fired by a Jesuit who had called at the Cape the preceding year, sent the galiot *Tulp* post-haste up the east coast to find the ivory, gold, slaves, and ambergris of which the priest had spoken. These were to be obtained at "Os Montes d'Ouro, Rio di Quorno, and St. Jorgo." But the little *Tulp* never found the "Hills of Gold," the ivory, or the ambergris. She went on to Madagascar for a humdrum cargo of rice. Three years later some one suggested that an expedition should be sent by sea to Terra de Natal in order to search for the wreck of a Portuguese galleon filled with gold. The visiting Commissioner, Van Goens, defeated this laudable project. The coast was, he said, a bad one at the best, and only navigable from December to March, and the Portuguese ships would be about in those months. Moreover, it was like looking for a needle in a haystack. If the search were to be made at all, let it be by land—and, in any event, the men who would be sent on a wild-goose chase like this would be far better employed in the fields.

The name of the galleon does not appear.

After this Van Riebeck confined his expeditions mainly to the interior, and his activities to making wine. There is mention in 1660 of a projected expedition overland to Delagoa Bay (the River Spirito Santo), but nothing seems to have happened. In 1661 another expedition of the same kind was contemplated—but again without result.

A further effort to explore the stormy coast of South-Eastern Africa was made in 1668 with the *Voerman*, but she got no farther than the Bay of St. Francis. Two years later the *Grundel* was sent upon the same errand. She reached the River of the

Downs of Gold, north of Cape St. Lucia, and landed a party of seventeen in search of the sources whence the Portuguese were supposed to derive their trade in gold and slaves. Unhappily none of the seventeen returned. Natal had begun to take toll of the Dutch.

In 1677 two small Cape vessels on their way to Madagascar for slaves, carefully surveyed the Zululand coast—but again nothing came of their investigations.

It was now clear that nothing was to be gained from expeditions such as this, and the Council at the Cape for a time remained quiescent.

It is therefore not surprising that Natal still remained *terra incognita* as far as the European nations were concerned. For instance, John Ogilby, Master of His Majesties Revels in the Kingdom of Ireland, published in London in 1670 an enormous volume on Africa, but all he could say of Natal in a work which bears upon the face of it the impress of indefatigable research, was this: "Next this River [the Umzimvubu] appears a Tract of Land, by the Portuguese called Terra de Natal, that is, The Land of the Nativity of Christ; so called from the day of its first discovery."

All of which carries us, really, no farther than almost two hundred years before he wrote.

As the century grew older, one shipwrecked crew, and the remnants of another, reached the Cape from the eastern coast.

According to one writer, an English East Indiaman called the *Johanna* was wrecked in 1683 "somewhere near Delagoa," and her complement of eighty souls walked to the Cape. The natives, as he says, although "reputed great Barbarians" treated the shipwrecked men with "more Civility and Humanity than some Nations that I know who pretend much Religion and Politeness." They "accommodated their Guests with whatever they wanted of the Product of their Country, at very easy Rates, and assisted what they could, to save Part of the damaged Cargo, receiving very moderate Rewards for their Labour and Pains. Their Language was by Signs; and for a few Glass-beads, Knives, Scizers, Needles, Thread, and small Looking-glasses, which they were very fond of, they hired themselves to carry many portable Things (that were saved from the Shipwreck) to a neighbouring Country, and procured others, who also served them for Guides towards the Cape of *Good-hope*, and provided Eatables for their Masters, all the while they were under their Conduct ; and having carried them about 200 Miles on their way, by hand, they provided new Guides and Porters for them, for some of the aforesaid Trifles, who conducted them and provided for them as the others had done, for 7 or 800 Miles farther, which they travelled in 40 Days, and so delivered their Charge to others, who conducted and provided for them, till they arrived at the Cape ; and some of the *English* falling sick on the Way, they carried the Sick in Hammocks, till they either recovered or died, and out of 80 Men there were but 3 or 4 died ; but how long they journeyed before they arrived at the Cape, I have forgotten." This account the writer " had from one of the travellers," who told him, " that the natural Fertility of those Countries he travelled thro' made the Inhabitants lazy, indolent, indocile, and simple." Their rivers were " abundantly stored with good Fish and Waterfowl, besides Manatees, or Sea-cows and Crocodiles ; their Woods with large Trees, wild Cattle and Deer, Elephants, Rhinoceroses, Lions, Tigers, Wolves and Foxes for Game ; also many Sorts of winged Fowl and Birds, besides Ostriches."

It is possible that the " Delagoa " of the writer is not Delagoa Bay or Lourenço Marques, but Algoa Bay, and that, strictly speaking, the men of the *Johanna* never saw Natal. An English East Indiaman, the *Joanna*, was wrecked on the South African coast in 1682, but she was driven ashore off Cape Agulhas. However, the description is a pleasing one.

Another crew, wrecked on the coast of Natal some years earlier, were not so fortunate. Those who had firearms and refused to surrender them to the natives were murdered. Those who, more prudently, submitted were " conducted by the natives with all the horror of their heathenish customs." This amounted to their being deprived of their clothes, and being able only to cover " their shame with sheepskins." Only two survivors reached the Cape, after a journey of four years.

Apart from these incidents, there is mention in the journal of Simon van der Stel early in 1684 of an English vessel putting in to the Cape. She had been nearly three years trading on the eastern coast between latitudes 29 and 30, and had procured both gold and ivory, as well as slaves. This was probably the *Frances*. Her master sold some slaves to the Cape burgers, with the Governor's consent. But none of these happenings affected in any degree the apathy of the Council as regards Natal.

Suddenly there began, in 1685, a series of events which aroused once more the curiosity and interest of the Council at the Cape in a region whose further exploration they had hitherto regarded as a waste of life and money.

On the 24th of November 1684 the *Good Hope*, an English vessel under John Adams, sailed from Gravesend with twenty-four souls on board. Her papers showed her bound for Cadiz, but she was never meant to go to Spain. Her destination was Eastern Africa, although her crew were painfully unaware of this at the time of sailing. Her false clearance was doubtless due to the fact that trade by English vessels in these parts was subject to the licence of the East India Company, which she had not obtained. It was not due to any desire to conceal the fact that she was probably destined for the slave trade. There was no squeamishness in those days about " blackbirding."

The *Good Hope* arrived off Port Natal on the 6th of May 1685, only to be driven ashore by a sudden squall as she entered the harbour. Her master and crew were thereby forced to make their home upon the forest-covered " Bluff " or headland overlooking the bay, whose wooded beauty is now sadly marred by a fringe of coaling appliances and oil storage-tanks.

There four sailors and a ship's boy died of dysentery. The ship's boy little thought as he made his way to the forecastle head of the *Good Hope* at Gravesend, dreaming of the dark eyes and sunshine of Cadiz, that his own would close in the sunshine playing upon a hot hill-side in the southern seas. Natal had begun to exact her price from the British.

The remainder of the crew occupied themselves with fitting together a small vessel salved from the *Good Hope's* cargo.

In July 1685, an English ship of only thirty-five tons burden, under Captain Wynnford, put into the port. There she obtained ivory and cattle from the natives. Some of the crew of the *Good Hope* sailed with Captain Wynnford; others, under Captain John Adams, left in the vessel which they had put together, bound for Madagascar, "there to take in slaves and sell at Jamaica." It was an ambitious project, and the slaves were probably in for an unpleasant journey. Five of John Adams's crew, of whom John Kingston of Bristol was the leader, decided to remain. Before the captain left he scrupulously paid their wages to date. The share of each was sixty-eight pounds of copper rings and fourteen pounds of beads; the captain also left them seven guns. They soon opened up a profitable trade and accumulated three tons of ivory. They travelled far inland and found the people everywhere both friendly and hospitable.

While they were still upon the Bluff, the *Stavenisse*, a vessel of the Dutch East India Company, sailed along the Natal coast with a cargo of pepper, homeward bound. By the carelessness of an officer she ran ashore near the Umzimkulu, on the night of the 16th of February 1686. The look-out who reported land was met with an oath and the statement that it was a "bank of mist." Most of the survivors (eleven men were drowned in the landing) optimistically set out to walk to Capetown overland, but the captain (Willem Knyff) remained, with twelve others, at the site of the wreck. There they repaired one of the ship's boats and provisioned her with a "half anker of bread, 25 lbs. of salt pork, and half a legger of water." They launched her and tried to steer through the surf, but without success. The boat was smashed to pieces and they lost their "compass, quadrant, provisions, and baggage." They were fortunate in not being drowned.

Their situation was a grave one. Three of the party were sick or injured, and they were without either food or the beads and copper rings which alone appealed to the fastidious Bantu. For a time they secured a little corn and "bread" by means of nails, bolts, and other ironwork from the wreck, but it soon dawned upon the natives that they were as able to collect these as the white men, and that the latter were too weak to prevent them. The result, as the captain says, was that "they had everything in abundance, while we suffered from want."

In this extremity, two of the *Good Hope* sailors who had heard of the wreck, most providentially arrived among them. By now the English knew the language of the natives, and soon settled them; and they told the captain that they had enough articles of barter for a trade of fifty years. These they offered to share with the Dutch survivors. As the captain then records : " We therefore, at the request of these neighbours, determined to set out, to unite our prospects with theirs, and to enter into an inseparable partnership, for better or for worse." In this way they walked together to Port Natal, some seventy miles to the north.

There was no question as to the direction in which the " better " lay at the moment. The Dutch crew, however, soon became discontented. There was " the greatest confusion, with reciprocal murmuring and unwillingness." They even accused poor Captain Knyff of neglect of duty, and, in particular, of stealing the Company's pepper. How he had perpetrated this crime was not explained. It was therefore decided to build a vessel and leave Natal ; this could not have been done without the material from the *Stavenisse*.

John Kingston was the seventeenth-century equivalent of the " live wire." He made a saw out of a hatch ringbolt, and an anvil from the shank of an anchor ; and he provided nails and bolts by heating and hammering out some cable. These articles were carried by natives from the wreck to Port Natal.

Meantime the surgeon of the *Stavenisse* had expired, and the boatswain's mate had been trampled to death by an elephant.

Early in 1687 this queer party of five Englishmen and eleven Dutchmen, engaged upon the third vessel to be built in Natal, was joined by nine other persons. These were the master and crew of the *Bonaventura*, an English ship of Bristol. She was of only twenty tons burden and had sailed from the Downs on the 1st of May 1686 for the East African coast. Finding the price of cattle at Delagoa Bay too high she attempted to put into a bay which her captain, John Gilford, thought was " Piscada," north of the Tugela River. He had " mistaken the time of tide," and she grounded. There she was abandoned by the crew against his instructions. The result was that she floated off on the flood tide, and, instead of being saved, was carried " fully five German miles " up the river and remained hopelessly stranded. The place of her extinction was probably St. Lucia Bay.

The second mate was drowned there, but the remainder, nine in number, walked through Natal, and arrived at the Port without further adventure. When they arrived, the vessel on the stocks was nearing completion.

This ship, the first ever launched in the harbour of Port Natal, was no mean craft for those days. She was of twenty-five tons burden, fifty feet long, and fourteen broad, with two masts, and she sailed out of the entrance on the 17th of February 1687, having been eight months building.

She took with her the eleven Dutchmen, two of the English from the *Good Hope*, and seven of the crew of the *Bonaventura*. Three of the *Good Hope* and two of the *Bonaventura* (one being a Frenchman) preferred to remain, rather than trust themselves to the " uncertain waves of the sea and of fortune."

Laden with twenty souls as well as some tons of Kaffir corn, twenty goats, a hundred and fifty pumpkins, half a ton of salted beef, and two to three hundred fowls, the vessel arrived at the Cape after a voyage of twelve days, during which Captain Knyff must have felt rather like Noah. It seems that John Kingston's ivory was left behind ; food was more important.

The natives at the bay had, in the days of the Portuguese travellers, proved themselves among the least aggressive of the Bantu tribes inhabiting Natal, and they had by no means changed since then. Life at the Port must in fact have been quite a delectable affair. The country was fruitful and populous and the climate mild ; the natives were friendly, compassionate, and obliging. They not only gave proof of their industry by helping to build the vessel, but, orderly and obedient to their chief, vied with each other in offering the white sailors " food and drink and their habitation for lodging." They lived in huts made of sticks and rushes, roofed like the haystacks of Holland, and were much more orderly in " manners, dress, and behaviour than the Cape Hottentots." They refused to eat poultry, which they said were scavengers living only on filth, and it made them sick to see a European eat an egg. This was, however, a mere trifle. For a copper arm ring one could procure a fat cow, an ox of six hundred pounds in weight, or a meat tub full of Kaffir corn. What was of even more importance was that the natives brewed beer, " both small and strong," which was extremely cheap, and grew a tobacco of tolerable quality. As the Dutchmen afterwards said : " If they knew how to manage it, it would probably resemble the flavour in Virginian." Those who have smoked Natal tobacco in these days will agree that the resemblance has hardly been achieved.

A gradual, but in the end lasting, response to these seductions may appear reprehensible to those who have never encountered similar temptations, or whose moral armour is luckily impervious to them. One cannot, however, blame the five who preferred to remain at Port Natal rather than face the storms of the African coast in a cockle-shell. This applied especially to the Frenchman, who came of a gallant race.

When the vessel arrived at the Cape, the Governor, Simon Van der Stel, bought her " of the English " for four hundred florins, and named her the *Centaur*. He found that she was "well built and sailed well." He also bought what remained of the Kaffir corn, with a view to seeing whether it would grow, and whether beer could be brewed from it. Excellent beer is brewed at the Cape to-day, but not, alas, from Kaffir corn. John Kingston (of Bristol) and William Christian (of Belfast), the two men of the *Good Hope*, entered the Dutch East India Company's service as quartermasters; the master and most of the crew of the *Bonaventura* worked their passage to Europe in a Dutch vessel called the *Alkenaar*. John Gilford, the master, was given " a salempore, a blanket, and a bafta " wherewith to clothe himself; his crew had to do without " salempores."

The *Centaur* was not kept idle long, for, after being strengthened with a few knees, she was dispatched to Natal; her orders were to trace the remainder of the crew of the *Stavenisse*, of whom no news was forthcoming, and to examine more closely the possibilities of the Port. In particular the captain was to endeavour to purchase from a local chief a neck ring he wore, which John Kingston believed to be of gold, and which he had tried in vain to buy. In general the party were instructed to preserve a " courteous, honest, just, chaste, and kind, but, at the same time, dignified demeanour " towards the natives, but to be on their guard against sudden attacks. Unfortunately, no portrait has been preserved of a Dutch quartermaster registering chastity, kindness, and dignity, coupled with vigilance and apprehension. The *Centaur* left the Cape on the 10th of November 1687, and returned, without visiting Natal, in February

1688. The reason for this was that, before she reached her destination, she found on the coast, eighteen of the *Stavenisse* survivors "clad in hides like Hottentots," and a French boy whom they had encountered. This was indeed a providential rescue. The *Centaur* had, like most vessels, encountered contrary winds and strong currents off the coast. She was slowly working her way northwards between Algoa Bay and "Punta Primeira," which, as we have already said, was probably Cape Hermes, near Port St. Johns. She had already passed a conspicuous rock three times, but each time had been carried back. This time she anchored off it, in need of wood and water, and put off a boat to find them. It was the Cove Rock near the Buffalo River, where the Port of East London now flourishes. The boat was unable to reach the shore and the vessel therefore put out to sea. The boat's crew, however, reported that signals had been seen from the shore, and the captain, slowly realising that by some chance these might have emanated from the crew for whom he was searching, put back to the rock again.

To his surprise he found approaching him a catamaran, on which were three naked men. These he joyfully discovered to be some of the crew of the *Stavenisse*. In due course the nineteen persons were embarked. Three others preferred to remain on shore; three more had not long before set out northward in desperation, intending to reach the place where the *Stavenisse* had been wrecked. Twelve others had previously pressed on in an endeavour to reach the Cape, and were never heard of again. The Dutch captain sent five pounds of red beads, a neck ring, and four arm rings on shore as a present to the local native chief. With these he was well content.

The wandering French boy, above referred to, had had a remarkable career, and is entitled to a digression. He was a distressed Huguenot refugee to England, called Guillaume Chenut, who had joined the English ship *Bawden* at Madeira. She had left the Downs in August 1686, bound "to Madagascar for blacks." As she sailed along the Cape coast she put off a party in a boat "to find a haven." The boat lost trace of the ship and was driven ashore. The *Bawden* "stood in and off for five or six days and nights firing of guns," without result, and finally sailed off to Delagoa Bay.

All the party except the boy were killed or disappeared. He was wounded by the natives, but protected by a Xosa chieftain called Sotopa, with whom he lived for a time. A little later he joined the survivors of the *Stavenisse*, and came thus to be saved on the 9th of February 1688.

The history of the *Bawden* after losing her ship's boat is recorded by Robert Everard, an apprentice who sailed in her. She remained at Delagoa Bay for three months, but found it almost impossible to obtain ivory. This dilemma was solved in a curious way. Several unsuspecting chiefs who were visiting the vessel were suddenly " put in the Billboes." Their followers then disgorged sufficient of that commodity to procure their release. No doubt John Crib, the captain, chuckled at his own sagacity; but he was giving his nation a dirty name. His conduct was the more unpleasing, since these same chiefs had already found and sent on board his ship three shipwrecked English sailors. They, like the French boy, had been sent off in the ship's boat of another vessel, somewhere on the coast of Natal. Their boat was smashed among the breakers and their vessel sailed away, so that they had perforce to walk to Delagoa Bay. When the local chiefs came to their rescue they were badly sunburnt, having been robbed of their clothes *en route*; they were also suffering from hunger, having been forced " to eat monkies when they could get them, and potatoes in the night, where they could meet with them." " Meeting with potatoes in the night " is a pleasing euphemism. So much for the French boy and his career.

As the *Centaur* now had nineteen extra souls on board, all of whom had undergone great hardship, it was decided to return to the Cape, and she sailed back to that port.

The decision to return was only arrived at after much deliberation.

Pieter de Galiardi, the ship's secretary, made a formal record of the proceedings, so that the reasons for abandoning a further search might clearly appear to those in authority. The survivors of the *Stavenisse* attested upon their faithful word as men, in lieu of oath, that they had begged that the others " would cast their eyes on our melancholy and miserable condition, and seeing that we were destitute of everything, that they would take pity on us" ; "and [they continued] as we were incapable of performing the voyage, we unanimously begged to be conveyed to the Cape in order that we might return to our fatherland with the next homeward bound fleet."

Upon the document recording this being completed by eight signatures and ten marks (the French boy not being consulted) the captain felt justified in putting back. The *Centaur* appears no more in this history. In October 1688 she was "in a leaky condition" and "condemned as unseaworthy." Still she had served her purpose. She had been worth her four hundred florins.

The galiot *Noord* was sent from the Cape on a similar voyage on the 19th of October 1688. After calling at Lourenço Marques she entered the Bay of Natal on the 5th of January 1689. She found at Delagoa Bay a Portuguese fort and two vessels, one of which was English. The Englishmen were trading with the natives from a tent on an island. The natives were friendly, but born thieves, and the place was unhealthy. When the *Noord* sailed out after roughly charting the bay four of her crew were down with fever. At Port Natal the master found the boatswain and the mate's boy of the *Stavenisse*, entirely naked save for their linen trousers. They leapt into the water and embraced their rescuers, thanking God that they were among Christians once more.

The natives at the Port, though "without the least fear of God," were friendly, and there was abundance of food and fresh water to be had. The vessel obtained "bread," milk, beans, fowls, and pumpkins. She had "milk standing about everywhere."

Some of the party walked a few miles along the sea-coast to the Umgeni River. The beach was very steep and the river running low. There were natives living along its banks, who supplied the travellers with milk, and, as the sun set, guided them across country back to the vessel, "singing as they went."

Others, including a mineralogist, walked to a range of hills to the north, and returned with some "red glittering sandstone." They were away eight days ; they reported that the hills, though "level on the top with fine grass," were uninhabited.

These were perhaps the "Noodsberg"—or Noordsberg—Range.

While the galiot was at anchor, two of the sick died, no doubt of the malaria contracted at Lourenço Marques, and were buried on the Bluff, which, even in those days, was called the "Engelsche Logie." It was thus the "Englishman's Hut" in the days of James the Second.

There was no sign of the men of the *Good Hope* and *Bonaventura* who had remained behind. John Kingston and William Christian (who were by this time "Jan" and "Willem" and boatswain and quartermaster respectively of the *Noord*), left three letters for them in the hands of a native whom they knew and trusted.

The *Noord* left the Port again on the 23rd of January 1689, and on her way south picked up another *Stavenisse* survivor, who swam out to the vessel.

The boatswain discovered at Port Natal (or as the log records "Anderradeira de Natal") made a brave effort to bring off yet another survivor from the shore, swimming into the surf to meet him as he swam out. The sea was, however, too rough. Turning back, the survivor sadly waved to the boatswain to return to the vessel. All of this the boatswain reported "with tears in his eyes."

The three rescued sailors reported that in all their wanderings they had found but one European. He was a Portuguese survivor from the wreck in 1647 of the *Nossa Senhora da Atalaya* (whose timbers were still to be seen upon the shore) and lived among the Pondo tribe. He "had been circumcised, and had a wife and children, cattle and land; he spoke only the African language, having forgotten everything, his God included."

The men of the *Stavenisse* who were rescued from time to time had suffered great hardships. They had passed, southwards, from the Abambo of Natal through various tribes of Hottentots. These included the Temboos (Amatembu), Mapontemousse (Amapondomisi), Maponte (Amapondo), Magosse (Amaxosa), and Maligryghas (a Hottentot tribe).

They had been well received by the Magosse; the others robbed and beat them till they were exhausted; the Maligryghas were the most savage of all.

The Magosse chief was Magamma, a friendly, good-hearted, young, and active fellow. The Dutchmen were much intrigued by the habits of his tribe. When the chief died his subjects discarded their ornaments and kept apart from their women for a year. The *Stavenisse* sailors denounced this as a stupid proceeding. As they said: "This would be condemned in other countries, but there the women are patient under this mode of mourning." The Xosas were in some respects extremely cruel. Anyone suspected of murder was staked to the ground and thrashed. After this nests of red ants were forcibly pushed into his "nostrils and privates." On the other hand, they "would not part with their children for anything in the world, loving one another with a most remarkable strength of affection." Clearly the slavers could do no business with them. "In their intercourse with each other they are very civil, polite, and talkative, saluting each other, whether young or old, male or female, wherever they meet; asking whence they come and whither they are going, what is their news, and whether they have learned any new dances or songs."

This all sounds mighty genteel and civilised—if it were not for the red ants. This ordeal by insect was still in force when Captain Gardiner travelled through Pondoland in 1835.

The reports of the crew of the *Stavenisse* and the captain of the *Noord* were of surpassing interest to Simon Van der Stel, Governor of the Cape. It appeared from them that Natal was fertile, the climate healthy, and the natives both industrious and courteous. Sound, straight timber might be obtained at the bay itself, and a good trade in ivory was possible. There was plenty of honey and wax, but no possibility of trade in the latter because the natives very inconsiderately ate it. Calabashes, pumpkins, water-melons, broad beans, ground nuts, European figs, and a rather acid grape grew readily. Tree medlars and wild plums flourished along with wild cherries and "a kind of apple." The last had to be eaten ripe—otherwise a flatulence was the dreadful penalty. The country swarmed with cattle. In the bay itself were "King's fish and Sun fish, besides all kinds of fish known in India" and at the Cape. The ubiquitous eel was also a denizen. There were a few sheep. Wild horses were plentiful, " quite black with large manes and tails, incredibly swift and of great strength." Red and brown partridges, pheasants, and " paauw," or bustards, with " a shining topknot " were to be seen in thousands. So were geese, duck, and pigeon. On the other hand, there were snakes, centipedes, and scorpions, wild hogs, and crocodiles. The harbour was the difficulty owing to the shallow entrance, but that was not to be regarded as an obstacle. Other nations might be disposed to take their chance of founding a settlement there, which they could feed with smaller ships able to sail in without much hindrance.

As a result of this information the Governor sent the *Noord* on her second coastal voyage, under Captain Timmerman, on the 30th of October 1689.

He was instructed, not only to search for any further men of the *Stavenisse*, but also to purchase the Bay of Natal and the surrounding territory from the local chief, for beads, copper, and ironmongery. He was to see that a proper conveyance was executed by the chief and some of his nearest relatives, and to take great care that the articles of merchandise which represented the purchase price were not enumerated in the document. The consideration passing to the chief was to be stated, in the most general terms, to be of the value of nineteen to twenty thousand guilders. These interesting, if dubious, instructions were carried out, and the bay was purchased. The document duly expressed the consideration as twenty thousand guilders, but the actual value of the goods handed to the delighted chieftain, Inyangesa, was less than a thousand. In a few days stone beacons of the Dutch East India Company, bearing the V.O.C. monogram, ringed the harbour.

The deception practised upon the simple Inyangesa would have meant nothing to him had he discovered it. He was incapable of grasping the conception of either the ownership of land or its alienation in perpetuity. All he intended was to acquiesce in these strange pale gentlemen coming to the Port. He also wished to say that he was very grateful for the copper rings and beads. He spoke, however, for himself and not his successors, whom he never had in mind. The same is true of practically all the formal grants of land obtained from native rulers around Lourenço Marques and southwards to the Umzimkulu, which are often debated with painful fervour in histories and diplomatic disputes.

No survivors of the *Stavenisse* were found, and on the 11th of January 1690 the *Noord* left Port Natal once more for Capetown, with the document of purchase on board. It was her last voyage. She ran ashore near Algoa Bay on the night of the 16th. Only four out of her complement of eighteen reached the Cape, overland, after much suffering. The Council were extremely annoyed; they felt that the vessel had been lost through gross carelessness. And, what was more, the document of purchase had also disappeared.

It was just as well that this unhappy conveyance had been torn into a thousand shreds and dissipated by the breakers of the coast of Africa. It was as if Providence had intervened to erase from the annals of the Dutch East India Company a huckstering trick unworthy of its high name.

During the last decade of the seventeenth century Natal was visited by Captain Rogers, a friend of the famous William Dampier. He has left us a description of some merit. He found Natal interlaced with "pleasant Valleys and large Plains and checkered with Natural Groves and Savannahs." That part which "respects the Sea is plain Champion and Woody." There were many rivers and streams, and good timber "tall and large"; the "Savannahs" were clothed with "kindly thick Grass." "Every hill" afforded "little Brooks, which glide down several ways." Game was so plentiful that wild deer grazed among the native cattle, and elephants fed in troops of a thousand or more, being likewise "very peaceable if not molested." "Here," he adds, "are also abundance of Sea-Horses."

There were "a sort of large fowls" as big as peacocks, with fine-coloured feathers, "very rare and shy," and others like curlew, but bigger, with dark flesh, but wholesome eating. Fish were plentiful both in the sea and rivers, and the natives were adepts at catching turtles. They were rather ingenious. They attached a sucking fish to a string and lowered it until it adhered to a turtle. Both were then drawn up together. If the unfortunate turtles were not captured this way, they were waylaid when they came on shore at night to lay their eggs. Theirs was an unhappy lot.[1]

This description of the Port is very like that given to the Council at the Cape by Captain Knyff of the *Stavenisse* in 1687. He was, however, more cautious as regards the elephants, having been unable to commit himself to herds of more than fifty or sixty. He belonged to a less imaginative race than Captain Rogers.

The latter took on board at the Port two English seamen whose ship had been wrecked on the coast five years before. Their companions had made for Delagoa Bay, but they had remained. "They had gained the Language of the Country, and the Natives freely gave them Wives and Cows too. They were beloved by all the People and so much reverenced that their Words were taken as Laws; and when they came away many of the Boys cried because they would not take them with them."

Captain Rogers has also left us a picture of the natives, whence it appears that they were of middle stature but with very good limbs, noses which were "neither flat nor high, but very well proportioned," white teeth, and an "Aspect altogether graceful." They were "nimble" but very lazy "for want of Commerce," a fault for which the economic urge of to-day has since provided an effective remedy. They were "very just and extraordinary civil to Strangers." And although they wore "but few cloths and those, extraordinary mean," their huts were made "close and well thatched, that neither Winds nor Weather could hurt them."

Captain Rogers was vastly intrigued by their hair-dressing arrangements. They mixed beef tallow with their hair, and finally produced a *coiffure* some nine or ten inches high surmounted by a hard ring. "They are a great while of making these Caps; for the Tallow must be made very pure, before 'tis fit for this use. Besides they lay on but a little at a time and mix it finely among the Hair; and so it never afterwards comes off their

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[1] By the way, Salt, the explorer of Abyssinia, heard from a Portuguese Bishop on the Mozambique mainland in 1809 that this method of "fishing" was in vogue there; but he was sceptical. Still, as he says, this was nothing to Pliny's story of a sucking fish towing a fully laden galley, so that he might have been unworthily impugning the veracity of the prelate.

Heads." "When they go a hunting," he says, "which is but seldom, they pare off 3 or 4 Inches from the top of it, so that it may fit the snugger, but the next Day they begin to build it up again ; and so they do every Day till 'tis of a decent and fashionable height. It would be a most ridiculous thing for a man to be seen without a Tallow-Cap." This head-dress was the prerogative of the grown men ; the boys were not allowed to begin the building-up process until they came to "Maturity." The poor ladies were entirely precluded from it. They only had "short Petticoats which reach from the Waste to the Knee."

This description enables us to guess that the natives may have been the Amatuli tribe, who flourished round the bay, until decimated by Tshaka in the early part of the nineteenth century. According to a dispatch of Lieutenant-Governor Scott in 1864, they "used to wear head rings on a hair basket, sometimes a foot high from the top of the head." They still live on the south coast of Natal. Before the days of Captain Rogers they had lived near the Umhlatuzi River, north of the Tugela. When they settled near the Port they christened the moderate stream which flows into the Bay "Umhlatuzana," or Little Umhlatuzi. It now supplies the needs of sugar refineries and Indian washerwomen, instead of those of the Amatuli.

According to Captain Rogers no commodity was bought and sold by this tribe except women, young virgins ranking in marriage price "according to the Beauty of the Damsel." In some respects, however, their habits were similar to those prevailing among Europeans. Thus, they brewed bitter beer from "a small sort of Grain no bigger than Mustard-seed." With this they made merry, and when they met on these occasions the men made themselves "extraordinary fine with Feathers stuck in their Caps very thick. They made use of the long Feathers of Cocks' Tails and nothing else." It seems that the "cocktail party" is nothing but an old-fashioned affair. The men also wore a strip of ox-hide like a tail behind them, and, when thus attired, "their Heads a little intoxicated, and the Musick playing, they'll skip about merrily and shake their tails to some purpose ; but are very innocent in their Mirth." Here are the ancestors of both the "tail coat" and the "night out." The ladies appear not to have participated in these innocent orgies. They had perforce to confine themselves to milk, which they sometimes drank fresh, but " commonly they let it be sower first." That, no doubt, gave it more kick. And, lastly, when the man took unto himself a wife, the men made merry, but the bride cried " all her Wedding Day." This simulated grief which masks an unhallowed and triumphant joy is still with us.

CHAPTER V

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE close of the seventeenth century found Port Natal the property, in name, of the Dutch East India Company, the home of a peaceful Bantu tribe, and the resort of an occasional slave- or ivory-trading ship. The dawn of the eighteenth imported little change. Natal is mentioned mainly in an occasional book of travel, a stray pamphlet describing the sufferings of shipwrecked sailors, or an odd dispatch or two of the Cape Governor to his Council in Amsterdam.

An English captain, Hamilton by name, has left a record of his wanderings in these Eastern seas about this time. He found the sea-coast between the Cape and Natal dangerous and little frequented, but " whether by the unsociableness of the Hottentots, the Inhabitants, or that the Country produces nothing worth the Merchants adventuring thither " he knew not. But he had known " some English vessels go to Natal from India for Elephants' Teeth, and did make pretty good voyages." They took, however, two years and a half on the round journey, and that was much too long. Their crews reported the country " fertil but unwholsom " ; but they were probably thinking of Delagoa Bay, or St. Lucia. This same captain saw in Bombay rhinoceros horns from Natal " much longer than ever I saw in India or China, and one was three Horns growing from one Root." Perhaps this was after dinner. As in the days of Captain Rogers, the natives " had some Notions of a Deity, whom they worship with Dancing and Feasting, for they are very much inclined to Mirth."

Another shipmaster who traded to Port Natal in 1718 was highly diverted when he went ashore. He had with him " an arch Indian Youth, who was a very good Drummer," and who beat his instrument " very briskly in a Thicket pretty near the Assembly " of natives. At this " the young of both sides fell a skipping, and, a little after, the Adult and the Old followed their Example, so that none stood idle Spectators ; but the Old beginning to tire, some went to the Drummer, and presented him with Eggs, Fowl, and Fruits, and intreated him to leave off, which as soon as he did, they all sat down again on the Ground, well heated." It must have been great fun ; perhaps the Master bought some slaves after that. But all we know for certain is that he took back to Bombay a " black Fowl as big in the Body as a large Duck." It had a long, thick, straight beak, hollow eyes, and legs over a foot long. It was an adept at catching frogs and rats, which it tossed six feet in the air and impaled on its beak. " He so repeted his Tossings till the Animal died, and then greedily devoured it." A fearsome bird.

But the most interesting discovery relating to this time is that Natal was the home of a reformed buccaneer. Our sole information concerning him is this simple but compendious sentence :

> " Here lived in *Anno* 1718, a penitent Pirate, who sequestred himself from his abominable Community and retired out of Harm's Way."

Where he had plied his reeking trade and what strange quirk of conscience led him to forsake it, none can say. But the place of his repentance was well chosen ; its warm beauty and peace must have contrasted strangely with his rigorous career ; and days of indolence and plenty among its care-free denizens dulled no doubt the keen edge of his contrition.

All this, however, is but the idlest speculation. Let us turn to the other recorded visits to Natal of Dutch and English vessels.

In November 1705 there was a shortage of timber at the Cape, and the galiot *Postlooper* was ordered by the Governor to investigate Natal as a source of supply. The captain, Johannes Gerbrantzer, had been present as one of the crew of the *Noord* when the bay was " purchased " sixteen years before, and was one of those who walked painfully from the wreck of that vessel near Algoa Bay to the Cape. When he arrived in Natal he found that Inyangesa had expired, and that his son was reigning in his place. Gerbrantzer spoke to him of the previous agreement, only to receive the answer that the father was dead. His skins had been buried with him in the floor of his house, which had been burned over him. And the new chief added that his father's burial-place was fenced in so that none might pass over it, " and as to what he agreed to, it was for himself. I have nothing to say to it." Whereat Gerbrantzer wisely made no reply, " having no orders from the Company concerning the matter." When he afterwards told this story at the Cape to Maxwell, an English traveller, the price the Dutch had paid had become twenty thousand florins in cash.

Gerbrantzer reported that there was abundance of timber, though of no better quality than that of the Cape, but that cattle were scarce. There had been a four years' drought in the country. This is the second time a prolonged drought is recorded in the chronicles, the other having taken place about 1647. The climate of South Africa has not changed as much as is generally thought. The expression " the worst drought for fifty years " which old gentlemen solemnly repeat to-day in the presence of despondent young agriculturists, probably originated in these times.

Gerbrantzer also reported unfavourably on the harbour. His vessel rolled so much in the surf which broke at the entrance that he was badly injured by the swinging tiller.

He discovered living at the Port an Englishman named Vaughan Goodwin. He had been left there in 1699 with two others by the captain of the *Fidelity*, an English ship, who had promised to return in three years with immigrants. This, at least, was Goodwin's story to Gerbrantzer. This captain, whose name was Tempis Stradies, had paid them three years' wages, and left them " goods to trade for Elephants' teeth," but had failed to return. He had, in fact, succumbed meantime to the greater charm of the West Indies and settled there. Goodwin's two companions had attacked some natives and been killed in 1700 ; he was more circumspect, and, by this time, possessed two native wives and seven half-caste offspring.

Goodwin was very tempted to leave with the *Postlooper*, but domestic ties were too strong, and he finally decided to remain. A soldier and a sailor of the galiot deserted to follow his example.

In February 1713 a Dutch vessel called the *Bennebroek*, almost battered to pieces by gales, drifted ashore somewhere on the southern coast of Natal. Only fifty-seven whites and twenty slaves survived the landing. The party tried in vain to travel to the Cape, but a great river—probably the Umzimvubu—barred their way, and one by one they died of starvation and exposure. Only one escaped this fate. He was a slave, a black of Malabar, who was found by a burger wandering in the Western Cape and sent in to the castle at Capetown, in February 1714.

During their wanderings the party came across a Frenchman who had been wrecked some thirty years before. Here no doubt was the gallant from the *Bonaventura*.

It would seem that the *Postlooper*, with one Roeland Roos in command, paid another visit to Natal in 1714, but it was apparently without historical significance.

On the afternoon of the 29th of April 1719 the British slaver *Mercury*, under Captain White, dropped anchor off Port Natal in fourteen fathoms, with the Bluff bearing west-south-west two miles.

She had on board six natives of "Dillagoe," who had joined her at that port on a previous voyage. Since then they had lived "very merrily," visiting Madagascar, the West Indies, and England. The captain, not proposing to visit "Dillagoe" on this occasion, put them on shore with guns, hatchets, and brass collars for barter, and left them to walk three hundred miles home. Presumably they reached their destination safe and sound, for in 1726 the commandant of the Dutch settlement at Delagoa Bay reported that there were natives there who spoke English very well, having made voyages in English vessels to Natal. An Englishman called Robert Drury, who had been wrecked on the Madagascar coast, and kept in slavery for sixteen years, was also on board the *Mercury*. Of Natal he writes: "Here we traded for slaves with large brass rings, or rather collars, and other things: we bought in a fortnight's time 74 Boys and Girls: these are better slaves for working than those of Madagascar, being stronger and blacker."

These unfortunates were taken by way of Madagascar, St. Helena, and the Barbadoes, to the Rappahanack River in Virginia.

They liked their slaves black and strong in Virginia—the blacker and stronger the better, in fact. There the survivors were sold; the *Mercury* took in a cargo of tobacco and sailed for England, which she reached in September 1720.

The notion of founding a settlement at Natal was also in the air at Amsterdam about this time. In 1718 two "Memoires" to the Council of Seventeen by Jean Pierre Purry, a servant of the Dutch East Indian Company, were published there, in French. These were a diffuse and pedantic compilation, but there was no doubt as to his views upon Natal. The Cape, he said, might be rich; it might be a convenient place of call as a half-way house to the Indies; but it was one of the most arid spots in "Cafrerie," and the nearer one approached to Natal the more fertile the country grew. Natal, according to his information, "doit etre necessairement le meilleur pais de toute la Cafrerie." It was not only watered by the great "Infantis" river, but there were practically no mountains, and its latitude was about 33 degrees south: all of which goes to show that Monsieur Purry was not too well informed on certain points. As he proceeded he became even more enthusiastic. A few lines farther on Natal becomes "le meilleur pais, non seulement de la Cafrerie, mais meme de toute l'Afrique Meridionale." And he urged the Seventeen to colonise it. It might be an expensive matter, but, as he said, if any other nation were to take that step the Company could not afford to allow it, and would be compelled to declare war. The outcome of that conflict was problematical; and how about the expense? Would it not be better, he urged, to colonise now at less cost?

No doubt these arguments, coupled with a revival of interest in Natal at the Cape, had due weight with the Directors.

In the early part of 1719 the burghers of the Cape petitioned to be allowed to open up trade on their own account with Terra de Natal and Sofala. This was refused them, and towards the end of the year the Council of Seventeen at Amsterdam decided to send an expedition to trade along that coast, with headquarters at Delagoa Bay.

According to Jacob de Bucquoi, a French cartographer who actually joined the expedition, a shipwrecked Portuguese, "Lamootsie" by name, who had by chance been rescued by a

Dutch hooker near Sofala, had brought to Capetown highly coloured, but circumstantial, reports of the fabulous mineral wealth of that region, especially in gold. This information reached the Seventeen in due course, and, as inevitably happens, they abandoned their customary caution, and succumbed.

Two hookers and enough material and implements for the erection of a house and earthen fort were therefore dispatched to the Cape.

If trade at Delagoa Bay showed signs of developing, the Governor of the Cape was directed to extend the operations, if feasible, to Terra de Natal ; and he was reminded of the purchase of that place for twenty thousand gulden.

If the reports of the fertility of the Bay of Natal proved well founded, a trading station was to be set up there " in charge of several Postholders and guards " ; a neat drawing of the bay and river was to be made, and the Seventeen were to be informed whether big vessels could be navigated over the shoals and be piloted safely up the river of " Terra de Natal." In conclusion, a copy of the coastal map made by the men of the *Noord* in 1689, which included Delagoa Bay and Port Natal, was duly enclosed.

They were nothing if not business-like, the Seventeen, except that they had been told in 1706 that only small vessels could enter the Bay of Natal.

In accordance with these instructions an expedition about a hundred strong left Capetown in February 1721. They sailed in the two hookers *De Kaap* and *Gouda* and the galiot *Zeelandia*, and arrived at Delagoa Bay in March. The affair opened badly. The party landed on the southern shore and began at once to build the fort ; they were immediately attacked by malaria ; one after another was stricken down and two-thirds of the members died, including the commander. That pleasing parasite, the jigger flea, also put in an appearance, with fatal results.

When the fort was built there was an improvement ; and the places of the dead were filled by new recruits from Capetown. Discomfort and misery were, however, still so prevalent that when, in 1722, three English pirate vessels put in to the harbour for fresh food and water, sixteen of the settlement sailed away with them. It is said that they were taken off by a trick, but one suspects that most of them were willing captives.

The buccaneers also removed the pick of the garrison's stores and the Company's hooker *De Kaap*. Perhaps the " Penitent Pirate " of Natal was a previous renegade from this resourceful squadron, whose commander bore the good old name of George Taylor. Its second in command was Jean la Bous, a Frenchman, and as might perhaps have been expected, Number Three was a Scotsman—of the name of Elk.

For about nine years the Company's struggling representatives exerted themselves in the building up of a trade at the unhealthy estuary to which they had been dispatched.

The natives were friendly enough—in fact, too friendly. They hung round the new-comers ; they pawed them with " their greasy, painted hands " ; they were for ever cadging snuff ; and their demand for spirits was both incessant and uproarious. Instead of the hoped-for amber, ivory, and wax, they offered fowls, eggs, and bananas, and, by way of a *chef d'œuvre*, a single goat. They pilfered steadily and efficiently. When they casually tendered a little ivory it was old and decayed, and they would only take yellow beads in exchange, of which the Dutch had none. The Dutchmen, however, persisted with characteristic industry and competence. Little by little the trade increased, although it was never extensive. The officials were much excited one day when gold dust appeared. But no great quantity was obtained, and it was quite impure. So was the copper. The Dutch planted peach, apricot, lemon, coco-nut, and tamarind trees. Some of them thrived, and green vegetables were plentiful. Indigo grew, but their vines died ; and wheat, rye, and barley all resolutely declined to mature. After a time more trouble beset the settlement. Malaria was a constant and deadly scourge ; scores of men died, and continuous reinforcements were needed. Then the native tribes proceeded to fall upon each other with much fierceness, each thinking the other deriving undue advantage from trading with the Dutch. This business rivalry is a dire affair.

In time the neighbouring tribes initiated an ingenious scheme. They found it difficult to supply the needed commodities ; so that, as emissaries from distant tribes, all unsuspecting, neared the bay they fell upon them, robbed them of their stock-in-trade, and triumphantly sold it to the Dutch. The effect of this on business in general was naturally disastrous. Then a number of the garrison deserted and died near Inhambane. After that sixty-two of the remainder attempted a mutiny, which was only quelled with the greatest difficulty. The last straw was encountered in 1729, when one of the tribes threatened to carry off the Dutchmen's cattle. The latter promptly sent an expedition under Lieutenant Monna to protect the herds, and it was completely exterminated half an hour's march from the cattle-post.

The settlement was abandoned in December 1730. Nothing was done during the nine years to establish a station at Port Natal; the Dutch had their hands too full at Delagoa Bay.

It has been said that Lieutenant "Monas" (who must be Monna) travelled from Delagoa Bay to the Cape through Natal in 1727. This is not correct; he went inland in search of gold in 1725, but none of the garrison ever walked through Natal.

In June 1729 the commander, Van der Cappelle, sent the *Fyenoord*, which was at that time lying in the harbour, on a voyage of exploration, under Hendrik Goutsberg, along the coast of Natal; she, however, "encountered many storms and suffered great injury in masts and rigging," with the result that she returned in September after a fruitless journey.

Before anything further could be done instructions were given to abandon the bay.

Though the Dutch had given up their settlement they still hankered after a port on the East African coast. Expeditions were sent from the Cape in 1731 and 1732 to find a suitable harbour, but nothing came of them, and the Company gave up the idea of further settlements in those regions. But it continued to trade with Delagoa, for in 1755, 1756, and 1759 goods for, and ivory from, that place are mentioned in the records.

After a silence of twenty-five years Natal is heard of again. The British East Indiaman *Doddington*, Captain Samson, sailed from the Downs on the 23rd of April 1755, along with the *Pelham*, *Houghton*, *Streatham*, and *Edgecourt*. In seven weeks she was at the Cape, which she left early in July. At a quarter to one in the morning of the 17th of July she struck the "Isles of Chaos" near Algoa Bay. She broke up so swiftly that only twenty-three out of two hundred and seventy souls on board were saved. These consisted of four officers, a midshipman, two quartermasters, the carpenter, three ships' boys, and twelve stewards, servants, and seamen. These unhappy survivors scrambled on to the inhospitable rocks, which were to be their home for seven months, and to which they gave the name of "Bird Islands." A cask of gunpowder, and a box containing two gun flints and a file, washed up from the wreck, provided them with fire. A cask of brandy from the same source afforded them some stimulant. And after that boxes of wax candles, casks of fresh water, beer, flour, and salt pork, and seven live hogs, came ashore. Broiled pork was their first meal. Then they built a tent from some salvaged canvas ; but they had to place it on the highest point to avoid the seas—and it was pitched a foot deep in "the dung of a water fowl, rather larger than a gannet," with which the bulk of the islands were covered.

The next day a small boat, smashed but not beyond repair, was recovered, along with "a hamper containing files, sail needles, gimblets, and an azimuth compass card." The now friendlier seas provided also two quadrants, an adze, a "chissel," three sword-blades, a "chest of treasure," and, later, "most of the packets belonging to the King and the Company," which were dried and carefully preserved. Somebody, however, burgled the treasure-chest a few weeks later—a feat one would have described as impossible.

The second mate Collet was among the saved, and his companions, raking the beach for further spoil, came suddenly upon the body of his wife. "The mutual affection subsisting between this couple was of remarkable tenderness ; and Mr. Jones the first mate immediately stepped to Mr. Collet and contrived to take him to the other side of the rock, while the other two mates, the carpenter and some others, dug a grave where they deposited the body, reading the funeral service over it from a French prayer-book, which had driven ashore from the wreck along with the deceased. Having thus paid the last tribute to one of their unfortunate number, and concealed from Mr. Collet a sight which would have most sensibly, if not fatally, affected him, some days afterwards they found means gradually to disclose what they had done, and to restore him the wedding ring which they had taken from her finger. He received it with great emotion and in future spent many days in raising a monument over the grave, by piling up the squarest stones he could find, and fixing an elm plank on the top, inscribed with her name, her age, and the time of her death, and also some account of the fatal accident by which it was occasioned."

Provisions, timber, cordage, and canvas kept coming ashore, and Richard Topping, the carpenter, became enthusiastic. He agreed to build a vessel to enable the party to escape, and actually made a saw, although he had neither nails nor hammer. His enthusiasm was infectious. Hendrik Scantz, a Swede, one of the seamen, salved an old pair of bellows, and was thereby stung into the confession that he was a blacksmith by trade, and that with a little help he would make a forge and supply the carpenter with all the metal requisites for his task.

The others were transported with joy, and, a week after the wreck, Topping, with Chisholm the quartermaster, started on the keel of a sloop thirty feet long and twelve feet wide. Scantz finished his forge and " laid in a quantity of fir for fuel." He found " the ring and nut of a bower anchor which served him for an anvil "—much as it had John Kingston of Natal some seventy years before—and turned out hammers and nails as they were required.

He and the carpenter worked with " indefatigable diligence " and " dexterity and despatch." The carpenter then fell ill, and later on cut his leg badly with an adze—both of which misfortunes he survived. He had never experienced such solicitous attention in all his life. It probably staggered him.

Meantime the food was giving out. Some gannets were killed, but the flesh was " very rank, of a fishy taste, and as black as a " sloe " ; seals were also slaughtered, but eating them made the party very sick. Some of the men fished from the boat, which the indispensable carpenter repaired, and met with tolerable success. But an effort to salt the catch had dire results ; the salt was obtained by evaporation in a copper vessel, and consumption of the product, thanks apparently to the " verdigrise," was followed by " violent cholics, cold sweats, and retchings."

Three of the crew one day reached the shore in the boat ; but one of them was drowned in the landing, and the natives stripped and robbed the others, who rowed disconsolately back to the island. When Sparrman, the Swedish doctor, visited these parts twenty years later he discovered that the natives—or "Hottentots"—had sold a pistol and a piece of red cloth—part of the loot—to a Dutch farmer called "Vereira," who was elephant-hunting in the district at the time.

The building of the vessel proceeded steadily, aided by the timber, cordage, and canvas which came ashore. The carpenter was almost a god. The brandy was reserved for his consumption alone.

Water was scarce, but barrels of it were still salved, and some showers augmented the supply; a gun or "fowling piece" was thrown up one day, and after the carpenter had made it serviceable it was "a joyful acquisition." Numbers of gannets fell to it. On the 11th of October these simple birds appeared in huge numbers for the nesting season, and kept the party in eggs until the New Year.

Casks of flour which came ashore were made into tolerable biscuits in an oven and stored along with the salt pork so as to provision the vessel.

She was launched on the 16th of February 1756, and called the *Happy Deliverance*. Richard Topping—with the help of Hendrik Scantz and Nathaniel Chisholm—had made good. Seven months of heroic and insistent toil had enabled them to save their comrades and themselves. The *Happy Deliverance* was laden with six casks of water, two live hogs, a firkin of butter, about four pounds of biscuits to each man, and "ten days' subsistence of salt provisions, in bad condition, at the rate of two ounces a day per man."

The party decided to make for Delagoa Bay in her, and sailed from their guano-laden refuge on the 18th of February 1756. For days they made no progress, but early in March a strong westerly gale sprang up, and they were forced to "scud away under their topsail only," being "thus driven before the tempest at a great rate."

By the 7th of March they were badly in need of food, water, and wood. They cast anchor and sent off the late captain's servant "Thomas Arnold, the black," and two others in the small boat with "a string of amber beads to traffic with." Arnold swam ashore from the boat through the breakers. His amber necklace procured him a good feed, but the surf was too rough for others to land, and he was with great difficulty taken on board again.

There was nothing to be done except sail on in the hope of finding a landing-place. By this time all on board were in great distress. The daily ration was half an ounce of " rotten pork." Even that soon ran out, and by the time the vessel managed to cross the bar and anchor in the mouth of a small river the party had been there days without food. Their landing-place was somewhere on the coast of modern Natal. The natives were an " honest, open, harmless, and friendly people " who always divided " what they brought from the chase, tho' it was ever so little, as far as it would go, with looks and gestures that strongly expressed that pleasure which no selfish gratification can produce." They were very like the Cape Hottentots, except that, not having previously met Europeans, they were " more innocent, benevolent, and sincere." They were without jealousy, for they " left their sisters and daughters whole days with the strangers while rambling about the woods." Their rush huts were " extremely clean within," but they had the unpleasant habits of eating raw entrails " after giving them a shake," and anointing their hair with fat and red earth. They wore ox-tails behind, from the rump down to the heels, adorned with sea-shells ; they could strike an ear of corn with their " lances " at thirty yards ; but their dancing consisted of " leaping in a circle, and uttering the most hideous cries, sometimes like the hounding of dogs, and sometimes like the grunting of hogs, all the while actively wielding their lances."

The Englishmen on landing imitated the " lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep " and soon obtained meat, milk, and " a small grain that resembled Guinea wheat," in return for copper hoops and a few brass buttons. These " poor savages " prized " these baubles, perhaps with as much reason as gems and gold are prized by those who held their simplicity in contempt."

The English were extremely surprised to find among these savages, who were " quite black with woolly hair," a youth about twelve or fourteen, " perfectly white, with regular European features." He was treated as a servant, sent on errands, and sometimes not allowed to eat with the natives. He disappeared a few days before the *Happy Deliverance* sailed. This was no albino, or "White Kaffir"; he was either a castaway, or a throw-back from the miscegenation which began at Natal in 1685. One might speculate further, but to no purpose. He was merely one of the million tragedies of Africa—an evanescent gleam of white in a dark kaleidoscope.

The *Happy Deliverance* put out of the river on the 29th of March and reached the St. Lucia River, without incident, on the 6th of April. The men of the *Doddington* were now among people very different from those farther south. These natives turned up their noses at brass buttons and old iron, and "taking up some of the sand from the beach they poured it out of one hand into the other." This was interpreted with some acumen as a request for strong liquors, which of course the sloop's people could not gratify. The carpenter had exhausted their stock.

The natives also asked for brass collars, but again without result. They, however, fell to "a brass handle of a chest," and "a piece of bunten" which had once gone to the making of the *Doddington's* colours. These brought forth two bullocks and some good fowls. The natives finally condescended to supply pumpkins and potatoes in return for the once-despised brass buttons.

These people, "by their frequent dealings with Europeans, had learned to be cleanly in their persons and food, dressing their hair up very neatly." They bathed every morning. They shunned the "grease and garbage" with which their southern brethren had adorned themselves, but they were "proud, crafty, deceitful, and dishonest." They were certainly sophisticated, for they kept a strict watch over their women.

After remaining there twelve days the party decided to continue their journey. "Hitherto they had been united by adversity in the bond of friendship; but as they had now a near prospect of deliverance their minds were less tender and their different peculiarities of temper and opinion were indulged in with less restraint." The result was that nine of the men refused to sail any farther and decided to walk to Delagoa Bay. The others reached that place by sea on the 21st of April 1756 and were joined by the pedestrians. Five of the latter, however, died from the fatigues of the journey.

When the *Happy Deliverance* sailed into port, the *Rose*, a

" scow " commanded by Captain Chandler, was lying at anchor, endeavouring to trade with the natives for cattle. The officers of the *Doddington* searched the *Happy Deliverance* for the stolen treasure, and recovered the bulk of it. They placed it on the *Rose* and sailed off in her to Madagascar. The *Happy Deliverance* went too ; Captain Chandler bought her from the carpenter for five hundred rupees, and " gave his note for that sum."

At Madagascar they found the *Caernarvon*, Captain Norton Hutchinson, bound from Europe for China. The survivors were transferred to her, along with their " King's Packets " and the treasure, and arrived at Madras at the end of July 1756.

On the whole, the *Happy Deliverance* had lived up to her name.

In 1757, the following year, the Dutch East India Company's ship *Naarstigheid*, which had left Bengal homeward bound on the 5th of February, put into Delagoa Bay disabled. During an appalling voyage, she had twice reached as far south as the Cape, and had twice been blown miles back on her course by fierce gales. She had so many sick and injured on board that the watch was sometimes only five in number. Even the passengers had to take their turn. The crew and passengers remained at Delagoa Bay until discovered by the Company's hooker *Hector*, of the Cape, in November 1758, and finally rescued by the Company's ship *Scholtenburg* in June 1759. During their stay they made several unsuccessful efforts to reach the Cape by land. One expedition went as far as a spot which was thought to be a hundred and eighty " German miles " from Delagoa. This was known on the Dutch Company's maps as the Wide River, falling into the Bay of Natal, but it was probably the Umzimvubu. North of that river they found a tribe (said by some to have been the Amatembu), whose chief told them that an English ship had been wrecked there some years before, and that two survivors had remained and taken native wives. They were dead, but their offspring were shown to the Dutchmen. Their pale skins and clear complexions proved them half-castes ; it was also significant that they were more at home with the white men than the natives were. The chief was an intelligent person. He knew the difference between the Dutch, English, and French flags ; and he informed the sailors that a Dutch hooker had recently put in farther south and taken a cargo of forest timber to supply the Cape. Beyond, and farther still to the south, he said, there were "savage Hottentots," living like wild men in the rocks, who killed and ate all strangers. This was quite enough for the party: they immediately retraced their steps, and, with difficulty, reached Delagoa Bay once more. They described the land north of the Umzimvubu and the habits of some of its people. The natives grew sweet potatoes and a little "Turkish wheat"; they ate wild bananas, and they dressed their hair so that it resembled a fruit basket. This sounds like our friends the Amatuli at Port Natal, but one can never be quite sure. Only the adults were allowed to drink milk. The people were cleanly, bathing in the rivers night and morning. The girls seem to have had the worst of it. On reaching puberty they were smeared from head to foot with cow manure, and compelled to pass the night in that condition, alone in a special hut. The next morning they had to kindle a fire, and spring over it three times, while the older women added to their discomfiture by pelting them. Then they were chased, panting, to the nearest stream, where they cleansed themselves. On their return, less odoriferous, but still nude, they were received into the kraal amid rejoicing, garbed, and declared marriageable.

For over twenty years after the men of the *Naarstigheid* walked south there is silence regarding Natal. This was broken on the night of the 4th of August 1782, when the *Grosvenor*, an East Indiaman, homeward bound, stranded some miles north of the Umzimvubu River. She came there by crass negligence; the captain thought she was three hundred miles from land and acted accordingly; a seaman, Lewis, reported land at half-past three in the morning, and again—with urgency—at half-past four. He was told by the third mate not to be a fool—it was the reflection of the sky. In a few minutes the ship was ashore, with her main- and foremasts overboard. Before long she broke up and sank. About a score of those on board were drowned; and timbers, sails, guns, casks, and other cargo were strewn upon the rocky shore. Some hogs, geese, and fowls also reached land—but, alas! only to be speared and eaten. The cook's mate, being drunk, could not be prevailed upon to leave the ship, and surrendered his soul accordingly.

The survivors set out for Capetown with enough provisions for eight or nine days. The captain promised the party that they would reach their destination in sixteen days—he hoped it would be ten. The judging of distance was not his strong point. It took over sixteen weeks for six haggard and broken survivors of the crew to reach the farm of a frontier Boer called Rustoff, four hundred miles from the Cape. Their sufferings were almost beyond description ; sometimes they lived for days without food or drink. One day some of them came upon the dead body of a comrade who had been separated from them. In life his " common asseveration " had been " May the Devil cut my right hand off, if it be not true." And they gazed at the corpse they started back in frozen horror—for he was lying on his face with his right hand severed from the wrist. When the chronicler says that his messmates were " sensibly affected for the time " he does not overstate the position.

Three more sailors with seven lascars and two black servants, were found by an expedition dispatched at once by the Dutch Governor of the Cape. It was to serve the double purpose of salving the cargo and seeking for the missing, but the natives prevented it from reaching within five miles of the *Grosvenor*. The tired bodies of all but this handful of eighteen survivors were strewn along the coast, between the wreck and the Zwartkop River, near Algoa Bay. One small boy passenger called Law, of somewhere about eight years of age, held out to within a few days of safety, under the affectionate care of a ship's steward. But the strain was too much, and he died of hardship and exposure near the Sundays River, only to be followed next day by his protector. Robert Price, the captain's boy, eleven years old, was more fortunate ; he was among the saved. For some years afterwards there were persistent rumours that some of the women passengers were still alive, and had been " married " by native chiefs. This condition of affairs—if it existed—was by no means to be tolerated, and in 1790 the Cape Governor dispatched a party under one Jacob van Reenen to the scene of the wreck. He set out with three others, and reached the wreck, after an arduous journey, during which, by the way, he discovered in the wilds a bushman painting of a soldier with a grenadier's cap. There the expedition found five cannon and some ballast, lead, and fragments of English china. There was no trace anywhere, so far as they could find, of a single English woman survivor of the *Grosvenor*. There was, some distance to the south, on the Umgazana River, a village of " Bastaards " in which were three old European women, survivors of a much earlier unrecorded wreck. Their descendants by native husbands, as well as those of other survivors from the same wreck, formed this strange yellow community of about four hundred souls. But no one knew the name of the ship, or even the nationality of the shipwrecked whites, to whose presence the " Bastaard " village was due. The old women had probably been shipwrecked as small children. Captain Stout, of the American ship *Hercules*, which was wrecked near the Umzimvubu in 1796 was told by the local natives (via a Hottentot who spoke their language and Cape Dutch, and his third mate who was a Hollander—for what that channel may be worth) that two Englishwomen from the *Grosvenor* had been taken to wife by a native chief. One was dead and the other was alive, but the natives were ignorant of her whereabouts. His interpreting—particularly in regard to the name of the wrecked vessel—was too unreliable to warrant any credence being given to this story.

Le Vaillant, the French traveller in Kaffraria, heard six weeks after the wreck of the *Grosvenor* that the men survivors had been barbarously destroyed by the natives, but that " the women had been reserved for greater hardships." But although he travelled as far as a people who were wearing trinkets which had once belonged to *Grosvenor* passengers, the only information he procured concerning the latter was that some had died upon the sand, while others had reached civilisation.

As late as 1859 it was asserted in print that " the three unfortunate daughters of General Campbell " had been wrecked along with their father, in the *Grosvenor*, and had been " married " by native chiefs. It was said that certain chiefs then living were their direct descendants. Unhappily for this story, there was no General Campbell on board the *Grosvenor*—nor were his daughters passengers. The allusion may be to the three old women of the " Bastaard " village—but they certainly never came from the *Grosvenor*. Faku, the Pondo chief, who will be mentioned later on in this work, was of mixed blood. So, it is said, were Nomsa and Nonubie, wives of two Transkeian chieftains, in the early nineteenth century. They may have been products of the " Bastaard " village, but no blood of any *Grosvenor* English woman ever ran in their dusky veins. Depa, a subsidiary Pondo chief, who was an old man when William Shaw, the Wesleyan missionary, saw him in 1828, was also of mixed blood. He was a son of one of the old women mentioned by Van Reenen, but he never spoke of the other two. He had " an aquiline nose, blue eyes, a yellow complexion, and long hair." He was born long before the *Grosvenor* ever went ashore. The missionary found him very hazy about this vessel ; his information was confused and worthless. He had sisters—particularly one known as " Betty "—who were handsome women, and much sought after by the neighbouring chiefs. " Betty " was married to another subsidiary chief called Umjikwa. The Rev. William Shaw found her more intelligent and communicative than her brother. She was " a strong, lively old woman with well-defined European features, and the usual complexion of a Mulatto."

It appeared that somewhere about 1750 an English ship had been wrecked on this coast, and that one woman and two men had survived. The woman, mother of Depa and " Betty," had been taken to wife by the Pondo chief " Sango." Her name was " Besi "—obviously Bessie or Betsy. One of the men was called " Tomie "—clearly Tommy. The other—the father of Bessie—was " Badi " or " Badee " ; perhaps this was Batty. From these unhappy persons came the village of " Bastaards." Who the other two old women were whom Van Reenen saw no one will ever know. It is just as well. " Betty," the wife of Umjikwa, and child of Bessie the castaway, was able to give the missionary the information that all the *Grosvenor* survivors who journeyed inland were killed by order of the father of Faku, at that time the great chief of the Amapondo. She gave Major Dundas (of the British expeditionary force) the same information as she did the missionary, save that she added that the vessel from which her mother came was wrecked near Algoa Bay, and that eleven men and two women actually survived. She remembered the *Grosvenor* wreck ; the landing of the survivors was " like a nation coming out of the sea."

John Cane, as he travelled between Grahamstown and Port Natal, heard frequently that there were male survivors of the

Grosvenor near the Umzimvubu; he thought that he could recognise "in the Caffer corruptions of their names, those of Jeffry, Thomas, Michael, and Fortain."

No one is seriously concerned to-day with the question just discussed, but interest in the *Grosvenor* is not yet dead. One of her cannon is in the old fort at Durban; women wear to-day necklaces of queer beads picked up, within recent years, on the shore where she was wrecked; and strange Indian coins are salved spasmodically from the sand close to her grave. Within the last few years responsible South African citizens have hearkened to the call of limitless treasure, said to lie sunk within her rotted ribs, which was to be garnered by a submarine tunnel from the shore. That there was a valiant probing at their cost is undoubted. But the old *Grosvenor* has not so far yielded up her secret.

Reference has just been made to the wreck of the *Hercules*, and with a short description of the adventures of Captain Stout, the American, and his crew we may end the long line of maritime catastrophes of which the early history of Natal is so largely composed.

The *Hercules* left India, under charter to the East India Company, on the 17th of March 1796, with nine thousand bags of rice and sixty-four souls on board. The crew were lascars, with a sprinkling of Americans, Danes, Swedes, Dutch, and Portuguese. She encountered a fierce gale some distance off the South African coast and sprang a leak, which would have proved fatal but for the excellent construction of the pumps, which "were made by Mr. Mann of London." But the sternpost was started and the rudder torn off, so that Captain Stout was forced to make towards the land as best he could. He had trouble with his crew—especially the carpenter, who burst into tears and besought him to take to the boats. The captain threatened to have him thrown into the sea, however painful such a course might be to his own feelings. The carpenter retired, and "afterwards exerted himself with manly perseverance." The lascars too were terrified, until one of their number made an offering to his god by ascending "the tottering ladder" to the mizen topmast head, and fastening there a handkerchief filled with rice and his savings in rupees. This achieved, the lascar's comrades " embraced their virtuous companion," and entirely recovered their spirits. " They then laboured with as much alacrity at the pumps as if they had neither suffered alarm nor fatigue before." Their safety was ensured by this simple act of piety. The ship was finally run ashore on the 10th of June within a few miles of where the *Grosvenor* had struck ; the natives pointed out the place to the captain after the crew had landed in safety, thanks no doubt, to the rice and rupees of the intrepid lascar. These natives were the Tembu tribe ; the crew were amazed to see them take the paunch from a slaughtered ox, give it a shake for the purpose of emptying the contents, tear it in strips with their teeth, and swallow it—warm from the beast. They were wonderfully skilled in throwing their spears, and on the whole quite friendly. One of them rescued the ship's compass and hung it round his neck. The chief was very proud of a pair of paste knee buckles which the captain gave him. He wore them on his ears.

While the party were still at the site of the wreck a sixty-gallon cask of rum was washed ashore, and the captain hastily knocked the head in and emptied the contents on the beach. He had no intention of letting the natives taste it ; anything might have happened. It seemed, however, a horrible waste.

After a few days' parleying the natives allowed the whole party to leave, and provided them with guides. They were mostly barefooted, and the captain's " habiliments " are worth recording. They were " a short jacket, a tablecloth, which I found on the shore, wrapt round my loins ; a shawl over it ; four shirts which I wore at the same time ; a pair of trousers, and a hat." After many adventures they crept exhausted into the farm-house of " Jan du Pliesies," a Dutch sheep-farmer " of the best order." He received them with more than ordinary kindness, and assisted them on their journey to Capetown, where they arrived in July 1796, having met with great courtesy from the other Dutch settlers on their way. There the British admiral concerned himself with their comfort and future. The lascars went back to Bengal ; the others of the crew were accommodated until they could leave—all except one, a cooper. He stayed behind to make casks for a wine-farmer, and married his daughter. The admiral sent a hundred pounds' worth of presents to the Dutchmen who had behaved so well, as a reward for their humanity. Captain Stout sailed to England in the *Saint Cecilia* (Captain Palmer), and reached London in time for Christmas.

With this we may leave eighteenth-century Natal. The repercussions of the European cataclysm of the close of that century and the opening of the nineteenth reached the Cape. A Dutch fleet surrendered to an English one in the Bay of Saldanha ; an English ship of war engaged a French frigate off Port Elizabeth ; there was blood spilt on the sands of Muizenberg. Sporadic outbreaks occurred at Swellendam and Graaff Reinet. The Cape came into the possession of the English, and the Dutch East India Company died. With the Peace of Amiens in 1802 the Cape was restored to the Republic of Batavia, only to revert to English rule four years later after a scrambling battle on the Cape Flats, in which Highlanders and English infantrymen fought hand to hand with Dutch soldiers, German mercenaries, Cape burghers, Frenchmen, Malays, and Hottentots.

But among the sandstone cliffs and tumultuous uplands of Natal there was no echo of the crash of falling dynasties, the cries of Freedom and Brotherhood that rang round the Bastille, or the cannon that reverberated across the plains of Europe. And yet when the nineteenth century was still young she was in the throes of grievous travail. Her happy streams were red with blood, her amiable hills a smoking shambles. Tshaka, King of the Zulus, had chosen systematically to obliterate the Bantu nation as far as his lithe and swinging regiments could carry their deadly stabbing spears. The pleasant pastoral people of Natal were decimated ; they laughed and hunted and counted their herds no more. The hyenas ranged through their charred villages, the vultures soared above their cattle kraals, and rank weeds flourished in their deserted fields of Kaffir corn. Tshaka reigned grim and bloody in the heart of Zululand, watching his reeking warriors return, driving countless herds and cowering captured boys and girls before them.

Into this deadly calm there stumbled one day in 1823 a naval officer on half pay and an adventurous Capetown merchant, anxious to trade in ivory with the Zulu king. Their advent opened up a vista of turmoil which has not subsided even after a lapse of over a hundred years.

CHAPTER VI

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—THE SETTLEMENT AND ITS ORIGIN

THE British settlement of Port Natal derived its origin largely from a series of events which took place farther north.

William FitzWilliam Owen, captain of His Majesty's Ship *Leven*, left Capetown in September 1822, charged by the Admiralty with a survey of the south-east coast of Africa. There sailed with him H.M.S. *Barracouta* and the *Cockburn*, an American schooner-rigged steamer of a hundred and sixty tons burden and a draught of eight feet, which he had bought at Rio de Janeiro as a store-ship. On board the *Leven* were three native convicts, thoughtfully provided by the Cape Government as interpreters.

Their fitness for this position is best gauged by the captain's own record. They were "excellent, trustworthy men," but, unfortunately, none of them spoke any language but his own. The Admiralty could, however, not complain. When the *Leven* had sailed from Spithead, there was not an officer on board "who did not require much instruction to obtain the information our future work was likely to demand." After all, what was more appropriate on a survey ship whose officers could not survey than interpreters who could not interpret? A belated effort to teach the "interpreters" English on board, by placing them to mess with the sailors, was frustrated by their methods of consuming food. Their predilection for raw entrails was only overcome after superhuman efforts. "Some time was occupied in breaking them into rational feeding," and the "domestic economy" of the seamen was thereby materially disturbed. One of them, Jacob (or Jacot) Sembiti, whose lapse from virtue had taken the amiable form of cattle raiding, had been a chief "famed for deeds of arms." His adventures, after the curious chance which substituted the habiliments of a British sailor for his greasy vermin-covered skins, will be hereafter set out.

When the *Leven* reached Delagoa Bay, Jacob was highly contemptuous of the Portuguese and natives of that unwholesome settlement.

One day a local native aimed an assagai at a small tree forty yards away, and missed it. Jacob went twenty yards farther back, and after first poising, and then " giving a tremulous motion " to, the spear, landed it quivering in the trunk. His stock soared after this.

The *Leven* began the survey of Delagoa Bay, and leaving the *Cockburn* to continue it, sailed out with the *Barracouta* to survey the coast of Zululand.

Malaria broke out almost at once. The crews of both vessels sickened, many died, and the ships were often half manned ; but the work still went on. Cape St. Lucia and the Umfolosi River were examined, and the mouth found blocked by a bar of sand, while Point Durnford was charted and named from the young officer " appointed to delineate it." Boteler Point off Kosi Bay and Cape Vidal near St. Lucia owe their names to officers of the expedition. The party found the natives at " Fishers' River " using flat-bottomed, wall-sided boats, made of planks sewn together " against a wadding of tow, sufficiently elastic to keep them watertight."

During these operations the master and midshipman of the *Leven* died. Morley Shoal was named in memory of one, and Watkins Creek in memory of the other. As Captain Owen says, this was indeed a melancholy mode of obtaining names, but there was no " remarkable spot from English River (Delagoa Bay) to this place " that did not record the fate of some of their departed shipmates. A midshipman, two seamen and a boy of the *Leven*, and a boatswain, a marine, and a boy of her consort, also gave up their lives on this dreary sand-blown coast. Each of them was launched overboard on his long journey covered with the Union Jack, and the flag was drawn up, soaked with sea water, when the grating had discharged its quiet cargo. The wet colour was then hoisted to dry, and as it slowly rose on one ship, those in the other watched the signal of death, wondering who might be the latest victim. The price of Captain Owen's charts was a high one, but it was cheerfully paid.

While the survey was proceeding there sailed into Delagoa Bay in December 1822, from Mozambique, a little schooner of eighty tons called the *Orange Grove*. She was owned by Henry Nourse, a merchant of Capetown, and had been sent in search of new avenues of trade along the eastern coast.

On board there were two supercargoes—Mr. Maynard (the owner's nephew) and a Mr. J. R. Thompson. The former was probably an 1820 settler of Sephton's party in the *Aurora*. Both of them were at once prostrated by malaria. Mr. Maynard was at death's door when there also sailed into the river H.M.S. *Andromache*, and a Capetown brig, the *Wizard*, the one commanded by another uncle, and the other by his own brother. On hearing of their arrival Mr. Maynard rallied and recovered. Blood relationships were apparently more sustaining in those days than they are now. Mr. Thompson, not to be outdone, also shook off the disease.

They found the *Cockburn* at work (also fever-stricken), and Mr. Thompson travelled, with those of her complement who were able, into the interior to interview "Makasany," the native King of "Mapoota." Makasany said that the news of the arrival of one of King George's ships had completely restored his failing health. He had been told, he said, by the Portuguese that the English were an insignificant people who lived by robbing those weaker than themselves. He positively refused to believe this, and would be delighted to trade with them.

Makasany was obviously a diplomat. He was also imbued with more than ordinary caution, for while he drank freely of rum he would not receive it as an article of barter. He admitted that the pleasure of drinking was certainly great, but alcohol was "too transitory an exchange" for tangible property.

This journey must have been rather terrifying to the supercargo Thompson. The party courageously ate a young alligator, pronouncing the flesh quite equal to turtle; they were nearly exterminated by a runaway grass fire, with the dangers of which the inhabitants of Natal are still too familiar; a hippopotamus attacked one of the small boats and bit a large piece out of the gunwale; and malaria carried off the surgeon. He bled himself profusely, and actually died with the lancet in his arm.

This tragedy drove them back to the port, where the *Leven* shortly afterwards arrived from her work on the coast of Zululand.

During this visit Captain Owen came across an army of the Zulus. The Portuguese called them " Vatwas " which was really " Batwa," the Zulu word for Bushman ; the local natives called them " Hollontontes," a variant of the word " Hottentots," which the Dutch had taught them during their brief sojourn in the bay a hundred years before. This army was led by Chinchingane, who was in full military costume. The distinctive features of this were a head-dress of ox-hide, a false beard made of ox-tail hair and a crane feather. His ordinary attire was far less decorative. It was hardly worth recording. A circular space on top of his head was " shaved in the manner of the monks and Zoolas." The troops were " fine negroes, tall, robust, and warlike in their persons, open, frank, and pleasing in their manners, with a certain appearance of independence in their carriage." They were " infinitely above the natives " of Lourenço Marques. " Their appearance was warlike, and had a striking effect as the extensive line moved through the various windings of the path. The grass being wet, they were observed taking particular care to keep their shields above it, as the damp would render them unserviceable ; the spears attached to them, being thus elevated, were often seen glittering in the sun above the brow of the hill."

Chinchingane suddenly attacked one of Captain Owen's survey parties up the river by night, but was driven off. Midshipman Tambs, " who had imprudently undressed to his shirt," woke up, and, seizing his sword, pursued the savages in that inadequate costume. On his return from this venture he narrowly escaped being shot, as the sailors took him to be a Zulu covered by a white shield. He survived this adventure only to die of malaria soon after.

The Portuguese interpreter was not visible during the conflict, and, when it was over, took refuge in the ship's boats, from which he could not be dislodged.

This Chinchingane, as Bryant demonstrates, was " Soshangane," one of the Ndwandwe clan, who with a few hundred followers had fled north from Tshaka. Captain Lechmere of Owen's party claimed to have shot him in the face during the encounter and killed him ; some colour was lent to this by the fact that Chinchingane's shield and spear were discovered next morning at the scene of the conflict.

But Chinchingane was very much alive ; he lived to shatter Tshaka's armies in 1828, and to found in Portuguese East Africa the " Shangana " tribe, who work in thousands to-day on the gold mines of the Witwatersrand.

Another Zulu chief who was indulging his predatory instincts among the unhappy tribes near Delagoa Bay at this time was Soonkundava, or Zwangendaba. He was the head of another fugitive party from Tshaka, probably a couple of thousand strong. Captain Cutfield of Owen's party met these warriors and ordered them to leave the district. On their refusal, a few musket shots, " not directed to harm but to alarm them," caused them to move off in disorder. But, along with Soshangane, they continued for some time not only to harry the unfortunate natives, but to make themselves a veritable thorn in the side of the feeble Portuguese garrison. Zwangendaba ultimately reached Lake Tanganyika as the head of a mighty tribe, created by a series of conquests as he headed farther and farther north. There he died about 1840.

All this time the numbers of Captain Owen's party steadily diminished. His pages are filled with tragic speculation as to the scourge which finally took toll of two-thirds of the officers and one-half of the crews of his vessels. A Lieutenant Owen, who had charge of the *Cockburn* came nearest to the truth. It was usual, he says, to blame, the " marsh miasma," but his belief was that the mosquitoes were responsible, if not for the disease itself, at any rate for its virulence. He noticed that the first attacked were always those who had suffered most from bites. The naval surgeons were of course bewildered. Their only treatment was continually to bleed the patient, until his resistance was so weakened that he expired. Captain Owen lived to learn from experience elsewhere that bleeding was worse than useless.

Even the primitive methods of the local natives seemed more successful. They wrapped the victim in mats and made him lean over a cauldron of boiling water, " by which he is soon covered with perspiration " ; after this they poured cold water on him, dried him, wrapped him in a blanket, and set him by the fire. Quite a number survived this process of " sweating it out."

The *Leven*, *Cockburn*, *Barracouta*, and *Orange Grove* returned to Capetown in April 1823, but only by adding " naked negroes " to their " physical strength " to replace the dead. Once in Simon's Bay the hardships of their voyages were forgotten amid social delights. These included a grand ball on board the *Leven* given to a hundred and fifty " ladies and gentlemen." Dancing in a ballroom improvised between the fore- and mainmasts continued with much spirit until daylight, while there were fireworks, and an enormous supper on the main deck. Never had so splendid and delightful a party been given on shipboard as long as " the guests *or the Cape* had been there."

There were no mosquitoes in Simon's Bay, thank God !

The return of the *Orange Grove* and the surveying parties increased the interest of Capetown merchants in the eastern coast of Africa.

Captain Owen brought back with him a Delagoa Bay native called Shamagwava, but nicknamed " English Bill," who had been his interpreter and general factotum at that port. He was a " man of no great note, having then alive only seven wives " ; but one of his daughters was married to the wily Makasany, and he shone in that reflected glory. He had " a meagre aspect, a keen, restless, and quick eye, an infinite fund of cunning and deep *finesse*, a wonderful talent for humorous mimicry and unbounded impudence when necessary." He spoke Portuguese and had a small smattering of other tongues. His English was bad, " after the manner of the seamen from the whale ships " ; his Hindustani was " picked up from a vessel from Bombay," and his Dutch " he had somehow or other learnt." His knowledge of Portuguese was easily explained. What he learnt from the English whalers may be imagined from the fact that one of them put in while Captain Owen was in the bay, and that this ship presented " the rare spectacle for a whaler, of a sober, steady, contented crew." As a matter of fact, Captain Owen's view was that there were no merchant ships on the ocean wherein the crews were so habitually ill-treated, and were themselves so insubordinate as those of England.

Under " English Bill's " guidance a state visit to " Slangelly," an influential chief of the Tembe, had taken place. Slangelly was smartly attired in nothing but " a neat blue jacket and a red night cap," with a " humble offering to modesty." On this visit " English Bill " solemnly pointed out that the chief was the largest onion grower in the district, and, as such, a power to be reckoned with. Captain Owen's representative, Lieutenant Boteler, who was obviously impressed at receiving this information, afterwards discovered that, as there was a big market for onions among visiting ships, the possession of this pungent vegetable was regarded as a sign of opulence.

" English Bill " was closely questioned in Capetown, especially as regards the possible trade in ivory. No doubt he made the most of the opportunity. He was made much of — even the Governor was indiscreet enough to receive him. But he liked the races best.

Mr. Nourse, as the result of all this, fitted out the *Orange Grove* again, as well as another vessel, the *Jane*. The same Mr. Maynard who had been so ill on the *Orange Grove* was now master of the *Jane*, and took over " English Bill," who must by this time have been assuming the role of Trade Commissioner.

The *Jane* sailed off to Delagoa Bay, to trade with the cautious Makasany, as well as the nude but prosperous Slangelly.

Mr. Maynard was apparently undeterred by his previous experiences, and one can make no comment except to admire his courage. Nothing more is recorded of this vessel, or indeed of the *Orange Grove*, and Mr. Henry Nourse therefore now appears in these pages for the last time. It would seem that his ventures were unprofitable, despite the obvious optimism of his nephew, and he very prudently confined his activities to more salubrious areas. Maynard may afterwards have been the Maynard of Norden and Maynard, who traded with Natal from Grahamstown in the 'thirties.

A further, and more interesting result of Captain Owen's return to Capetown, with " English Bill," was the departure from Capetown of the brig *Salisbury* at about the same time and on the same errand as the other vessels. She was under the command of one James Saunders King, and was fitted out " at a ruinous rate " in Capetown by a joint stock company. Mr. J. R. Thompson, already mentioned as the supercargo of the

Orange Grove, and one Francis George Farewell were prominent in the venture.

John Robert Thompson, by whose enterprise the expedition was financed, was a Bristol man born in 1788. He settled at the Cape in 1809 and founded there the merchant house of Thompson, Watson and Company, which in due course established itself as well in London, Grahamstown, and Port Elizabeth. In 1830 Mr. Thompson and his partner took over the English branch. He died, both honoured and lamented, in 1878, after forty-eight years in the City of London. The expedition to Natal was probably one of the least profitable of his ventures, since he emerged from it more mature in experience, but otherwise unrewarded. But Natal would not have at that time been colonised without his vision and courage.

Farewell was born at Tiverton in 1791. He entered the Royal Navy on the 4th of November 1807, and up to 1815 had served in nine ships. He " was several times wounded, and was entrusted, at an early age, with charge of the island of Lipa." This was apparently a place of importance in the Adriatic. In 1815 he was placed on half-pay as a lieutenant, and became a merchant adventurer. In 1820 he was managing owner and commander of the merchant vessel *Frances Charlotte* of Bengal.

He was married, by special licence, to Elizabeth Catherina Schmidt, a spinster, at Capetown on the 17th of August 1822.

King was born at Halifax, N.B., on the 2nd of July 1795. He joined the Navy as a ship's boy in 1806, and left it in 1815 with the rank of midshipman. In 1821 he was in the merchant service, and the following year he was in command of the *Salisbury*, which was at that time trooping between Algoa Bay and Capetown. While so engaged, he had the distinction of conveying our friend Jacob from Algoa Bay to Capetown, on his way to jail. Jacob was extremely sick on this voyage, which was not surprising, and King took him out of his chains and gave him an occasional tot of rum.

The *Salisbury* put in to Algoa Bay on her way north. While she lay at anchor the *Leven* sailed in on her second voyage to continue her survey work on the east coast. King and Farewell were in need of interpreters, and went on board the *Leven*, in search of them. Jacob was still on board the *Leven* and Captain Owen offered him with surprising alacrity. He was probably rather a handful by now. Jacob recognised his benefactor and gladly joined him ; thus was King's virtue rewarded. Jacob sailed on the *Salisbury* to play a part in Natal's history quite incommensurate with his worth.

The *Salisbury* does not appear to have put into Delagoa Bay. She anchored off St. Lucia Bay instead, and sent out a landing party. Everything went wrong. Farewell's boat and Thompson's both capsized in the surf, and they swam ashore. Jacob did likewise, helping Farewell at the same time. Three of the party were drowned in the landing, and in the meantime the *Salisbury* was blown miles out to sea by a gale. She picked up the stranded survivors after no less than five weeks, during which time they were well treated by the natives at a kraal where they took refuge. Jacob had, however, disappeared and was nowhere to be found. It is said that J. R. Thompson struck him. But it is not to be supposed that he perished. Far from it. He reappears at a vital period of our history a year or so later. This was not J. R. Thompson's first maritime misadventure. He had been wrecked on the Goodwin Sands in 1805. His father, an Argyllshire man, the captain and owner of the vessel, had been drowned, but he was saved along with his mother, who wrote on the flyleaf of the family Bible : " This day hath the Lord delivered us from the sea."

Thus thwarted, the expedition, after visiting Algoa Bay for supplies, entered Port Natal. This was the first time Europeans had ventured there, almost within living memory. As a matter of fact, the entry of the *Salisbury* into the Port was largely involuntary. She was forced by a sudden gale to make for the harbour, and risk striking the bar at the entrance. Durban was partly founded by a south-east wind.

King charted the harbour in detail, and the party returned to Capetown in December 1823. The only relic of this expedition to-day is the name of " Salisbury Island " in the Bay of Natal. King went to England, while Farewell remained to persuade the merchants of Capetown that, if at first they did not succeed, they were in duty bound to try again.

The motive for King's visit to England has always been something of a mystery, but the solution is probably that given by Captain Owen. At Algoa Bay he gave King a tracing of his chart of Delagoa Bay and explained that he had not been able to chart Port Natal or St. Lucia, except while sailing along the coast. In return King promised to make a proper chart of these two places and hand it to Captain Owen. He made a chart of Port Natal, but instead of handing it over proceeded to England and interviewed the Admiralty. There he claimed, with less candour than enterprise, to have discovered and charted a new harbour overlooked by Captain Owen. He was, however—so he said—public-spirited enough to surrender all his information. All he asked was a lieutenant's commission in the Navy, for which he had unsuccessfully applied in 1821. The Admiralty gave the proposal a traditionally frigid reception, and King was thrown back upon his own resources.

Meantime Farewell's optimism had conquered in Capetown, and a new expedition to Port Natal had set out again assisted by Mr. J. R. Thompson, who, however, did not sail this time. Two vessels were chartered for the purpose. The sloop *Julia* sailed first in April 1824, with Henry Francis Fynn as supercargo, and the brig *Antelope* followed some six weeks later with Farewell and others of his supporters on board. Fynn gives her name as the *Anne*. Apparently the *Julia* had been the *Salisbury's* tender in 1823. The whole expedition numbered twenty-six.

Fynn was the son of the owner of the British Hotel in Long Street, Capetown. He arrived at the Cape in 1819. He had visited Delagoa Bay in 1822 as the supercargo of a trading vessel, and penetrated inland for some distance. There he found the native boys playing " the game of Hockey." He was a young man of resource, efficiency and humour, and much more of him will hereafter be heard.

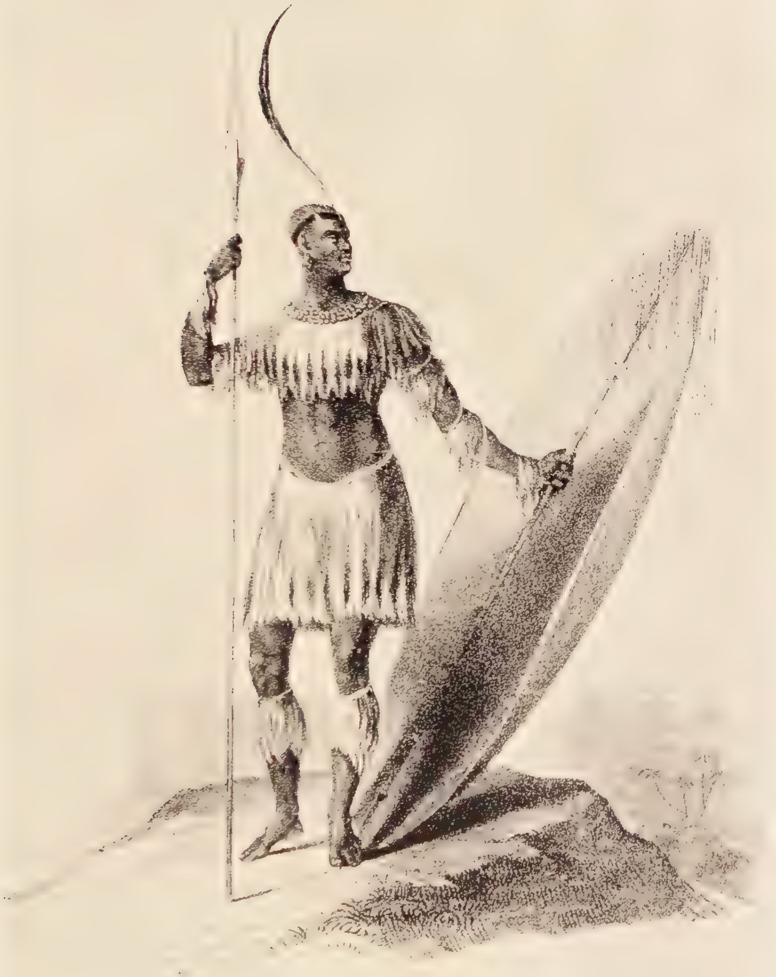
The *Antelope* returned to Capetown and appears no more in our history. The *Julia* remained at Port Natal.

Within a very short time Farewell and Fynn visited Tshaka, King of the Zulus, at his kraal about a hundred and twenty-five miles north of the Port. It was an historic and successful interview. Farewell, in subsequent documents, awarded himself the full credit, but too much importance must not be attached to this claim. Fynn's skill in medicines, as will hereafter be explained, was partly responsible, but the interview might have ended very differently but for the irrepressible Jacob. He had, as we know, disappeared at St. Lucia the year before and was now discovered as Tshaka's interpreter, under the name of Hlambamanzi, or " one who has travelled over the water." He had ingratiated himself with Tshaka after his flight from the *Salisbury*, and was by now a minor chief, with ten wives. Jacob had achieved all this by a trick. Knowing the Zulu belief that when a King dies an evil spirit which assumes the shape of a wild cat, or " Impaka," is held responsible, he commenced one day before Tshaka a furious fight with space—a kind of super shadow stabbing, as it were. All around were too amazed to interfere. When he fell exhausted, he cried out that he had slain the cat that was about to kill the King. He was at once secure in the favour of the credulous Tshaka. Thus did a border cattle-thief help to make history.

According to another writer, Jacob recounted to Tshaka how he had, on board the *Leven*, been chosen as the personal guard of Captain Owen, the reason being that his dependence as a stranger upon the captain for his life would ensure complete vigilance. Tshaka grasped the logic of this, established a corps of sentinels, and put Jacob in command. Then, in the Napoleonic manner, he grasped Jacob by the ear and said, " Recollect, if anything happens to me, my people will kill you for being in my favour ; your prospects depend upon my safety."

Jacob's new position brought him into close personal touch with Tshaka, who displayed much interest in his information concerning a white race the King had never seen.

Farewell's meeting with Tshaka was a queer one. The royal kraal was a cleared enclosure, oval in shape, some three miles in circumference, in which there were about fourteen hundred huts of beehive shape. In the centre, on an eminence, there were a hundred more which contained the royal establishment, and it was among these that the Englishmen first met the Zulu king. There were twenty-five thousand Zulus at the kraal. which lay between the Umhlatuzi and Umlalazi Rivers. Its name—" Buluwayo," or " Umbulalio "—denoted " being killed." This was probably an allusion to Tshaka's unhappy youth, though two other reasons for the name are given. One is the slaughter of certain regiments ; the other the defeat of Msilikazi, of whom more hereafter.



TSHAKA.

(From Isaacs' Travels in Eastern Africa.)

Tshaka's costume was a lesson in natural history. He was smartly garbed in an otter-skin turban, surmounted by a crane's feather. A dozen bunches of the red wing-feathers of the green lory were also tastefully attached to his hair by thorns. He wore ear-rings an inch in diameter, made of dried sugar-cane, armlets of white ox-tails, and a kilt of monkey skins cut into hundreds of strips, each elaborately twisted. He was about thirty-eight years of age, over six feet in height, and of exquisite physical proportions. As the white men approached, he casually ordered a native near them to be put to death. Each time he spoke, the royal salute, "Bayede," thundered among the grass huts of his kraal.

Tshaka produced the ladies of his harem in hundreds, and his cattle in thousands. He danced for a full half hour with the women, who were clad only in beads, black feathers, and stiff brass collars which chafed and inflamed their necks. Farewell and Fynn were obviously at a disadvantage. They were only able feebly to retaliate with four rockets and eight musket-shots. Tshaka presented them with an ox, a sheep, a basket of corn, and eight gallons of native beer.

It is not to be supposed that the dancing of the Zulus bears any close resemblance to the efforts which may be witnessed in these days at the ballet, the night club, the cabaret, or the suburban free-and-easy. It does not, in any event, allow of partners. But it seems to have united some of the characteristics of each, with community singing thrown in. It consisted largely in a rhythmical raising of the feet, a thundering stamp upon the ground, and a series of grotesque shuffles interspersed with vigorous leaps. These were accompanied by a stiff posturing, a shrill, monotonous chorus from the women, and a booming bass accompaniment from the men. At times the performers ran to and fro, brandishing sticks, crossing each other's paths, and prancing extravagantly.

Fynn had, before Farewell's arrival, met Tshaka's headmen nearer Port Natal, and paved the way for an interview. While so doing he had displayed some medical skill, and Tshaka, having heard this, ordered him to remain after Farewell and the others left. Before the departure the King discovered that Farewell's companion, Mr. Petersen, a Capetown citizen of over sixty, who had by some means been induced to join in this wild adventure, had also medicine with him. Tshaka demanded the production of his drugs, and Mr. Petersen proudly displayed some purgative pills. He recommended the King to take two. Tshaka immediately swallowed them, and, to Mr. Petersen's horror, insisted on his taking six, with consequences which, according to Fynn, are better imagined than described. No wonder the old gentleman fled to Capetown on the first return voyage of the *Julia*. After all, he was not bound to take pills in Capetown unless he felt an urge towards them. Tshaka afterwards developed a strong predilection for European medicines, which the settlers were sometimes hard put to satisfy. It was his custom to experiment with them upon his unhappy harem, dosing one with a teaspoonful of calomel, another with six pills, and so on. There were hectic days in the seraglio when a fresh consignment of drugs arrived. His one horror was old age, and he was for ever in search of some specific which would enable him to keep his youth. He wanted, he said, to live as long as George the Third had done.

Farewell and the others left the next day for Port Natal. Before they departed, Tshaka graciously informed them that, although his neighbour the chief of the Amakwabi had killed a shipwrecked sailor three years before as being a wild animal sprung from the sea, he, Tshaka, was more enlightened and would respect them. The idea that wrecked Europeans were sea animals had long been prevalent among the natives. They thought that each vessel contained a separate family, who fished in the sea for beads and lived on salt water and ivory. The white men were spoken of as "silguaners," which was in those days understood to be a contemptuous expression meaning "beasts of the sea."

Fynn remained behind with the King. By some queer chance the latter was stabbed in the lung by a would-be assassin within the next few days. Fynn treated him, first by washing the wound with camomile tea and binding it up with linen, and afterwards, when Farewell had sent up some promised drugs, by using ointment and mild purgatives.

The attempt upon the King's life led to a massacre of some thousands of natives of which Fynn was an unwilling spectator. No sooner had the King been stabbed than a terrible confusion and uproar arose. The women of the harem and all the men around the King became demented. Thousands of sycophants rushed wildly about, yelling and shrieking, pulling each other down, and throwing themselves upon the ground in heaps. Hundreds fainted from over-exertion and excessive heat. Some of the women of the harem died, choked by their stiff brass collars. The ear-splitting din lasted throughout the night; thousands of new-comers augmented it with their caterwauling.

After a time they began to kill each other. "Some were put to death because they did not weep, others for putting spittle in their eyes, others for sitting down to cry, although strength and tears after such continuous exertion and mourning were wholly exhausted." Native snuff, which could bring tears to the eyes, was at a premium on days like this. It was rammed by the natives up their nostrils in prodigious quantities, so that the tears "forced from them by the power of the snuff on the olfactory organ" should "demonstrate their excess of grief."

The massacre was begun, no doubt, by one enthusiast, anxious to show his loyalty, stabbing a neighbour whose lamentations he considered inadequate. This ingenious idea became popular, and, in the end, one had either to stab or be stabbed.

The moment the King was wounded the decree went forth that no one was to wash or shave, and that no man whose wife was pregnant was to come into his presence. The reason for these precautions must for ever remain a mystery.

On the fifth day an expedition was sent to secure the would-be murderers, who were alleged to belong to a neighbouring conquered tribe. It returned with three dead bodies, which were supposed to be those of the malefactors.

The corpses were deposited a mile from the royal kraal and the right ears were severed. Nearly thirty thousand Zulus, of both sexes, then filed past the mutilated bodies, "crying and screaming." Each carried a stick which was dropped after a blow had been aimed at the corpses. Before long they were hidden under a mountain of sticks, but the idiotic ceremony proceeded without cessation.

The ears were then brought before the King and burnt to ashes, while the assembly chanted a national mourning song.

Soon after this pleasing episode Farewell returned, and on the 7th of August 1824 the grateful and convalescent Tshaka made him a grant of land, appending the royal mark to a formal conveyance. Hlambamanzi, the one-time Jacob, added his, having acted as interpreter. Here is the document :

GRANT

I, Inguos Chaka, King of the Zulus and of the country of Natal, as well as the whole of the land from Natal to Delagoa Bay, which I have inherited from my father, for myself and heirs, do hereby, on the seventh day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four, in the presence of my Chiefs, and of my own free will, and in consideration of diverse goods received,—grant, make over, and sell unto F. G. Farewell and Company, the entire and full possession in perpetuity to themselves, heirs, and executors, of the Port or Harbour of Natal, known by the native name " Bubolongo," together with the Islands therein and surrounding country, as herein described, viz. The whole of the neck of land or peninsula in the south-west entrance, and all the country ten miles to the southern side of Port Natal, as pointed out, and extending along the sea-coast to the northward and eastward as far as the river known by the native name " Gumgelote," and now called " Farewell's River," being about twenty-five miles of sea-coast to the north-east of Port Natal, together with all the country inland as far as the nation called by the Zulus " Gowagnewkos,"[1] extending about one hundred miles backward from the sea-shore, with all rights to the rivers, woods, mines, and articles of all denominations contained therein, the said land and appurtenances to be from this date for the sole use of said Farewell and Company, their heirs and executors, and to be by them disposed of in any manner they think best calculated for their interests, free from any molestation or hindrance from myself or subjects. In witness whereof, I have placed my hand, being fully aware that the so doing is intended to bind me to all the articles and conditions that I, of my own free will and consent, do hereby, in the presence of the undermentioned witnesses, acknowledge to

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[1] Probably Howick (Bryant).

HENRY FRANCIS FYNN—Farewell's right hand.

(From a photograph in the Durban Museum.)

have fully consented and agreed to on behalf of F. G. Farewell as aforesaid, and perfectly understand all the purport of this document, the same having been carefully explained to me by my interpreter, Clambamarnze, and in the presence of two interpreters, Coliat and Frederick, before the said F. G. Farewell, whom I hereby acknowledge as the Chief of the said country, with full power and authority over such natives that like to remain there after this public grant, promising to supply him with cattle and corn, when required, sufficient for his consumption, as a reward for his kind attention to me in my illness from a wound.

Chaka, his × mark,
King of the Zulus.

Native Witnesses :
Umbequarn (Chaka's Uncle), his × mark.
Umsega, his × mark.
Euntclope, his × mark.
Clambermarnze (King's Interpreter), his × mark.

At the foot was a formal certificate to the effect that Tshaka had signed the document with a full understanding of its contents. This certificate was signed by W. H. Davis, master of the *Julia*, Fynn, Henry Ogle, and one Zinke. Joseph Powell, one of Farewell's men, was also a party to it. Unfortunately he was only able to make his mark. He therefore hardly increased its evidentiary value. It was all rather a preposterous proceeding. The area conveyed was about three thousand five hundred square miles. The document itself was of no value without effective occupation, coupled with adequate means of defence, of which Farewell had practically none. Tshaka never intended to carry out its terms if it did not suit him, and in 1828 actually granted a part of the land concerned to J. S. King. Later on he granted it once more to one Nathaniel Isaacs. Finally, Lord Charles Somerset, Governor of the Cape, had expressly forbidden annexation without his being previously informed, and ultimately neglected to recognise the grant.

Farewell, however, took a serious view of the matter, for on the 27th of August 1824 he solemnly hoisted the Union Jack at Port Natal, fired a salute, and took possession of the territory. By the *Julia*, which sailed for Capetown on the 7th of September 1824, he sent a letter to the Governor asking for ratification of his action.

Nine of the party left the country for good on this voyage. Pioneering in Natal made no appeal to them. The *Julia* afterwards came back to Natal, and left again for Capetown on the 1st of December with eleven more of the party who shared the view of the first nine. On this last voyage she caught fire and sank, the natives reporting that they had observed "a white man's house on fire going along the sea." Every soul on board was lost.

Only six of the expedition remained. These were Farewell, Fynn, Joseph Powell, John Cane, Henry Ogle, and Thomas Holstead (or Halstead). Of these, Joseph Powell (a seaman) was sent by Farewell to trade in the direction of Delagoa Bay, and died of fever in 1825; Farewell was murdered by a native chief in 1829; Holstead was one of the victims of the Retief massacre in February 1838; and John Cane died fighting the Zulus in April of that year.

The instalments to be paid as the purchase price of Natal were steadily falling due.

Some information as to Cane, Ogle, and Holstead, who have just been mentioned for the first time, may be of interest here. John Cane was Farewell's herculean carpenter. He was an Englishman who for a time had worked as a labourer on a farm in the Eastern Province, which an optimistic botanist called Dr. Mackrill had persuaded Lord Charles Somerset to establish as a Government enterprise under his management. When the inevitable crash came, Cane became an apprentice carpenter, and ultimately joined Farewell.

Henry Ogle, aged twenty, was the 1820 settler of that name who arrived at Algoa Bay in the *John*, as a member of Mouncey's party. The 1820 settlers were a band of about three thousand five hundred persons, drawn from all classes of the community, who left England to settle in South Africa under a State-aided scheme of emigration. The motive behind the scheme was the alleviation of the poverty and unemployment which followed upon the Napoleonic wars. The emigrants were, with a few exceptions, landed at Algoa Bay, and for the most part suffered appalling hardships. Our Henry was of a roving disposition, for in December 1821 he was found by the magistrate at the Gouritz River near Mossel Bay without the necessary permit. He claimed to have been discharged from his party, but was nevertheless sent back to Grahamstown. The expedition to Natal was probably an affair after his own heart.

Thomas Holstead (or Halstead) was the son of Richard Halstead, an 1820 settler of Hayhurst's party, who also sailed on the *John*. Thomas Holstead was nine when he sailed, and could only have been fourteen when he was with Farewell. When J. S. King and one Nathaniel Isaacs reached Natal late in 1825, as we shall see, Holstead appeared to the latter to be about sixteen. Isaacs described him as " anything but intelligent." He died, however, bravely enough when his time came.

In 1825 Farewell wrote that he had visited the wreck of the *Grosvenor* near the Umzimvubu. A carpenter and armourer, he said, had recently lived near the wreck, the son of the latter being in his employment. It is not possible to say who this was. According to Theal, the armourer was a survivor of the wreck of the *Grosvenor* in 1782, and had a native wife. According to Cane, this man died in 1824. The only person mentioned by *Grosvenor* survivors as an armourer was one Reed, and he perished in an effort to reach the Cape, hundreds of miles from the wreck. The two *Grosvenor* survivors who remained at the wreck were Bryan (or O'Brien) and Glover. Bryan was wounded and Glover was " a fool." The former was a discharged soldier ; the latter may have been an armourer.

The settlement of Port Natal was thus established by the courage and enthusiasm of a half-pay lieutenant turned ivory trader.

It was indeed a sickly enterprise. Its resources were insignificant ; Farewell, himself a poor man, had no more behind him than the backing of a young Capetown merchant of moderate means, whose main assets were his integrity and courage, and in whose debt Farewell died. Its numbers were almost contemptible. Farewell could only muster a young supercargo, a carpenter, a roaming settler, a seaman, and a small boy. And he lost one of these before a year went by. All of them were far beyond the confines of civilisation; they were without the means of return. Their very lives hung upon a thread, which would have been severed in a flash by a thousand warriors at a whisper from the hills of Zululand. The settlement lived only by the caprice of Tshaka, who stood, a dark menace, over its puny cradle.

CHAPTER VII

TSHAKA—AND THE SETTLEMENT

BEFORE the days of Tshaka the Amazulu were an insignificant tribe of Bantu about two thousand in number, living near the White Umfolosi River in northern Zululand. Their humble but honest occupation was the peddling of tobacco among their neighbours, and their unimportance was thus in lurid contrast with their name, which meant " The Heavens." It is not to be supposed that the Zulus had assumed their name from any vainglorious notion as to their origin or destiny. They derived it from Zulu, one of their early chiefs, who was the son of one Malandela, and lived somewhere about the early seventeenth century. His name would not have been adopted by the tribe unless he had displayed qualities well above the ordinary. All we know of him, however, is that he fell out with his elder brother Quabe, or Uqwabe, over the succession, and that was nothing of a novelty, even in those days. The dispute arose over a white cow presented to Zulu by his mother Nozinja ; its end was that both Zulu and Uqwabe established separate tribes. The innocuous animal therefore became responsible for a dynastic change ; most first-class crises derive from something of no real importance.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century the Zulus were conquered by a powerful neighbouring tribe, the Amatetwa. The outstanding chief of this victorious tribe, for the purposes of our history, was one Dingiswayo, the " Outcast " or " Wanderer." Dingiswayo had come by this name in a curious way. He was originally called Godongwana, and was the son of Ujobe, chief of the Amatetwa, the succession to whom lay between Godongwana and another son, Mawewe. The adherents of the latter pleasantly suggested to Ujobe that Godongwana was preparing to assassinate him, with the result that the King sent a regiment to slaughter his too enterprising son. Others say that there really was a plot on the part of Godongwana and one Tana, who, they alleged, was Ujobe's heir, and that an expedition was sent against both, with the result that Tana was killed. Whichever story is true, Godongwana, badly wounded, made his escape from the warriors of his parent. This would be early in the nineteenth century. His life was saved by the ministrations of his sister, at the risk of her own, but he was forced to flee to distant parts. The scars he bore were afterwards to prove his birth. Where he went to is a matter of conjecture. Many thought he was dead. While he was in exile Ujobe underwent the unique experience of dying a natural death, and was succeeded by Mawewe, whose supporters thus reaped the reward of their foresight.

Godongwana was at this time living near what is now the Wakkerstroom district of the Transvaal. He was headman to a chief called Pangane (or Bungane) of the Amahlubi tribe, who had befriended him. When he heard the news of Ujobe's death and Mawewe's succession he was righteously indignant, and, not unnaturally, determined to oust and slaughter his brother.

As he was about to set out for his ancestral domain with this praiseworthy object in view a strange rumour ran through Pangane's tribe. A white man was said to be coming towards them, travelling east. "This strange phenomenon was represented by those who had seen it as having a human aspect; his garment, though so small as to be held in the grasp of his hand, when slipped over his head covered his whole body; on his feet there were no toes; his heel was so long as to penetrate the ground; he was mounted on an animal of great speed, and carried a pole in his hand, which spit fire and thunder, and killed all the wild animals he looked at; he was represented as the chief of the diviners, from whom they all derived their powers. At his presence the natives fled, after killing an ox to be consumed by him; and, whenever he entered a kraal, beads and brass were left behind, and found by the natives on their return."

He had, according to tribal tradition, "long hair like the tress of a mealie cob" and a white dog. "He could not speak the native language, but pointed up to the sky," and to something he held in his hand, part of which resembled "the under part of a mushroom" (clearly the folded leaves of a book).

This "strange phenomenon" was merely a Dr. Cowan, who had left Capetown in 1806 in a heroic effort to reach Mozambique by way of the interior. A white man and a horse were both novelties in these parts.

Pangane awaited his arrival with unusual calm, and, when the traveller arrived, entertained him, and even allowed him to perform an operation on a troublesome knee.

The doctor now asked for guides to take him to the sea-coast, having apparently had his fill of wandering about the interior. Godongwana was about to travel in the same direction in order to reach his own country, and set off with Dr. Cowan.

When they reached the kraal of Pakatwayo, chief of the Amakwabi, in Zululand, Godongwana left the white man there and went on his way. But he stole a horse and gun from him.

Pakatwayo, in accordance with the belief prevailing on the coast concerning Europeans, regarded Dr. Cowan as a marine monster and promptly had him put to death.

This narrative of the wandering and fate of the exploring physician is not entirely authenticated, but it is the most circumstantial of several versions.

It is clear that Dr. Cowan left Capetown with Lieutenant Donovan and some twenty Hottentot soldiers of the Cape Regiment, and that they travelled through Bechuanaland and what is now the Transvaal. The missionaries Moffat and Campbell both record this. Campbell says (rather casually, however) that the whole party were murdered by a chief called Makaba, in what is now the Western Transvaal; but Livingstone denies this. He records that they all died of fever on the Limpopo River; that the natives ate their horses (which tasted like zebra meat), and that their wagons were thrown into that stream by order of the witch-doctors.

According to another story, all of the party perished except two, a Hottentot man and woman, who crept into Lourenço Marques in 1810, and were probably poisoned by the Portuguese as the repositories of the awkward secret of an overland route from the Cape to Delagoa Bay.

Fynn, whose account is adopted here, wrote only twenty years after the event, and was in the best position to provide accurate information.

Dr. Cowan's journey was followed with interest at the Cape, since the Governor had sponsored it himself. Henry Salt, the explorer, arrived there in the *Marian* in 1809 on his way to Abyssinia, and asked for an armed escort as far as Mozambique, lest the French privateers should render his expedition abortive. The Governor placed two brigs of war at his disposal—the *Racehorse* and the *Staunch*—to serve the double purpose of escorting him and inquiring after Dr. Cowan. When the three vessels arrived at Mozambique, Salt asked whether there was any news. But the Portuguese Governor had heard nothing. He told Salt, however, as they walked among the mimosa, papaw, and pomegranate trees of his rambling garden, that in his view Cowan and his party must long since have perished.

The two brigs of war turned back at Mozambique, and Salt went on to Abyssinia in the *Marian*. The *Racehorse* apparently stranded at Sofala in 1810, still vainly searching for Dr. Cowan; but, be that as it may, Salt passed through Capetown again on his way to England in December of that year, and there was, even then, no word of the doctor and his companions. As Salt says: " There was too much reason to suppose that they had fallen victims to the ignorance and mistaken jealousy of some of the barbarous tribes of natives in the interior, thus further adding to the melancholy list of those enterprising and unfortunate travellers who had fallen a sacrifice to their generous efforts in attempting to diffuse the blessings of civilisation among the hitherto oppressed inhabitants of Africa."

When Captain Owen of H.M.S. *Leven* visited Inhambane and Sofala in 1823, all the accounts he could obtain tended to show that Dr. Cowan and his party were " massacred by the natives within twelve days' journey of their destination." This fitted in tolerably well with their fate, as recorded in this work.

Godongwana soon reached the region of the Amatetwa. He was now endowed among them with magic powers owing to his association with the European. Wild rumours of all kinds had preceded him. The wounds of his youth established his identity.

Mawewe sent an army against him, but the credulous warriors went over to Godongwana. They were not prepared to attack a superhuman foe mounted on a hitherto unknown animal and bearing a tube that "spit fire and thunder." Mawewe fled and

Godongwana was acclaimed chief in his stead—thanks to the unhappy Dr. Cowan, whose bones had now been cleansed by the vultures of Pakatwayo's kraal.

Godongwana's first act was to assume the name of Dingiswayo, so that the fact of his exile might be perpetuated ; his next was to capture Mawewe and murder him.

When Dingiswayo thus assumed the chieftainship of the Amatetwa, Senzagakona was the chief of his vassal tribe of Zulus.

Tshaka was the son of Senzagakona, and was born about the year 1787. The circumstances of his origin are a subject of much controversy.

According to the earlier writings, these were somewhat as follows : One day a lady of Senzagakona's harem, Mnandi by name, exhibited symptoms usually regarded as a precursor of motherhood, and great consternation ensued. If she were really in this condition, none but Senzagakona could be the father. That much was clear. And yet he had not so far, though adult, submitted himself to circumcision, and, until then, was precluded by custom from association with his harem. And even if he had incautiously ignored that custom there were many who maintained that no one was capable of procreation without the operation in question. Vehement discussions arose ; the whole affair was furiously debated. Both Senzagakona and Mnandi apparently preserved a discreet silence. The mystery remained for a time unsolved, and the general stupefaction increased. Finally the doctors were called in and—as might have been expected—proved themselves quite equal to the occasion. Mnandi was declared to be suffering from " tsheka," or dropsy, to the general relief. When the child arrived, the theorists were undismayed. He was declared a prodigy, and named after the supposed disease, becoming known later as Tshaka.

Other accounts say that Senzagakona was circumcised at puberty, and that while he was afterwards in seclusion, according to custom, Mnandi, herself a mere girl, became infatuated with him and visited him, with Tshaka as the tangible but unauthorised result. The latest theory, however, is that Tshaka was the result of a casual roadside amour between Senzagakona and Mnandi, and that when the latter's pregnancy was discovered the chief declared that she was suffering from the attack of an intestinal beetle known as " shaka," which was commonly reputed to cause the symptoms she displayed. Hence the name of her offspring when the truth—as usual—emerged.

It is, however, only fair to Mnandi to add that some authorities believe that Tshaka was born to herself and Senzagakona in wedlock, and that there was no mystery concerning his origin.

Whatever the truth may be, Mnandi left the Zulu tribe soon after the birth of Tshaka, taking him with her. Here again there is an historical conflict. Some say that she developed a ferocious temper, was driven away, and took refuge with her mother's people ; others, that she followed the Zulu custom of taking her child for his first few years to the place whence she had come.

It is clear, however, that Tshaka, remained with his mother's people, the Ilange, or Elangeni, for some years. He was an unusual boy—rebellious, sinister, and morose. He was therefore unmercifully bullied by his companions. He was made to hold hot cinders and boiling porridge in his hand to see if he were brave—he who aspired to be a king. " His little crinkled ears " and another physical peculiarity were also the subject of ribald comment. Tshaka nursed all these memories in moody silence until he became a king. Then he exterminated the clan among which he had spent his unhappy youth. Some of its people he burnt to death ; others he playfully impaled *per rectum* upon the tall, sharpened stakes around their cattle kraals.

Tshaka became too much for his mother's people. In desperation Mnandi took him, at puberty, to the Amakwabi tribe. He was equally unpopular there. After a time Dingiswayo took him under his protection, saying that, like himself, Tshaka was an outcast or wanderer. It was to this whim that Tshaka owed his kingship.

Among the Amatetwa, under Dingiswayo, Tshaka attained great fame as a singer and punster. He also displayed amazing military prowess. He gained the name of Sigidi, or " a thousand," in allusion to the victims of his spear. He was also known as " He who causes things to hum without stirring." He certainly lived up to both names in later life.

Mnandi had meantime devastated her social prospects by leaving Senzagakona and indulging in an attachment with a commoner, to whom she bore a son, Ngwadi. Ngwadi lived to be murdered by Dingana after the latter had helped to murder Tshaka.

Senzagakona died about the year 1816, and Tshaka, with Dingiswayo's backing, had Umfogazi, or Mfokazana, the legitimate heir, murdered. It was Ngwadi who undertook this pleasing task. Tshaka in this wise became chief of the Zulus, a vassal tribe of Dingiswayo of the Amatetwa.

The account just given of Tshaka's career is in the main derived from Fynn and Bryant, but there are many conflicting stories regarding almost every event in his history. Some, for instance, say that Tshaka's perambulations as a boy were due not so much to his own disposition as to the fact that his father, Senzagakona, became jealous of him. They add that Tshaka took refuge at one time with a chief called Umakingwani, who sheltered him until requested by Tshaka's affectionate parent to slaughter him. According to this story, Umakingwani declined to take this step, but Tshaka was forced to flee to the Amatetwa. It is said that when Tshaka succeeded Dingiswayo, he repaid the chief who had thus preserved him by attacking and killing him, after which he celebrated the murder by ceremoniously placing the gall bladder of his victim on his own head. It is also said that when Senzagakona died Tshaka's uncle, Umakadama, of the Ilange tribe, usurped the chieftainship, and it was he whom Tshaka murdered for his ill-advised audacity, and not the legitimate heir. Captain Owen mentions that Tshaka had driven his uncle northwards, with the result that the latter in his turn fell upon the unfortunate tribes round Delagoa Bay. These miserable people were then overrun a second time by the armies of Tshaka in pursuit of his fleeing uncle. Owen, however, gives him the wrong name. He confuses him with Zwangendaba.

Dingiswayo was an enterprising ruler. Under him circumcision was forbidden. He opened up a considerable trade in ivory and cattle with Delagoa Bay ; he developed local industries, such as the making of dishes, wooden pillows, ladles, and snuff-spoons, and he started a " kaross " factory. His workmen made a chair for him out of a solid block of wood. He also divided his followers into regiments, in the European manner, with distinctive symbols of great magnificence. He is said on high authority to have learnt this from watching European soldiers at drill during his wanderings. This can hardly be true. The British troops were never farther east than Graaff Reinet or Algoa Bay during his exile, and he can never have reached that region. He could have learnt nothing from the small and sickly Portuguese garrison at Lourenço Marques, even if he had been there, which is improbable. The Dutch commandoes in the Cape Colony were quite unlikely to have inspired the idea of disciplined regiments, even assuming him to have seen them. But Dr. Cowan's twenty Hottentot soldiers under Lieutenant Donovan provide the most likely solution. If Dingiswayo saw them (as he probably did) the whole matter becomes quite clear.

In 1818 Dingiswayo found himself at war with the Ndwandwe tribe. According to some authorities Tshaka betrayed him to his enemies; according to others the Ndwandwe defeated and killed Dingiswayo without adventitious aid. In the result Tshaka seized the chieftainship in his place. He first incorporated the Zulu and Amatetwa tribes. Then he fell immediately upon the Ndwandwe, and routed them. Later on he attacked the Amakwabi under Pakatwayo, with the same result.

Tshaka became by these means a powerful monarch. The marital indiscretions of Mnandi, his mother, were now discreetly forgotten. This followed naturally from her enhanced social status. She dwelt at the royal kraal as the queen-mother, much honoured and respected. She was even given the title of "She Elephant." Life held nothing more for her after that.

Tshaka organised his augmented subjects into regiments, each distinguished by varying symbols, thus carrying on the methods of Dingiswayo. He established from time to time about twenty-five of these bodies. His standing army was fifty thousand strong. Isaacs saw thirty thousand of his warriors parade at one time. Their uniforms were elaborate in the extreme. Some wore a head-dress of otter-skin, others of leopard-skin or cow-hide. The feathers of the eagle, ostrich, blue jay, Kaffir finch, or crane were used as further ornamentation. Crack regiments sometimes wore, by special grant, the red wing feathers of the green lory, a royal emblem. White or black ox-tails, and kilts

A YOUNG ZULU MAN.
The stuff of which Tshaka's warriors were made.

of monkey-skin adorned the body. Each regiment was distinguished by an ox-hide shield of differing colour; some were white with a black spot, others red spotted, grey, or black. Each corps had a name given it upon formation. Among those of Tshaka were "The Catchers," "The Worriers," "The Smashers" (a crack regiment), "The Bees," "The Gadflies," and "The Cockroaches." Isaacs adds "The Invincibles," "The Slaughterers," "The Hideaways," and "The Mountains." Tshaka's favourite corps was the "Ufasimba," or "The Blue Haze"—the "Blues" of Zululand.

Dingana, who succeeded Tshaka, created among others "The Decoys," "The Excitables," and "The Gluttons." And Mpande, who was Dingana's successor, "The Burners," "The Skirmishers," and "The Slashers." The curious will find further information on this point in the works of Bryant, Samuelson, and Arbousset and Daumas.[1]

Each regiment had its own marching song and battle-cry. Examples of the latter are the "Hhaye Hhaye Hhaye" of "The Smashers," the "Tshi Tshi Tshi" of "The Amatshitshi," and the "Hhohho Hhohho Hhohho" of "The Utulwana," a regiment in which the royal family served. In 1841 Delegorgue, the French naturalist, heard the Amatshitshi give their war-cry before their King, Mpande. Some regiments had honorary officers—as we have to-day—who might be women. Senzagakona's chief wife was appointed colonel-in-chief of "The Obstacles," and Tshaka's sister of the "Ndabakaombe." Tshaka had nothing to learn from the War Office.

Tshaka forbade his young warriors to marry, lest the softer allurements of marriage should diminish their natural ferocity; but he allowed them the more transient delights of the concubine. He taught them not to throw their spears at the enemy, but to receive the shower hurled at them, and retain their own for stabbing at close quarters. And, by his military genius and lust for blood, he turned over twenty thousand square miles of fertile coast and rolling uplands, in a few years, from a populous, pleasant land into a shambles, covered with bloody corpses and smoking ruins. He decimated three hundred tribes, incorporating in his own a number of captive boys and girls from each. His conquests ranged from Lourenço Marques to the Umzimvubu River, and from the sea-coast to far beyond the Drakensberg Mountains. Some of the dazed and starving survivors of his raids dug for roots in the forests, or raised meagre crops in their open glades. Others crawled to the sea-shore by night, furtively to rob the rocks of shell-fish. Many of them were devoured by leopards or starved to death ; some committed suicide in despair ; others became insane through eating strange vegetation.

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[1] Two French priests of the Basutoland mission who travelled about South Africa in 1836.

The Fingoes of the Cape Colony are the descendants of tribes which fled into Kaffraria either from the armies of Tshaka or from others who, pursued by those armies, fled southwards killing and burning in their turn. Their real name was Amafengu, derived from their first cry as they took refuge with the border natives, " Fenguza," or " We are in want." The first of these refugee bodies was the Amahlubi tribe, flying before Matiwana, of whom more hereafter.

Among the hunted victims of Tshaka's campaigns any open tilling or cultivation of the ground was impossible, as it became at once the signal for a raid by one of the desperate and starving bands of fugitives who ranged in search of subsistence. Food-supplies were therefore soon exhausted ; some of the Amadunge tribe, under one Umdava, in time commenced the eating, first of dogs and then of human beings. The Amadunge cannibals consumed most of the Amanhlovu tribe. But their own chief, Boyiya, and some of them were in turn attacked by other cannibals and eaten. According to another story Boyiya was eaten by his own tribe. This was a case of the biter bit, with a vengeance. The Bele tribe of northern Natal, according to Bryant, went one better. They not only ate Macingwane the Cunu chief whom they captured, but their own leader, Mahlapahlapa, as well.

The remnants of the Amakanywayo tribe (a clan of the Amatuli), who became cannibals of necessity, continued so from choice. They fled one day from an attacking Zulu army, leaving behind them large pots cooking on a fire, from which emanated a savoury smell. On opening these the hungry Zulus found to their horror that they were filled with human legs from the knee downwards. The Amakanywayo tribe had become fastidious. On one occasion most of the women and children of the

Amalangi tribe were killed and eaten. On another Nomsimekwana, a boy of the Amanyamvu tribe (afterwards their chief) was captured by cannibals and forced to carry the pot in which he was to be cooked. He escaped by diving into a deep pool and hiding below some rushes. His captors thought he was drowned, and he heard them lamenting their loss, as he was in good condition, and tender. One could always tell when the cannibals had raided a village from their delectable habit of decorating the empty huts with the skulls of their victims.

Much of this beastliness occurred at places now as prosaic as the environs of Maritzburg and Durban. The pool referred to was just below Bishopstowe, the seat of the Bishop of Natal. The Zulus found the cooking-pots on the banks of the Umhlatuzana River close to Pinetown, and thus within ten miles of Durban.

Cannibalism was even more extensive than this. When King first visited Tshaka, with Farewell and Fynn, they found at his kraal a strange visitor from the interior, who confessed that his neighbours lived " mostly on the flesh of their enemies," of whom they were constantly in pursuit.

> " His hair was long and covered a great part of his face ; he had mustachios, a large beard, a stiletto suspended from his neck, and the other parts of his body concealed by a carosse of hide."

His features were so like those of a European that Fynn whispered that he must be a Christian in disguise. Tshaka was treating him with great kindness, no doubt, as King says, from " some interested motive."

Isaacs (of whom a great deal more later) supplies the solution. The pale gentleman was " Seschlanslo," an inland chief (Zihlandlo of the Mkize tribe), who had been subdued by Tshaka. His anthropophagous friends were elephant-hunters, and Isaacs went in search of them, by way of " Mapamellow " (Mapumulo), but without success. His paleness was due perhaps to some strange ancestry, since his colour was not uncommon among his tribe.

In 1835 Captain Gardiner, of whom we shall also hear later, records that cannibalism was practised among the Amahlangwa tribe in the north of Zululand. Natives visiting Port Natal told him of the cooking and eating of human bodies of which they had been eye-witnesses. One of them had just escaped being killed and eaten himself, though his father had not been so fortunate. In times of famine this tribe ate its own children.

In 1837 one of Dingana's armies, which had failed to find the Basuto tribe it had been sent to conquer, claimed on its return to have raided a cannibal tribe called the Amazimi, living beyond the Drakensberg Mountains, but the report was not believed, and careful search by Delegorgue, a French naturalist, a few years later, failed to discover any trace of such a community. There were, however, cannibals in those parts—among the Amantatisi—for the Wesleyan missionary Edwards met them. His wife was horrified to hear her kitchen-boy "boasting one day of the men he had killed—and eaten."

In truth, there is not a square mile of Natal that is not soaked with the blood of Tshaka's victims. He has been called the "Black Napoleon," but, compared with Tshaka, Bonaparte was an amiable and benevolent country squire.

Among his warriors and his people his despotism was absolute. He had but to move his head and there was a stab and a groan, or the victim's neck was dislocated by a sudden wrench. The corpse was thrown out and dragged a mile away, with a stick forced up the fundament. There it was left to the birds of prey or the hyenas. Every soldier suspected, not of cowardice, but even of lack of courage, gave up his life at his comrades' hands by the King's command. On one day a whole regiment was executed in his presence. On another, four hundred women were stabbed to death for no apparent cause. He would sometimes cause the eyes of his men to be forced out of their sockets with pointed stakes, and allow the blinded victims to roam about as objects of ridicule. He did this to three of his generals who had returned from an unsuccessful foray to the north. As he said with regal logic, "Your eyes have been of no use to you in my service; they are therefore of no use whatever." He is said to have ordered one regiment to walk over a precipice, and another to march into the sea, with the result that both perished. These last two happenings are not by any means authenticated, but Tshaka was quite capable of giving such orders.

When his mother, the famous Mnandi, died, ten females of her retinue were killed and buried with her. Tshaka ordered all milk to be spilled upon the ground for a year. Pregnancy occurring during that period was to involve the death of both the husband and wife.

In 1854 Fynn sent Bishop Colenso his account of the terrible scenes which followed. He had been summoned to dose Mnandi, whom he found in her death-agony from dysentery, in a smoke-sodden hut. He was an eye-witness, and his own words are given here :

> " The chiefs and people, to the number of about 15,000 commenced the most dismal and horrid lamentations. The people from the neighbouring kraals, male and female, came pouring in, each body as they came in sight, at a distance of half a mile joining to swell this terrible cry. Through the whole night it continued, none daring to take rest, or to refresh themselves with water ; while, at short intervals, fresh bursts were heard, as more distant regiments approached. The morning dawned, without any relaxation ; and, before noon, the number had increased to about 60,000. The cries became now indescribably horrid. Hundreds were lying faint, from excessive fatigue and want of nourishment ; while the carcasses of forty oxen lay in a heap, which had been slaughtered as an offering to the guardian spirits of the tribe. At noon the whole force formed a circle, with Chaka in their centre, and sang the war-song, which afforded them some relaxation during its continuance. At the close of it, Chaka ordered several men to be executed on the spot ; and the cries became, if possible, more violent than ever. No further orders were needed. But, as if bent on convincing their chief of their extreme grief, the multitude commenced a general massacre. Many of them received the blow of death while inflicting it on others, each taking the opportunity of revenging his injuries, real or imaginary. Those who could no more force tears from their eyes—those, who were found near the river, panting for water—were beaten to death by others, who were mad with excitement. Toward the afternoon I calculated that not fewer than 7,000 people had

> fallen in this frightful indiscriminate massacre. The adjacent stream, to which many had fled exhausted to wet their parched tongues, became impassable, from the number of dead which lay on each side of it; while the kraal, in which the scene took place, was flowing with blood."

As if this terrible performance were not enough, Tshaka called his people together three times during the following year to mourn. At the last gathering at Dukusa (the Stanger of to-day), over a hundred thousand cattle were gathered in one spot so that their collective bellowing should be added to the compulsory lamentations of their owners. Every cattle-owner was then ordered to rip open the side of a calf. The gall bladder was excised from the living beast, and the contents sprinkled, by regiment after regiment in procession, over the King. Meantime the calves were expiring in agony. Tshaka sat immobile, inscrutable, almost demoniac, dripping with gall. Hundreds of cows which had young calves were also slaughtered, so that the latter, by starving to death, should know what it was to lose a mother's love.

According to one authority Tshaka was overwhelmed with grief at his mother's death, holding that her flight from the Zulu tribe (whether voluntary or otherwise) had preserved his life. The better opinion is that he was indifferent, or even actually cruel, to her in her later years, and entirely unmoved by her death.

The ghastly happenings of his reign were due in part to a cunning obsession that recourse to the abnormal would perpetuate the mystery of his kingship, and thus preserve his stranglehold upon his people, and in part to an insane and insatiable blood-lust.

One day some old women of a tribe he was attacking were captured and brought before him. He bound them up in straw and grass matting, set them on fire, and drove them towards his enemies.

On another occasion, all the old men of his tribe were suddenly murdered by his order, as being unfit for warfare. To celebrate the occurrence he laughingly named a kraal "Drive Out the Old Men" after the event. This was afterwards the Bulawayo kraal. It was death to cough, belch, or sneeze in his presence.

"Take that man away and kill him; he makes me laugh," was one of his remarks. He had no wives, but hundreds of concubines. At the first sign of pregnancy the girls of his harem dosed themselves in feverish terror. If any of them gave birth to a child the midwife slaughtered it by placing a clod of earth on its mouth. As a rule the mother was also killed. By the grace of Almighty God, manifested in this strange way, Tshaka left no heir.

In spite of all this his subjects adored him. A supreme and instant loyalty to him pervaded every kraal. Fathers stabbed their children and sons choked their mothers at his command, without a moment's hesitation. Even those under sentence of death triumphantly praised him as they were dragged to slaughter. Well might Isaacs say of him:

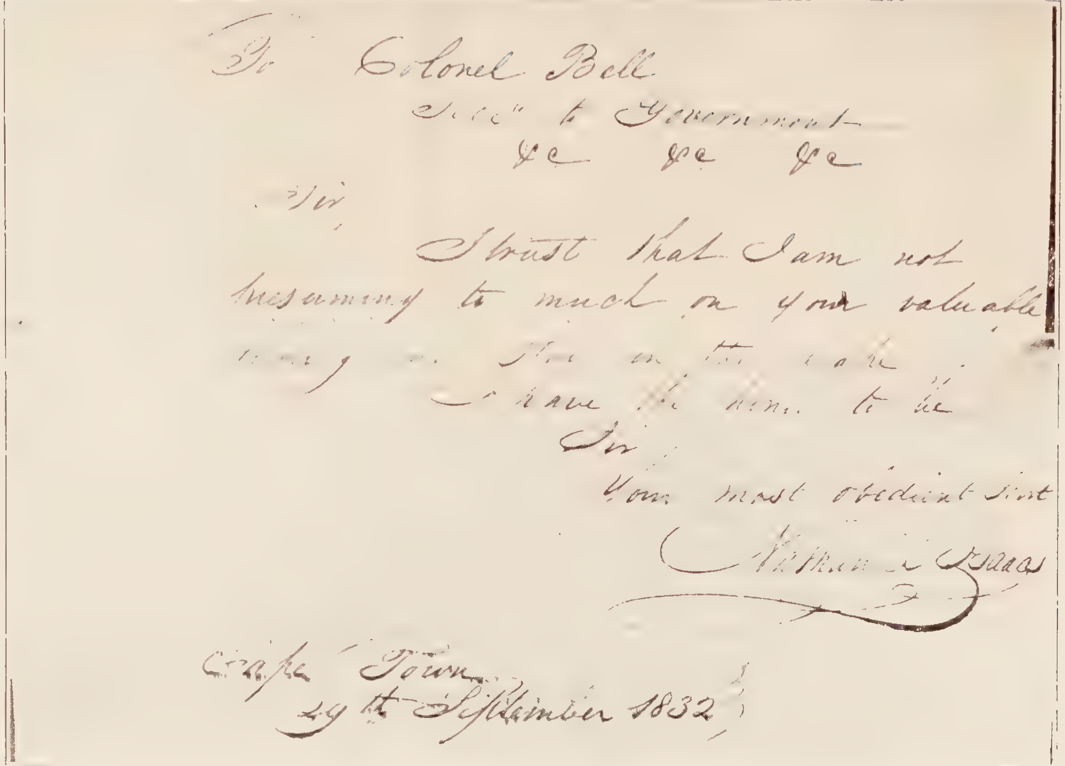
> "In war he was an insatiable and exterminating savage, in peace an unrelenting and ferocious despot, who kept his subjects in awe by his monstrous executions, and who was unrestrained in his bloody designs, because his people were ignorant and knew not that they had power. He was also a bad dissembler; he could smile in the midst of the execution of his atrocious decrees, and stand unmoved while he witnessed the spilling of the blood of his innocent subjects; and, as if nothing like an act of barbarity had been committed, he would appear mild, placid, generous, and courteous to all, assuming the expression of deep sorrow for the necessity which had called him to issue his bloody decree.
>
> "I am not aware that history, either ancient or modern, can produce so horrible and detestable a savage. He has deluged his country with innocent blood; he has forgotten the most sacred ties of affection, and, by a double murder as it were, compelled the agonising father to be the executioner of his own son, and the son to become an inhuman mutilator of his own mother. The recital of this monster's deeds would only be setting in array against him the passions of my readers, and might ill prepare them to encourage any favourable symptom of such a man having betrayed remorse for his sanguinary conduct.
>
> "When he once had determined on a sanguinary display

> of his power, nothing could restrain his ferocity; his eyes evinced his pleasure, his iron heart exulted, his whole frame seemed as if he felt a joyous impulse at seeing the blood of innocent creatures flowing at his feet; his hands grasped, his herculean and muscular limbs exhibiting by their motion a desire to aid in the execution of the victims of his vengeance: in short, he seemed a being in a human form, with more than the physical capabilities of a man; a giant without reason, a monster created with more than ordinary power and disposition for doing mischief, and from whom we recoil as we would at the serpent's hiss or the lion's growl."

This, then, was the monster by whose will the puny British trade establishment survived. And yet Tshaka was amazed when the white men brought him soap to replace the mixture of beef mince, ground millet, and sheep-tail fat he had hitherto employed. He was transported with delight when he received a razor; and when Farewell, who had run out of medicines, sent him in answer to a request for drugs, a cask of vinegar, he rejoiced at receiving so powerful a specific. What the resourceful Farewell told him as regards its properties no one knows. He did not disclose his secret to Captain Owen, to whom he recounted the story in 1825.

While Farewell and his party were founding the settlement of Port Natal in 1824, J. S. King had not been idle. Thwarted in his efforts to obtain a lieutenant's commission, he secured control of a brig called the *Mary* and arrived at St. Helena with a cargo consigned to Mr. S. Solomon, of Solomon, Moss, Gideon and Company, merchants of that place. There he found Nathaniel Isaacs, a nephew of the merchant, aged sixteen, who was an adventurous and intelligent youth, with a ready pen and a good command of English.

Isaacs had arrived at the island of St. Helena to join his uncle's firm in October 1822, after a dull passage in the brig *Margaret*, during which the captain "in a state of almost constant inebriety, usually forgot the civilities of a gentleman, and, instead of enlivening the scene, increased its weariness." The monotony of the counting-house of Solomon palled upon this enterprising



To Colonel Bell
Secy to Government
&c &c &c

Sir,

I trust that I am not presuming to much on your valuable time you. [illegible] on the case.
I have the honor to be
Sir
Your most obedient Servt
Nathaniel Isaacs

Cape Town
29th September 1832

The handwriting of Nathaniel Isaacs.
(From a letter in the Author's possession.)

Jew, and King was as glad to take him as he was to leave the Island. So they sailed for the Cape with a voyage to East Africa in view. Isaacs has left us an illuminating narrative of the ensuing years. When they reached the Cape, King heard of Farewell's condition, and abandoning his intended cruise (whatever it was) decided to join him, and if he were not successful, to trade along the east coast. Isaacs' eulogy of King's action must be read in the light of the fact that King's expenses, in case he should not find Farewell, were raised by subscription in Capetown before he sailed. He left the Cape, bound for Natal, in August 1825, and reached Port Natal on the 30th of September. There the vessel was immediately wrecked upon a sandy spit which forms the northern shore of the entrance. It is called " Point Fynn " in some of the old maps, and " The Point " to-day. The *Mary* had anchored off the entrance, but found herself drifting towards the land. King tried to beat off a lee shore, but failed ; and he then attempted to enter the Port under sail. This manœuvre did not succeed owing to the heavy seas, and the *Mary* was driven on shore. During these proceedings Isaacs, with characteristic foresight, had lashed himself to the side of the vessel. One of the sailors was washed overboard, but was saved by a Newfoundland dog which he had been in the habit of caressing. This animal jumped into the sea and grasped him by his red shirt, keeping him afloat until both were saved. King attributed the escape of the party from drowning to the " wonderful interposition of Providence," and Isaacs responded " to the pious ejaculations " of his " gallant companion." At the same time " all had been done that skill, courage, and seamanship could devise, and unshaken firmness and resolution accomplish." Mr. Hatton, the chief officer, also came in for a bouquet. His " indefatigable exertions in the moment of inconceivable danger " called for King's " most unequivocal demonstrations of praise." Nor could King " abstain from remarking " upon the courage of his crew " manifested during our melancholy situation." It seems that every one had behaved in a most exemplary manner. The only unfortunate thing was that the *Mary* was irretrievably aground.

A queer party awaited the shipwrecked crew on the shore. It consisted of the boy Thomas Holstead (who took off his cat-skin cap by way of salutation), an old Hottentot woman called Rachel, in a dungaree petticoat, five male natives stark naked, and a native woman with only a dirty strip of bullock's hide round her waist.

They planted a worn-out Union Jack on a sand-dune, and the effect of this upon Isaacs, who had by this time unlashed himself and prudently ascended to the maintop, was " soul-stirring and irresistible." He descended from his lofty position with " the alacrity of an experienced tar " in " uncontrollable delight " at seeing persons " manifesting a desire to shelter us in the bitter moments of calamity," and he " exulted in the sanguine anticipation that the future might be more productive of gratifying events." That night the men of the *Mary* slept on land, where the town of Durban now stands, Isaacs enjoying " the sweets of repose, such as even monarchs might envy and luxury covet." He slept on a primitive bedstead made of wood and strips of bullock's hide, in a hut provided by Rachel the Hottentot. The person of Rachel was " far from engaging," but she had a kind heart. His only trouble was the midnight howls of the " wolves " or hyenas, " whose thirst for blood is prodigious and whose quickness and sagacity are surprising."

Isaacs was not long in commencing business. The first morning after his arrival he bartered a head of negro tobacco for seven assagais and " two small calabashes neatly carved." Rachel said he had paid too much. But Isaacs considered he had been most adroit in what he calls his " *coup d'essai*."

Farewell, who had been on a visit to Tshaka, soon returned, and the meeting between him and his friend King made Isaacs, on his own confession, weep for happiness. As he puts it, " the tears of pleasure involuntarily flowed " as he witnessed their " outpourings of unaffected joy."

Fynn, who had travelled south as far as the Umzimvubu, returned a few days afterwards, with much ivory. He had been eight months away, and over a hundred natives had attached themselves to him, partly by way of gratitude for the exercise of his medical skill, but also moved by the courage, good temper, and capability of the tall white man. He recounted his hair-raising adventures to the new arrivals, in a curious garb to which he had come during his wanderings. " His head was covered with a crownless straw hat, and a tattered blanket fastened round his neck by means of strips of hide served to cover his body, while his hands performed the office of keeping it round his nether man." Alone on the wild borders of Pondoland, he must have had great jokes with himself about his costume. He had recently received a grant from Tshaka of all the territory between Farewell's grant and the Umzimkulu. This would be about six thousand square miles in extent.

The scene of this meeting was a grassy plain lying between the sea-shore and the Bay of Natal, resembling an English park. It was only twenty feet above sea-level and parts of it were marshy, but it was good healthy, open country, and there was abundance of excellent water, while on the land side it was skirted by magnificent forest trees.

Farewell's house was a barn of wattle and daub with a thatched roof and a reed door, but without windows. As Isaacs says, it "was not remarkable either for the elegance of its structure or the capacity of its interior."

Cane and Ogle possessed even more primitive dwellings made of reeds, which resembled a house-roof placed on the ground, with one gable-end missing to provide an entrance. Holstead seems to have had no permanent abode at all; Fynn provided one for himself in due course.

Farewell was at this time building a fort a quarter of a mile nearer the harbour entrance, which was to be a more imposing edifice. It was to be triangular, and to contain a house and store-room. It was also to be palisaded and protected by a moat, while three-pounder carronades were to adorn the corners. The native word for a cannon to-day is "baimbai," or "mbayimbayi," and it is said, upon the authority of Gardiner (confirmed by the American missionaries) that when Farewell was asked by the Zulus the use of these carronades, he told them they would see "by and by," so that they were named accordingly. This fort, by the way, was never completed.

The position of Farewell's dwelling was where the Town Gardens of Durban now stand; the site of his fort was near what is known as Cato's Creek. Both places are now in the heart of the city of Durban.

Isaacs found the climate both "congenial and salubrious."

Even the summer rains, though " attended by occasional tempestuous weather," were beneficial, " as tending to destroy those insects which are so baneful to vegetation," and the rivers were " conducive to the propagation of herbs, and to the growth of all vegetable matter." The country had in fact " an eternal verdure " ; and even the dews " occasioned the herbage to shoot to a prodigious height." He was much interested in the wild fruit that grew in profusion near the bay—especially the " amatingulu," whose white starry blossom and blood-red fruit were " exceedingly pretty." Besides, the latter made " a very rich and agreeable preserve." He was amazed at the " calabash and castor oil trees, growing in splendid clusters," and the " spreading tendrils " of the pumpkins which grew in " innumerable and extensive patches." And when he found " the banana tree growing spontaneously and in a state of luxuriant vegetation," he proceeded to enjoy " the sweets which this happy discovery afforded."

The first shock the augmented settlement received was when Norton, an officer of the *Mary*, and three seamen stole the ship's long-boat, which had been saved from the wreck, and put out to sea, rather than remain. By some miracle they reached Algoa Bay. Their defection was all the more serious because the crew of the *Mary* under Hatton, the chief officer, a practical shipwright, were engaged in building a vessel at a point on the Bluff, and her completion was thereby much delayed. The place was named " Townsend," after Lord James Townsend. It was convenient enough for the purpose as there was excellent timber close by, but it was infested with leopards. One of them promptly ate the ship's Newfoundland. This dog was " a faithful and watchful attendant," and had " saved several seamen from being drowned." Norton and his friends probably saw their turn coming next. Two natives had been thus carried off the week before they arrived.

The settlers now ranged the country during two more wild years, bartering brass armlets and beads for ivory, hippopotamus teeth, and cattle. Isaacs' record of their adventures makes wonderful reading. He was gifted with great powers of observation and an attractive if florid style.

Barefooted and ragged, lean and bronzed, they blazed their

The site of Farewell's camp to-day.

adventurous trail through Tshaka's dominions by the favour of that King, to whom a constant tribute of beads, copper, brass, sweet oil, and other articles, including even peacock feathers for the army, a large brass crown, and the salved figure-head of the *Mary* was made.

We find Isaacs at one time visiting a tribe which lived on corn and monkeys. Its members also cut off the first joint of the little finger from the right hand of every child, having apparently adopted this ceremony instead of circumcision. This was a bushman trick. They also caught fish in traps baited with the entrails of cattle. These were the Amatuli, who at that time had taken refuge under their Regent Umatubani on the Bluff; they had almost been obliterated by Tshaka's armies, and forced to subsist "chiefly on fish, and such esculents as grew spontaneously in the vicinity of their residence." They were afterwards moved farther south under their chief, Umnini. Umatubani was a protégé of King, and his nephew and successor Umnini became the dependent of Henry Ogle. There is a tradition among this tribe of very early visits to the Bay by Europeans. The men of the *Good Hope*, *Stavenisse*, and *Bonaventura*, the gentlemen taken off by Captain Rogers, Mr. Vaughan Goodwin, and the "penitent pirate," were probably the basis of this. It seems that the Amatuli were living at the bay when Captain Rogers paid his visits to it in the last decade of the seventeenth century. One of the descendants of these Europeans was alive in 1864. She was the wife of Funywayo, a petty chief who had been one of John Cane's men. Moreover, in 1831, the wife of Isaacs' headman was also of mixed blood. She was probably of the same tribe and origin.

On another occasion we find Isaacs on a filibustering expedition for Tshaka against the "Mbatio" tribe at "Ingoma." This small tribe (the Kumalos, under Beje) had defied Tshaka's armies from a rocky fastness to which it had retreated. One day two of Farewell's Hottentots violated the young wife of one of Tshaka's favourite chiefs. The King thereupon ordered the Europeans to undertake an expedition against the "Mbatio," or "Beje," by way of reparation for the insult. Nothing less would appease his chiefs. The King paraded fifty of his harem, and remarked that "his heart was so sore" at the affair, that "he could kill all the girls present." But his threat was not carried out and the innocent houris escaped a violent death. Isaacs, two of the crew of the *Mary* (one of whom was Brown), Cane, Ogle, and Holstead set out rather reluctantly. The country was "irregular, rugged, and sterile"; there was no sign of human habitation. An occasional vulture soared ominously above the arid cliffs. Isaacs was terrified. He "felt no ordinary sensations of anxiety and apprehension." The tribe fought desperately, hurling stones and spears at the whites and the Zulu regiments below them. But the firearms were too much for them. According to Isaacs, Michael (one of the delinquent Hottentots) shot the chief dead, and the tribe surrendered to the people who "spit fire." Other authorities say that Beje merely surrendered, and was murdered two years later by Dingana.

Isaacs received a nasty wound in the encounter. While stricken, he was compelled by a native doctor to drink a compound made by boiling roots and the small entrails and gall of a heifer, Isaacs nearly died of the smell engendered by its preparation—his "olfactory organs" were violently disturbed. The concoction all but killed him, but all nourishment was refused until he had swallowed it. He was then given an emetic to remove it, but to his horror it failed to act. He must have thought longingly that day of the peaceful counting-house of Solomon at St. Helena.

When the expedition returned Tshaka was all smiles. He gave Isaacs a "fighting name, Tombooser" (Dambusa) which meant (according to Isaacs) "the brave warrior who was wounded at Ingoma." As we have mentioned this special naming of Isaacs, it may be as well to say here that very few Europeans of any importance have ever lived in Natal without a native nickname. Isaacs was ordinarily known as "Mtavata", Farewell as "Febana," Fynn as "Umbulase," Cane as "Jana," Ogle as "Wohlo," Holstead as "Damuse," and King as "Mkingi."

Each time Isaacs visited Tshaka he was, like the others, the unwilling eye-witness of purposeless slaughter whether of one or two, or on the grand scale. One day a hundred and fifty girls of Tshaka's harem, with their servant boys, were strangled or beaten to death before him. The necks of the girls were twisted by their own brothers.

So the months passed. One Old Year's night the settlers entertained a local chief and some of his men. The guests drank two pails of grog, which at first " elevated them, and finally sank the whole in slumber." When this happened the remaining men of the *Mary* sang the " seamen's soul-stirring song, in which the author, as if to inspire them with hope of protection from their guardian angel, has written :

> A sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft,
> To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

On another day Isaacs and King, by virtue of a grant from Tshaka, gravely planted the Union Jack on an elevated and conspicuous sandhill at the mouth of the Umlalazi River and took possession of the district. This was probably Kraal Hill near Port Durnford. Their idea was of course to secure " an eligible port for communicating with the Zoola country," but nothing came of it in the end, although they both declared the place " a most eligible site for a settlement."

Isaacs suffered very badly at times from thorns in his feet. His native followers were very angry because he refused to chew them when extracted as a preventive against further suffering. His chief complaint was, however, that the rats persistently gnawed his toe-nails while he was asleep. That, as one must concede, was not cricket. Their only excuse can have been the grease with which he anointed his feet to ease his barefooted peregrinations.

Isaacs' enterprise sometimes played tricks with him. One day he writes : " Having heard that Magie " (Magaye, the chief of the Cele tribe, then domiciled between Port Natal and the Tugela) " possessed a unicorn, or, as the natives described it to me, ' *In yar mogoss imponte moonya* ' (' An animal with one horn ') I had a great desire to see it. From my imperfect knowledge of the language, and not wishing Holstead to hear of it, lest he should purchase it, I misunderstood the nature of the animal ; but being unusually eager to obtain so great a natural curiosity, I set out early to another of Magie's kraals, to see the chief ; here I met him and communicated to him the object of my journey. He confirmed what I had heard, and by singular gesticulations and attempts at description, he led me to comprehend that it was about three feet high, and, from his taking my hair and pointing to it, I understood that it had a flowing mane, he at the same time exclaiming, '*Mooshly garcoola*,' which I knew meant 'very handsome.' The more he particularised this animal, the more my anxiety to possess it increased, conceiving that I might attain some celebrity among naturalists, if I should be enabled to produce the wonderful creature known only, like the mermaid, to have existed in fable. To be the owner of the "*In yar mogoss*" was an advantage not to be lost, and I evinced an eager desire to see it; the chief however told me it was at another kraal, some distance in the interior, but that he would order it to be brought up for me to see it some other time."

Isaacs did see it later; but, alas! it was an old billy-goat to which nature had denied its birthright of two horns. He took his medicine philosophically enough. As he says: "I predicted the ridicule to which this circumstance would subject me, and made up my mind to submit to the sarcasms of my friends with the same fortitude as I bore the disappointment of anticipated honours, from the possession of this wonder of fabled history."

The goat episode was not his only disillusionment. Not far from the Amatikulu River he lit one day upon some "richly spangled ore." He put a large quantity of it in a bag, feeling convinced that it was of value. But the natives, who had watched his excavation with astonishment, stubbornly declined to have anything to do with his find. It appeared that similar ore had once been discovered and melted by their smiths; it produced a "beautiful glossy white" metal, which was worked into bangles. The introduction of this new metal was, however, followed by the death of a number of chiefs, and the witch-doctors attributed this catastrophe to the innovation. The smiths were executed. The metal was declared taboo—and future extraction of its parent ore was declared a capital offence. Isaacs was warned that his white skin might save him, but that he was likely to meet dire trouble if he persisted; and he therefore lugubriously abandoned his dream of wealth. The ore sounds like galena, of which pockets are found in Natal from time to time. But no one has ever found the potential mine of Nathaniel Isaacs.

Tshaka wanted to know one day whether George the Fourth had as many girls as he had. Isaacs patriotically replied that it was the British custom to have but one wife, and that the King (whoever he was) invariably set the example. Tshaka answered that the abstinence of the British King accounted for his advanced age, a goal which he expected to reach for the same reason. This declaration of continence was received by Isaacs with silent incredulity.

On one visit Isaacs found a Portuguese from Delagoa Bay at the royal kraal, and was much flattered when the Zulus announced that there was as much difference between that race and the British, as between a " bush Kaffir " and themselves. To give the Portuguese his due he had told Tshaka of the British victories of the first twenty years of the century.

Isaacs was much intrigued to witness his first native wedding. The bride " was attired in a short habiliment reaching from the waist to the knee. Her hair was decorated with feathers in imitation of a coronet. Her skin shone with brilliant lustre from having been *grease*fully (*sic*) prepared for the purpose. On her sable breast she had hung, in rows tastefully arranged, beads of various hues to adorn a bust of more than graceful shape and symmetry. From her neck she had suspended a *selalo*, or ornament, forming a cross—

> That Jews might kiss, and infidels adore."

Isaacs is less complimentary to another native lady, a female witch-doctor. It was her own fault, for " her hair was thick and seemed besmeared with fat and charcoal. One eyelid was painted red and the other black ; and her nose was rendered more ornamental than nature had designed it by being also blackened by the same preparation." She also carried " a stick with a black cow's tail tied to the end, which she flourished about with infinite solemnity." And finally she chewed a root, and spat it into the ear of the native gentleman next to her. She never really gave herself a chance.

It is not, however, to be supposed that she was unique in thus adorning herself ; her method of decoration was common to her profession. Leslie, the hunter, thus describes a " doctoress " whom he visited in the sixties : " I have never in my life seen such a horrible-looking being as this woman was. In height she was about the middle size, and very fat. From her ankles to the calf of the leg was wrapped round with the entrails of a cow, or some animal of the kind, filled with fat and blood. Then came the usual petticoat, made of hide, secured and embroidered with lions' and tigers' teeth, snakes' bones, beads, round bulb-looking things, little buck horns, and such-like savage *bijouterie* ; round the loins was one mass of entrails, snake skeletons, medicine bags, roots, human and other teeth, brass buttons, and wire. The body was tattooed all over, and smeared with red and black earth ; round the neck was a repetition of the above ' ornaments.' The hair was long and smeared with all sorts of abominations, with a stuffed snake round the forehead by way of decoration ; a tiger skin hung down her back, with the grinning physog. (*sic*) showing over her head, and the head of a snake peering, with a startling lifelikeness, out of its mouth."

As might be imagined, her odour was almost beyond belief.

In 1835 Gardiner encountered one of these delectable females among the tribe of Tpai (? Ncapayi) north of the Amapondo. " Large coils of entrails stuffed with fat were suspended round her neck while her thick and tangled hair, stuck over in all directions with the gall bladders of animals, gave to her tall figure a very singular, wild, and grotesque appearance." She seemed to him the very " Queen of witches."

Many of Isaacs' names of rivers will be recognised by the people of Natal to-day. He often crossed the " Umgani," once being " momentarily opposed by an alligator," and often seeing elephants. He forded the " Umtungartie," the " Mafoti," or " Mufootie," and the " Nondote," the last of which was " infested with elephants." It now sports a great sugar-mill and a couple of Indian shops. He hunted sea-cow and elephant at the " Umlalass," being one day frightened to death by one of the latter. He had unhappily stumbled upon an elephant track, and met an angry bull tearing up every tree within his reach. Isaacs fled for his life—or, as he puts it, " took another course."

He was held up by the " Armaticoola " in flood, a fact which those who live by that rather meagre stream will hardly believe possible. He had often great difficulty in crossing the " Ootoogale," which was teeming with hippopotamus. This he calls the

"Fishers' River." The inhabitants of Verulam will identify the "Umslutee," and those of the south coast of Natal, the "Amainsic Batotic" and the "Ooloaf." These last two had by the time of Captain Gardiner in 1835 become the "Mansbitote" and "Eloffe."

In April 1826 His Majesty's sloop *Helicon* appeared off the port. She had been sent to the relief of the party as the result of Norton's arrival in the long-boat at Algoa Bay.

King left Natal on board her, having apparently come to an agreement with Farewell for a joint venture, for which they hoped to procure capital in the Cape Colony. He took with him a long letter from Farewell addressed to himself, clearly intended as a kind of prospectus. The original of this is in the writer's possession.

King returned in the schooner *Anne* in October 1826, with none other than Mrs. Farewell, whom the party endeavoured to comfort in the absence of Farewell in the interior. As Isaacs says: "We tried to make his absence as light as possible to his amiable partner, and contrived to divert her as well as our peculiar situation and circumstances would permit." What the poor lady must have thought of the "little morning peregrinations and evening conversaziones," the trips to the *Anne* (on board of which she had probably been very ill), and the excursions to the leopard-infested dockyard, is not recorded. Her husband, however, soon returned.

A violent quarrel now broke out between King and Farewell, the dispute, as might have been expected, being of a "pecuniary nature." Bearing in mind Captain Owen's complaint against King, already mentioned, it is possible that King had treated Farewell in much the same way. On the other hand, Farewell's self-assertion must have been very trying. The actual merits of the case are, however, not of real importance. The unfortunate truth was that there was no longer a united front among the Europeans, and that Tshaka did not take long to realise it. Any prestige the party had possessed was now gone, and the seeds of disruption had been sown in the settlement. Later on there was a temporary patching up of the dispute, but mutual trust and confidence had disappeared for good.

Shortly after this the party ran short of medicines, and John

Ross, King's apprentice, a boy of fifteen, " acute, shrewd, and active," was sent, with a few natives, to walk to Delagoa Bay and back. This meant a journey of nearly six hundred miles on foot. The mission was entirely successful, but John must have had many an anxious moment at night in the Lebombo Mountains. He was a boy of courage and resource. While at Delagoa Bay he felt that the Portuguese had their eyes on his native escort as slaves. He therefore left secretly and without delay, lest their covetous glances should be followed by action.

On his way north he called upon our old friend Makasany, the diplomat, and was well treated by him. At the bay itself he fell in with the captain of a French slaver, who furnished him with so much of his needs without payment that John spent only two dollars. Perhaps this was the " infamous Dorval of Mauritius " who began to buy slaves at Delagoa Bay in 1825. The ravages of Tshaka and their repercussions had reduced the neighbouring tribes to such a state of despair that numbers of them sold themselves to escape starvation. This meant good business for the slavers from the Isle of Bourbon. Dorval's custom was to make the natives drunk with arrack, and carry them on board, where they were " brought to life and reflection " at sea " by the sound of the shackles with which they were secured." Be that as it may, John Ross's expedition, while " exceedingly bold and wonderfully enterprising," was thus also economical. It took him eighteen days to cover the distance between Tshaka's kraal and the Maputa River, which runs into the bay, and which he crossed in native boats ; he was thrilled with the abundance of wild animals, including rhinoceros and zebra ; but most of the country was flat, marshy, and uninteresting. He was much annoyed when the Portuguese said he was a spy from Tshaka, " as no Christian would think of sending a boy like him that distance." He indignantly produced his dollars to the Governor, and asked for " medicines and other necessaries." The natives at Delagoa Bay were " filthy, inhospitable, treacherous, and vicious," but civil. This was, however, only because they were cowed. They were barbarously treated and kept in chains. Isaacs marvelled as he reflected how John Ross had travelled along " wild, inhospitable and savage tracks " through a country " infested with every species of wild and ferocious animal, and venomous creature," where "the natives had never been blessed with the sweets of civilisation nor the light of reason." His admiration was not misplaced. It needed a brave heart and a wise head to complete the journey. As a physical effort alone it is worth recording ; as the triumph of a mere child over the well-nigh invincible it is immortal. John Ross may, for all one knows, have died the undistinguished master of a leaky ship, but he sleeps in the Halls of Courage.

CHAPTER VIII

DINGANA AND THE SETTLEMENT

IN February 1828 the *Buckbay Packet*, a schooner of thirty tons, under Captain Mackay, put into Port Natal. The captain sold some of his cargo to Farewell and King, taking ivory in exchange. He also took some brass and beads to sell for them at Delagoa Bay, but as his ship was promptly wrecked in the Maputu River, where he died of fever himself, the speculation proved unprofitable.

During the following month the vessel which had been over two years building at Townsend was launched, and the days when Isaacs " wistfully watched " the efforts of Hatton came to an end. She " glided gently into the sea, floated on the bosom of the ocean, and brought up her bows to the billows, as if evincing a desire to take a longing farewell of the spot that had given her birth." She owed her existence to Hatton, chief officer of the *Mary*, and four of her crew. Their names were Biddlecome, Nicolls, Brown, and M'Koy. She was christened the *Elizabeth and Susan*. Elizabeth was Mrs. Farewell's christian name, and Susan was probably that of King's mother. The *Elizabeth and Susan* sailed on the 30th of April 1828, with Mr. and Mrs. Farewell, King, Isaacs, and Hatton on board. Two of Tshaka's headmen " Sotobe " and " Bosombooser," and our old friend Jacob, were also passengers. Fynn remained with Tshaka as a hostage for their safety. The reason for the embarkation of the two chiefs appears from a document which King obtained from Tshaka just before he left, and which is printed below. It will be seen that by its terms King received from Tshaka a grant of certain land ; and the motives actuating the gift are set out at length. The touching reference to Tshaka's mother reads well, but may be ignored ; and King's career as a life-saver was probably confined to the document. The Stinkein River has not so far been identified ; it may have been the Isipingo. The

"Matabana nation" was the Amatuli tribe—then a mere handful, living on the Bluff under Umatubani.

MISSION TO HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY

At Chaka's principal residence, Umbololi,

February 1828

I, Chaka, King of the Zulus, do in presence of my principal chiefs now assembled, hereby appoint and direct my friend, James Saunders King, to take under his charge and protection Sotobi, one of my principal chiefs, whom I now create of the "Tugusa" kraal, Kati, my body-servant, Jacob, my interpreter, and suite. I desire him to convey them to H.M. King George's dominions, to represent that I send them on a friendly mission to King George; and after offering him assurances of my friendship and esteem, to negotiate with His Britannic Majesty on my behalf, with my chief Sotobi, a treaty of friendly alliance between the two nations, having given the said J. S. King and Sotobi full instructions and invested with full power to act for me in every way as circumstances may seem to them most beneficial and expedient. I require my friend King to pay every attention to the comforts of my people entrusted to his care, and solemnly enjoin him to return with them in safety to me, and to report to me faithfully such accounts as they may receive from King George

I hereby grant him, my said friend, J. S. King, in consideration of the confidence I repose in him, of various services he has already rendered me, presents he has made, and above all the obligations I am under to him for his attention to my mother in her last illness, as well as having saved the lives of several of my principal people, the free and full possession of my country near the sea-coast and Port Natal, from Natal head to the Stinkein River including the extensive grazing flats and forests, with the islands in the Natal harbour, and the Matabana nations, together with the free and exclusive trade of all my dominions; I hereby also confirm all my former grants to him.

[Scrawl]   his
                                        JOHN × JACOB
                                        mark.

Witness the above scrawl having been made by King Chaka, as his signature.

N. J. ISAACS

Tshaka refused to make a simple mark. He scribbled all over the paper, saying that as he was a great King he must make a great show. Tshaka had also conceived the pleasing notion of opening up direct communication with the British in the Cape Colony by massacring the intervening native tribes, and wished to find out whether this ingenious idea would appeal to the authorities. He would wait two months, before moving, he said. But he did not. Soon after the *Elizabeth and Susan* sailed he raided the Amapondo, under Faku, who dwelt south of the Umzimvubu River. The awestruck Pondos scattered before his savage armies, and their chief fled into the forests. The Zulus returned with ten thousand head of cattle. They would have gone farther south had Fynn not feverishly dissuaded Tshaka from taking a step which would have instantly brought him into conflict with the British troops.

The *Elizabeth and Susan* arrived at Algoa Bay on the 4th of May 1828. Isaacs, having only a pair of duck trousers and a leopard-skin cap, could not land to stay at the hostel of Mrs. Robinson until suitably garbed from the shore.

The mission of the native chiefs was an abject failure. The Government declined to allow them even to visit Grahamstown; they were virtually imprisoned in Algoa Bay. A Major Cloete cross-questioned them in a manner which suggested to them that they were spies. They were subjected to "a species of perplexing interrogation that might have been resorted to by an Old Bailey pleader, and little becoming to the dignity of a British Officer." This annoyed them excessively, and they made efforts to escape, but were recaptured. The hospitality of the inhabitants led them to acquire "some little experience in drinking ardent spirits," and they were constantly inebriated, much to Isaacs' distress.

Jacob, who had learnt to drink " grog " on the *Leven*, also indulged. When there was drink about he and Sotobe invariably fought. Sotobe was the gentleman who had once consumed a whole goat and five gallons of native beer at a sitting. He therefore needed some handling in his cups. After three futile months the chiefs were sent back to Natal on H.M.S. *Helicon*. They flatly refused to board her unless King returned with them, which he did. The whole affair was rather distressing, but one can hardly blame the authorities, in view of Tshaka's premature raid, which had set the whole frontier by the ears.

Farewell, Isaacs, and Hatton returned at the same time in the *Elizabeth and Susan*, to be met by Fynn, who was much relieved to see them. He had not had an easy time with Tshaka.

King's spirit was broken by the failure of the mission. He fell ill, and though Fynn and Isaacs did their best for him, and treated him according to *Buchan's Medical Work*, the disease grew worse, and he died of dysentery on the 7th of September 1828. Farewell refused to visit him, even when told that he was nearing his end. King's last thoughts were for his mother and sister, and the boy John Ross. He died holding the hands of Fynn and Isaacs, his two faithful friends, and of Hatton his one-time officer. They buried him, amid the wailing and lamentations of his natives, on the eminence upon the Bluff which had been his home for nearly three years, and which he had named " Mount Pleasant." " His unhappy crew did the last offices for their deceased master, whose death they so much lamented. They washed and dressed his corpse, and prepared it for its last abode ; his faithful natives, whose attachment for their kind chief was manifested by tears and howlings during the night, rendered the whole scene very affecting. By the demonstrations of sorrow which pervaded their unhappy countenances, they greatly elicited our sympathy, and assurances of protection.

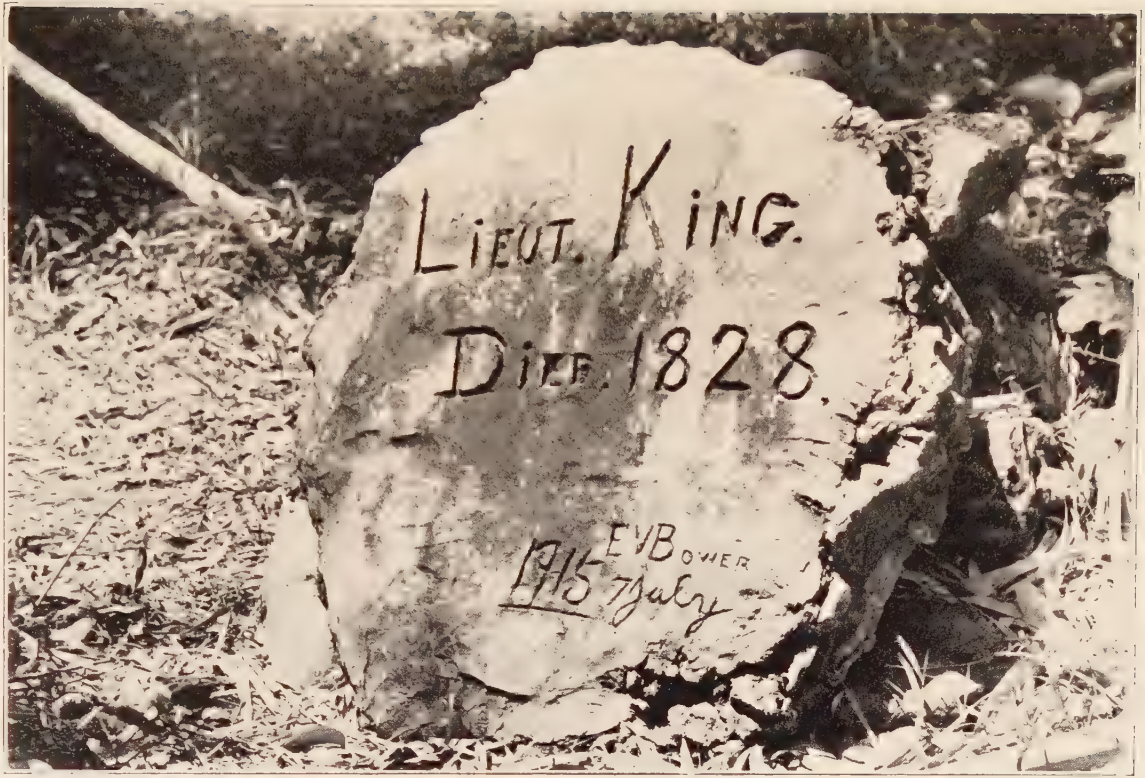
" The day of interment having arrived, the whole of the vicinity was crowded by natives from the surrounding districts, all lamenting the death of our friend. Their lamentations were sincere, their tears were genuine drops of sorrow, that fell involuntarily from their streaming eyes : they were not artificial ; nor were their exhibitions of grief constrained as at the death of a native chief, to save themselves from being massacred by their savage and ferocious king ; they were real, emanating from their hearts and evinced by their looks."

Fynn read the burial service, and the grave was made secure against " the attacks of the wolves and hyenas." There King sleeps to-day beneath a cluster of waving giant bamboos, where he may look straight over the eastern seas through the pier-heads of the great harbour which has grown round the place of his pioneering. There is no memorial to him, and his grave is practically ignored. Many years afterwards Fynn, as a magistrate, came to live at the site of King's burying. This must have brought back to him queer jumbled memories, including those of a crownless straw hat and a tattered blanket.

On hearing of King's death from Isaacs, Tshaka demanded a calf. This Isaacs' servant cut between the middle ribs ; then he " took the caul from the liver," and " let the poor animal run." The " caul " was " sprinkled round the King," to whom a stick was also tendered. He spat on this, and so completed the ceremony whereby he " washed " himself from grief.

The whole attitude of Tshaka, however, soon underwent radical change. To begin with, the malicious Jacob had poisoned his mind by saying that King George was only the name of a mountain, and nothing more. There was no reason for this statement at the time ; but it is a curious coincidence that in December 1828 the travellers Cowie and Green gave this name to a hill south of the Umzimvubu. The report of the chiefs had also had its effect, and Tshaka, after hearing of their treatment by the Cape Government, gave it as his deliberate opinion that the authorities had poisoned King. He was wrong. They had only broken King's heart.

But what really rankled with Tshaka was the failure of King and Isaacs to bring him some hair-dye for darkening white hair, of which Farewell had spoken in an unguarded moment. Tshaka had thought at last to receive the specific which had preserved George the Third for so many long years, and was bitterly disappointed at his failure to obtain it. He had specially asked King for it, promising him " abundance of ivory and droves of cattle " in return. In vain Isaacs showed him some bark which was a wonderful tonic, some ointment for sores, and spirits of lavender. Tshaka rejected them all, asking whether he was


LIEUT. KING.
DIED. 1828.
E V BOWER
1915 7 July

The grave of James Saunders King.

scabby or in need of artificial exhilaration. He told Isaacs that King had forgotten him owing to being too often with the ladies at Algoa Bay. From this it would appear that Jacob had been telling more tales. Isaacs was, for once in his life, at a loss: his diary for that day bitterly abuses by name " Rowland's Macassar Oil " as well as other hair stimulants in general.

Tshaka was also disgusted at the paucity of the gifts from the Cape Government: " Some sheets of copper which were neither of value nor use to the Zoolas; a piece of scarlet broad cloth, the only article of value; and some medicines; with a few knives and trinkets, or gewgaws, of neither worth nor attraction." In vain had King added a valuable looking-glass (which cost him a hundred and twenty rix-dollars, or about ten pounds), some beads and " a variety of little amusing trifles." The presents had been unpacked at the Port to render them more portable, and Tshaka thought that some had vanished in the process. Isaacs in his " best habiliments " approached the monarch, who was sitting beneath the " umbrageous foliage," only to be met with abuse. Tshaka blamed Fynn for the unpacking. " He is like a monkey, he wants to peep into everything," he shouted.

Tshaka was so angry that he immediately sent John Cane to Grahamstown on a further mission to the Governor of the Cape. Apart from his diplomatic duties, Cane was told to find out whether King had delivered the fifty tusks Tshaka had sent by him as a present to King George. Apparently King had delivered only two. Isaacs vouches for the fact that these were all that he received. Cane was also directed to buy some medicines—and some Macassar Oil!

Tshaka afterwards relented towards Isaacs, and made him a grant of twenty-five miles of coast (from the river " Umlutee " to the river " Umlass "), and a hundred miles of hinterland. It practically covered the territory already granted to Farewell in August 1824, and included that granted to King in February 1828. He again scribbled all over the document, so that anyone (including even King George) could see that a king had done this.

Tshaka never got his hair-oil. He was murdered on the 23rd of September 1828 in the Nyakamubi portion of his kraal called Dukusa by Dingana, one of his brothers, and his principal servant, among others. His soul went out to meet its million dead, while his murderers conformed to local custom by drinking his gall. The Zulu nation breathed a sigh of relief and broke into general rejoicing. Their loyalty had been overstrained. They were sick of slaughter on the grand scale. The body of him who delighted in it was wrapped in a black ox-hide, dripping with blood, and cast into a grain-pit near his kraal. This place may still be seen in the township of Stanger on the north coast of Natal. Its matted undergrowth of years has now been cleared by a paternal authority. But the native of to-day displays no interest in it. As he walks along to spend his money at the swarming Indian shops nearby, he never so much as gives it a glance.

Arbousset and Daumas, the French priests who wandered in 1836 from Basutoland through what is now the Orange Free State, and along the Drakensberg Range, where they christened Mont aux Sources, draw a moving picture of Tshaka's murder of his mother " Nate," and of Dingana with his fellow-conspirators stabbing him to death in consequence. According to them, Tshaka, " weltering in blood," called out, " Why do you kill me, my brothers ? " and the righteously indignant Dingana replied, " It is because thou hast murdered thy mother ! "—covered him with " darts," and cast him and " the imperial throne into the dung pits." Somebody had been telling fairy-stories to the missionaries. Tshaka did not murder his mother ; and if he had, Dingana would have remained quite unmoved.

Dingana succeeded his brother, and sent reassuring messages to the Europeans at the Port. He treated Fynn and Cane with great friendliness when they visited him. A Mr. Shaw of Grahamstown arrived at the Port on a mission from Colonel Somerset to Tshaka a fortnight after the latter's death ; Mr. Shaw apparently did not visit Dingana, and the mission proved abortive.

The new King was thus described by Isaacs : " Dingana has a commanding appearance ; he is tall, at least six feet in height, and admirably, if not symmetrically, proportioned. He is well featured and of great muscular power ; of a dark brown complexion, approaching to a bronze colour."

His accession promised his subjects substantial relief from the nightmare of his brother's later years ; it afforded hopes of quiet days, of industrious tillage (by the women, of course), and the excitement of the chase. But in the end he was to break his nation, to hasten by years its inevitable vassaldom, and himself to die, a stabbed and hunted fugitive, on the lava-swept sides of the great Lebombo Mountains. He was not to blame. It was his unhappy destiny to reign when the White Tide gathered its relentless force. Tshaka was astute enough to massacre only people of his own colour ; Dingana was fool enough to lay his hands upon the whites.

No sooner had Dingana succeeded than there limped in by instalments the survivors of Tshaka's last campaign. The army which had returned victorious from the Umzimvubu in 1828, bearing with it the cattle of the dazed and scattered Amapondo, was immediately sent north to attack the people of " Sochungane," the chief whom Captain Owen encountered in 1823. This tribe set fire to its cornfields, and fled into the forests with its cattle. Tshaka's army found itself in the same position as that of Napoleon in Russia. The starving warriors were forced to eat locusts, and even their shields. Five thousand of them were slaughtered by the enemy. Fifteen thousand sick tottered along the line of retreat, most of whom never returned. The " blood sickness "—or dysentery—saw to that. And the neighbouring Swazis created a pleasing carnage among the stragglers. More would have died but for our old friend Makasany, who, as a tributary of Tshaka, fed the remnants as best he could as they crept feebly back to Zululand.

The death of King was a great blow to Isaacs ; the assassination of Tshaka unsettled him still further, and he now decided to leave Natal. Hatton, formerly chief officer of the *Mary*, and the builder of the *Elizabeth and Susan*, died about this time and was buried at " Mount Pleasant," close to the grave of King.

In December 1828 the *Elizabeth and Susan* (by many called the *Tshaka*) left Natal for the second and last time, with Farewell, Isaacs, John Ross, and others on board. Fynn, Cane, Ogle, and Holstead remained at the Port, and were joined about this time by Henry Fynn's brother, William M. Fynn. He had been sent to search for the wreck of the *Buckbay Packet*, referred to above, and, having found it, proceeded to Natal. Another brother, Francis, arrived soon after.

On her arrival at Algoa Bay, the Port Authorities seized the *Elizabeth and Susan* as having no register, although she had on her previous voyage lain in the port three months and been given an outward clearance, or " sea-letter," to Natal. As an example of official harshness this action will be found hard to match. She was sold and the proceeds retained for the benefit of the seizing officers as well as the Crown. In 1834 she lay rotting to pieces near the landing-place.

Isaacs sailed off to St. Helena in disgust. Farewell, after a son was born to him, set out overland in September 1829 for Natal on a still further venture for which he had presumably raised more capital. With him went Messrs. Thackwray and Walker. The former was an 1820 settler of Smith's party on the *Northampton*, and the latter a young English naturalist whose exploratory ambitions had led him to " emulate the exploits of Mungo Park." On the way Farewell and his two companions visited Qeto, chief of the Amakwabi, near the Umzimvubu River. This Zululand tribe had been subdued by Tshaka, but had revolted against Dingana on his accession and made its way south. Finding that Farewell was bent on trading with his enemy, Qeto caused all three to be murdered about the 6th of October 1829. It is said by some that Qeto was actuated less by hatred of Dingana than by vengeance against the whites, for the following reasons. His southward career, after his revolt, had recently been checked by an encounter with a local tribe. They had in order to achieve this, called to their aid an ancient Boer outlaw of over twenty years' standing called Klaas Loggenberg, who had lived for years under the protection of Hintsa, chief of the Amaxosa. This amiable old gentleman found Qeto's thigh with a chance bullet. This annoyed the Kwabi chief excessively, and he declined to be appeased by the fact that his own warriors had ultimately slaughtered Loggenberg and secured his horses. Fynn, on the other hand, says that Farewell had with him a spy of Dingana's, whom he attempted unsuccessfully to disguise with a great-coat, and that this irritated Qeto beyond measure. Whatever the reason, the unhappy Farewell and his friends were treacherously slain. They had come to Qeto's kraal at his own invitation, after he had offered them cattle as a sign of friendship. He had at first received them with favour. His only unpleasant act was a parade of Loggenberg's horses before them, during which the unhappy animals were goaded and otherwise ill-treated. But even that of itself had no hostile significance ; kindness to animals was never a strong point with the Bantu. Just before dawn, however, the tent ropes were suddenly cut, and the white men were stabbed to death through the canvas.

Notwithstanding Qeto's apparent friendship, Farewell's companions had felt uneasy during the previous day, but he allayed their fears—he had known the chief too long " to apprehend danger either from himself or his people." During the night, too, Lynx, the Hottentot interpreter, overheard something which made him creep to Farewell's tent and tell him that the party were in peril. Again Farewell refused to listen. He accused Lynx of cowardice. So Lynx went back to his hut ; but he sat up with his gun loaded, and in due course escaped, with several assagai wounds, after shooting three of his assailants.

John Cane, who was returning to Natal after a visit to the Cape Colony, had taken the opportunity of travelling with Farewell's party. He had remained with their wagons some miles away while they paid their fatal visit. Three of Farewell's horror-stricken natives escaped in the confusion and brought Cane, hot-foot, the dreadful news. Being by this time accustomed to the playful native way, he left the wagons and plunged into the bush. When he ventured back the whole of their contents had been looted. Qeto's warriors had gone off with two and a half tons of beads. Had Cane remained his corpse would have adorned the scene of this plundering. All the whites in the vicinity sped back to the Cape Colony. These included the father of H. F. Fynn, who was also making for Natal. They also included a Mr. A. G. Bain, who, with Mr. B. Biddulph (probably an 1820 settler of Baillie's party on the *Chapman*, and afterwards a partner of James Collis, a Natal trader), was on an expedition to Natal. After great difficulty these gentlemen had managed to cross the Umzimvubu, and after six days' further travel to reach the " Umzoomcoola Mountains " which " formed a complete barrier to their further progress that way."

They had by that time entered the domain of " Snaam (Sinama) King of the Amaclasabie " and they visited the " Mujalee " (Mjoli) tribe. These two tribes were really the Amaxesibe, which in its time kept up for years a kind of desultory warfare with Faku. Mjoli was the son of Sinama. Here the news of the descent of the Amakwabi under Qeto reached the Europeans. " His progress was marked by murder and rapine " and " the natives were flying in all directions." The party turned to escape southwards from this unpleasant horde, and after superhuman efforts crossed the Umzimvubu once more. The native tribes were panic-stricken. Mr. Bain was very angry with them. " These people," he says, " are great cowards and not worthy of such a fine country as they are blessed with ; the very name of Chaka or Fetchanie will set them flying without attempting to check the invaders." Mr. Bain explains that " Fetchanie " meant " Maquabies hordes," but he was wrong. " Fetchani," (or Fetcani), meant the warriors of another bloodthirsty gentleman called Umatiwane who had been chased out of Natal by Tshaka, and descended upon Kaffraria to create a pleasing carnage (especially among the Tembus) until smashed by the British troops in 1828. We shall hear of him later in this work. Anyhow, the local natives incontinently declined to stop behind and help Mr. Bain cut a road for his wagons down the steep declivities of the Umzimvubu on his return journey. Mr. Bain's annoyance was not decreased by the facts that his oxen were dying, and that the expedition was short of food, Thus he and his companions found themselves in the vicinity when Qeto murdered Farewell ; they were lucky enough to escape his attentions and reach Grahamstown. According to Mr. Bain, Mr. Fynn senior was not so lucky. His wagons were seized and plundered.

Qeto's tribe was afterwards attacked and dispersed by Faku. Qeto then fled back to Natal, where he was murdered by the order of Dingana.

It is impossible to view the untimely end of Farewell without being moved to sorrow.

His daring made possible the settlement of Port Natal. His persistence forced it upon the notice of an unwilling Government. And his indomitable optimism interested the monied traders of the Cape Colony in its continuance. As Isaacs says, he was " resolute to a fault," But his six years of toil, adventure, and hope were brought to nothing by an assagai on the banks of the Umzimvubu, and his achievements vanished like the beads from his plundered wagons.

Had fate allowed him but a few more years, his faith would have been justified; but he died before his dreams came true.

His requiem was an editorial in a South African paper, which contained these amazing words: "We hope that his misfortunes . . . may induce other men to reflect seriously on the absurdity of such undertakings, and save the public the pain of witnessing similar sacrifices." The merchant adventurers of England (or any other nation) never listened to stuff like this, thank God. There is no monument to Farewell except a copper plate in the Town Gardens of Durban, placed there at the instance of a few people who realise what that prosperous city owes to him.

In April 1830 Isaacs landed in Natal once more, as supercargo to an American brig, the *St. Michael*, which had picked him up at St. Helena.

All had gone well in his absence, save that Farewell's fort was in ruins. Only the "dilapidated walls and two or three old guns" remained. Isaacs felt that the havoc was more than time and disuse alone would have produced. He may have been right. Farewell was apparently unpopular, but that, of course, does not prove that he was in the wrong.

The main excitement during Isaacs' absence of sixteen months had been the wreck in January 1830 of a Portuguese vessel of a hundred and twenty tons called the *African Adventurer*. She had left Sofala for Mozambique, a two days' journey, with a hundred and sixty slaves on board. She was blown out to sea, and three weeks later the crew sighted land near Port Natal. There were no provisions left, and, having been eight days without water, the crew ran her ashore. By this time a hundred and thirty slaves had died. When Isaacs walked along the beach the vessel was high and dry, "and the sight of human bones lying near to her was distressing. It was a shocking spectacle to see so many human frames together, the sad remains of the starved people who had belonged to the vessel." Those who survived had been too weak to throw the dead slaves overboard from their drifting charnel-house at sea.

Fynn fed the remnant, including the wife of a Portuguese commandant, poor lady, and by his good offices with Dingana the party reached Delagoa Bay. Dingana was quite prepared to slaughter the whole of them out of hand, as they were not

King George's people, but Fynn quickly declined the favour. The Portuguese, unaware of Dingana's suggestion, offered the Zulu King the choice of their belongings in return for his kindness. With great courtesy he refused the gift. They, however, left behind with him a Chinese, who entered his service, and whose long, black pigtail was afterwards greatly admired by the Court. Moreover, the Governor of Lourenço Marques sent him, by six natives, a handsome present of " beads and brass bangles " as a reward for his compassion.

Cane and Ogle now took over Farewell's business, such as it was, and the two Fynns, Isaacs, and Holstead continued trading, Dingana proving himself most amiable. H. F. Fynn and Isaacs entered into partnership. It must have been a great relief to the Europeans to visit the royal kraal and find that, as a rule, the only blood flowing was that of bullocks. Isaacs often had long talks with Dingana at his kraal as the sun set, while the King amused himself by displaying his gorgeous herd of three thousand snow-white cattle. Any recrudescence of the régime of Tshaka was only occasional, as when Dingana made Isaacs' servant shoot two captive women with a musket, in order to prove its efficacy as a weapon. One of the poor victims, in her frenzy, held up a grass mat to protect herself from the bullet. These women were two wives of the chief Qeto, who had himself already been captured and slain.

Ivory, teeth, and hides were plentifully supplied to the Europeans by the monarch ; he had also allowed his warriors to marry ; there was thus no doubt about his all-round popularity. The settlers continued much as they had before, making themselves at one time " trowsers of a thick stuff " ; at another, cutting up a whale which had stranded at the Umgeni mouth, or planting melon seed, which " grew prodigiously fine in a short time " ; at still another, shooting an elephant or a " sea-cow " a mile or so from the bay. Rachel the Hottentot was still at the Port, as ugly and hospitable as ever. She sometimes lent Isaacs her blouse and skirt when he was wet through and waiting for his only shirt to dry ! Locusts, which first appeared at the end of 1829, now made frequent and deadly raids. They greedily devoured the crops and were only driven off with the greatest difficulty, by noise and smoke.

Fynn and Isaacs built a boat of " green bullocks' hides," with wooden paddles, wherewith to cross the Tugela. They induced the natives to board it by means of " some strong grog," and after it had achieved its object named it the *Adventure*. It was a crazy craft, and was often waterlogged. While it was not in use it was hauled up into the branches of a tree—otherwise the wolves would have eaten it. When it was used again a few weeks later it sank with the baggage of the party. The native paddlers disappeared and Isaacs felt sure they were drowned. They were carried down by the current, but managed to land, and reported themselves for duty. Isaacs dosed them once again with grog, to celebrate their escape. They began to think that the boat was an innovation of some merit.

On one of their visits to Dingana the settlers appeared on horseback for the first time. The King was amazed ; he had never seen a horse before. " He remarked that it would be impossible to make a stand against such animals, as they carried terror in their very appearance, and were calculated to do considerable execution." He was also intrigued with the presents the white men brought on that occasion—some house-building tools and a white mouse.

The American brig *St. Michael*, on which Isaacs had returned, soon sailed for Delagoa Bay, having on board a considerable quantity of inferior gunpowder, " suited only for the Portuguese in the Mozambique." The captain intended to return with a view to further trade. Isaacs is silent on the subject of whether any gunpowder of better quality came out of the *St. Michael* into Natal. John Cane afterwards told the Cape authorities that muskets and gunpowder in plenty were landed.

Natal was now becoming better known and more populous.

Dr. Cowie, the Scotch district surgeon of Albany in the Cape, and his friend Benjamin Green (from County Wexford), a Grahamstown merchant, passed through in 1829 on a scientfic expedition. Their idea was to traverse Natal and return to the Cape Colony by way of the Bechuana country, after exploring the sources of the Orange River.

The operations of Colonel Somerset against the native hordes of Umatiwane (which he believed to be those of Tshaka) delayed them for a time, and it was not until the end of December 1828 that they reached the Umzimvubu. Near there they visited—after his defeat—" Matwane," the chief of the " Lemangwani " in question. They also called at the " Bastaard " village already mentioned in this work ; and they were mightily impressed with the abundance of oysters on the coast—for nearly thirty miles, it was " literally white with this delicious esculent."

North of the Umzimvubu they passed through a country of indescribable beauty, until they reached " Mr. Fynn's kraal near Port Natal," where they collected " a mass of information respecting Tshaka, his country, and people." Here they heard that the country through which they had decided to return to the Colony had been devastated by " the horde of Mantatees," and they decided to travel north and return by the same route. This " horde " was the Batlokwa tribe living in what is now the district of Harrismith under its Queen Regent " Mantatisi," a fierce old lady, who had just initiated a series of bloody campaigns against her neighbours.

They crossed the " Omtongala," or Fishers' River, of the charts, after visiting Tshaka's grave at Dukusa, which was " built of stone and protected by a mimosa fence, renewed monthly."

In March they reached the kraal of Dingana at Nobambe, near the Black Umfolosi River. They were much impressed with his popularity and wrote of him in flattering terms. He was " anxious to anticipate their wants, hospitable without ostentation," and displayed " a magnanimity and capacity befitting the chief of a great people." He told them that " his conduct should be of an opposite character to that of his predecessor, and that his only ambition was to make his subjects free and happy." The kraal and the surrounding country were " populous " ; the native huts were " clean and commodious " ; the country was fertile and cultivation was extensively practised. The monarch, his people, and his realm thus presented an idyllic picture that charmed the travellers. Had they visited Dingana a few years later they would have found that his benevolent ideas had been replaced by more sinister ones.

At the kraal they found about forty " bastard Portuguese." " One of them was copper-coloured, and had straight hair ; all were dressed in long chintz gowns, fastened at the waist." They said that they lived near the Portuguese fort at Delagoa Bay.

Hearing from them that this place was only five days' ride away, the two travellers, unluckily for them, decided to pay it a visit, leaving their wagon and most of their servants behind. For days they travelled through a barren and desolate country, without seeing a living soul. Their pack-horse, which carried their clothing, fell over a precipice and they were reduced " almost to a state of nudity."

After killing a python at the Umkusi River, and encountering a new species of leopard, " most ferocious in its habits and totally different from the colonial kind," they crossed the Pongola River and the Lebombo Mountains. There they found the natives suffering from an intermittent fever for which bleeding and cupping were the prevalent remedy. These natives were a sickly crowd. They suffered as well from a distressing ophthalmia, pulmonary complaints, and worms, as the district surgeon, rather technically, records. They besought the white men not to proceed " owing to the approach of the annual Delagoa fever," but the travellers still pressed on, being unwilling to " relinquish the great object of their toil."

They had now left the mimosa-covered plains of the Umkusi and the banks of the Umfolosi, " thickly lined with fig trees loaded with fruit " far behind. They were near the kraal of " Undolomba " (Mdolomba), a petty chief of the " Unnumio tribe under Sadooka " (Msuduka), where, as elsewhere in these parts, they were received with " distrust and hesitation " by a starving people who had hitherto been " visited only for the purpose of rapine and murder." All suspicion vanished, however, when Cowie and Green proceeded to kill some game and to distribute the meat among them. They had been subsisting mainly on grass seeds ; no wonder they called the white men " gods."

Traversing a desolate tract, impeded by " salt lakes, stagnant water, boggy ground, and forests of stunted shrubs," the travellers sighted Delagoa Bay on the 22nd of March 1829. There they expected a civilised welcome, but found themselves among slave-traders. They were nominally the guests of the Governor, Teixeira. But, according to them, they were " not the partakers of a kind and generous hospitality but the customers of a trading Governor, whose rapacity was only equalled by his brutality."

He required, for instance, two large tusks of ivory in return for a little sugar and rice. He was the only merchant, and " exacted from his visitors their little all in exchange for absolute necessaries, and suffered them to depart without a shoe to their foot."

The inhabitants were literally rotten with malaria. " Three weeks ago," Green wrote, " saw this place inhabited by forty Europeans ; this day six breathing ghosts are only to be seen. The rest occupy a small eminence of red land at the back of the village." Two ships in the harbour had lost a hundred and fifty men in a few days. As one writer naïvely says : " It is not improbable therefore that our travellers took away with them the seeds of contagion." Their remaining horse was taken by the Governor in part payment for supplies while they were at Delagoa Bay, and they were forced to return on foot " unprovided with the smallest comforts, of which there was an abundance in the hands of the Governor," quitting as hastily as they could " a spot no less shocking thro' disease than from the character of its degraded population."

When they were four or five days on their homeward journey Dr. Cowie fell ill, and, after bleeding himself profusely, died within twenty-four hours. This was on the 4th of April 1829. One of their Hottentot servants, Jantje (or Platje), expired the next day. He said, " Master, I leave you to-day," and dropped dead. Mr. Green " felt the loss of his companion (Dr. Cowie) most acutely, and appears to have been almost stupefied with grief." For a long time after shooting, he would keep his " gun at his shoulder gazing as if completely lost in thought and unconscious of what he was about." He blamed Fynn for not telling him of the unhealthiness of the country, but Jacob, his Hottentot interpreter, reminded him of other warnings. He refused all medicines offered by the natives, and handed over his diary to Jacob, with a request that it should be sent to the Cape Colony. He died four days after his friend. Jacob survived to reach Grahamstown with three guns, a book, and a silver cup.

Benjamin Green was " a powerful, athletic man, possessed of great courage and agility." He had once " grappled with and killed a tiger," and was often called " Tiger Green." But the anopheles mosquito was too elusive. There was no grappling with him.

The same writer as mentioned above, in pointing out the dangers of their fatal journey, mentions that even in spots which were admittedly "paradisaic" there were the "insidious crocodile, the terrific boa, the treacherous tiger, and a pestilential atmosphere." He omitted the entirely fatal mosquito. Anyway, there were two more still white bodies in Zululand.

On their way to Delagoa Bay the travellers had happened upon a wonderful lake just beyond the junction of the Usutu and Pongola Rivers. They were enraptured with it. Its waters were "fresh and translucent as glass, the haunt of alligators, hippopotami, and a great diversity of fish." Green christened it "Killarney." Its banks were "verdant lawns, decorated with splendid shrubs." Along these were "sportively feeding numbers of spring bucks (*antelope saliens vel dorsata*) and other animals of the same beautiful genus."

Before they could reach it again their eyes were closed in death.

To return, however, to the Port of Natal. James Collis of the Eastern Province appeared, with Biddulph and one Oughton in July 1830 on a trading expedition. This was very successful. Collis was an 1820 settler of Wilson's party on the *Belle Alliance* and Biddulph has already been mentioned. The party were much impressed with Dingana and had decided to return later and settle permanently. But there was some unpleasantness between them and the established traders over ivory. Fynn was obtaining this commodity in plenty from an inland tribe of hunters called the "Botwas." The word "Botwa," or more correctly "Abatwa," means bushmen. But Fynn was buying no ivory from bushmen. These hunted primitive people never approached civilisation as nearly as that. He was dealing with a tribe of Bantu called the Enhlangwini. They dwelt, under their chief Fodo, near the sources of the Umkomaas River, and had learnt from the wandering bushmen of the Drakensberg Mountains the secret of their hunting. This accession to their knowledge was due to one Dumisa, a wanderer from Mapamulo, who spent some time among them, and managed to gain the bushmen's confidence. After that they killed the elephant with arrows tainted with the bushmen's poison. Hence they received the name of their informants. The trade continued to flourish until Dumisa quarrelled with the bushmen over having one day while hunting been allotted a fly-blown portion of an elephant carcass as his food ration. This insult caused him to break off relations, move south, and there establish a kraal of his own, which he named " Among the Maggots," as a perpetual reminder of the insult. The poor bushmen were probably quite mystified. They preferred their food that way.

Cane and Holstead were sent by Dingana later in 1830 on a mission of friendship to the Cape, bearing great tusks of ivory. Dingana also told them to ask for a missionary. Jacob was ordered to accompany them, on Cane's suggestion, but he went most unwillingly. He was seized and, for a time, detained by the authorities at Grahamstown as an " escaped convict." He never forgave Cane for that, although he should have blamed the stupidity of the officials.

The Cape Government refused to receive the expedition. Cane sold the tusks and bought goods for the King. On his return he was afraid to visit Dingana, and sent him instead the goods he had purchased. Isaacs learnt from Cane of the death of George the Fourth and the Revolution in France. Jacob, in order to revenge himself upon Cane, told Dingana that the experience of the natives in the Cape Colony was that the white man first took some land, and then more ; that this was followed, first by persons who practised witchcraft (the unfortunate missionaries), and then by armies, so that the black man was finally subdued. He prophesied that this would happen to Dingana. This prophecy was directly responsible for Dingana's subsequent attitude towards the whites. It was the main cause of his ultimate extinction. Its importance in the history of Natal cannot be over-estimated. And yet, if Cane had not insisted on Jacob travelling with him, it would never have been made.

Dingana blamed Cane for the failure of his mission, and sent an expedition against him. Cane only escaped by fleeing to the south. His huts at the Port were laid waste. The leaves of his encyclopaedia were scattered broadcast. The Zulus killed his ducks, and even speared and skinned his cat. This was hardly fair on the innocent cat.

In the meantime a rumour that an armed expedition was to be sent from the Cape against Isaacs for gun-running from the

American brig became associated in Dingana's mind with Jacob's armies against the black man. When Fynn tried to counter Jacob's story he refused to listen. Isaacs also heard with surprise that he was credited with being an American consul. His remark on the subject of an expedition against him was, " as Dr. Johnson has somewhere observed," that this would be " placing a twenty-four pounder at the door of a pig-stye." It soon became clear, however, that the bed of the European at Natal was not an easy one on which to lie.

Just about this time the brig *St. Michael*, which had returned to America, put into the Port on a second voyage, with presents for Dingana, but he was clearly hostile, and reduced the quantity of ivory and cattle expected, so that she sailed away on the 24th of June 1831. Isaacs sailed with her. As he left, he gave his " last, longing lingering look behind, on our poor faithful natives who had congregated on the Point to catch a last glance of our bark before the setting sun."

He parted with " these poor ignorant creatures with much sorrow." When he told them that his " departure was a measure which necessity suggested," they " hung down their heads and grief pervaded the whole."

Isaacs believed he would never return, but he was in Capetown in 1832, where his relations from St. Helena (the Solomons) had by that time settled to play by themselves and their descendants a more than distinguished part in South African history. And although he is stated to have spent the rest of his life on an island on the Gulf of Guinea, a Mr. Isaacs is recorded as having attended a meeting of settlers at the Port in 1836. He is also mentioned later in that year. No doubt Isaacs spent his declining years elsewhere ; but it looks very much as if he came back for a time to Natal.

The part he played in the founding of Durban has so far failed to receive due recognition. It was naturally no greater than he claims in his book. But, after making due allowance for the amiable vice of opportunism, he must rank along with Farewell, Fynn, and King as a founder. His book is a vivid, detailed, and accurate record of the birth of a great settlement, and he deserves the acclamation of every interested historian. He was hardy, bold, keen in perception, and resourceful in action. He came to Port Natal a mere boy; he departed almost a stripling; but he left a vivid impress on its nascent years. The only trace of him to-day is the name of "Cape Nathaniel" opposite the Bluff Point, on a few faded maps. As time goes on, however, he will come into his own. He has left us the most comprehensive and interesting description of Tshaka and of Dingana in the earlier years of his reign, as well as a first-hand description of the Zulus themselves. His book is extremely difficult to procure, and some extracts are therefore worth reproducing in these pages. Some concerning Tshaka have already been quoted. Of Dingana, he writes:

> "Chaka sought our presence for information at all times, while Dingan only seeks it for the value of our offerings. Chaka never discoursed on frivolities; he was anxious to acquire information relative to England, and the power of our king, and would, on all occasions, express his rude and singular conceptions of both. War and dominion were the ruling passions of Chaka; while women, luxury, and ease, absorb the whole mind of Dingan. Chaka was the bold and daring monarch of the Zoolas, whose name struck a panic among the neighbouring tribes; Dingan, on the other hand, is too inert to be feared, and too compliant to be obeyed. Chaka was born and nurtured in war, which was his darling aim; but Dingan cultivates the repose of peace, and only wields his spear when necessity compels him; he is no warrior—he is a man whose soul seems devoted to ease and pleasure: the former will eventually dwindle into indolence, the latter will soon hurl him from his throne. Dingan is certainly impressed with an extraordinary idea of the power of a British monarch, and seems much to delight in discoursing on the extent of his might and means; but he will then, as on every other subject, waive it for the purpose of introducing something relative to his women and his sensual propensities. There is nothing firm in the capacity of Dingan; he is too vacillating, too capricious; and, to use an old phrase, there seems in him 'nothing constant but his inconstancy.' There is, however, one trait in the character of this monarch, which may, in some measure, be offered in extenuation of his want

> of energy in the executive duties of his kingdom—he is less a tyrant than his predecessor; he thinks his people will be happy in unlimited indulgences; and that, while permitting them to traffic, they will be tranquil. In this latter he has judged fairly, but he will find that, however humane the feeling may be, indulgences to his people, in their present condition, will neither make them happy, nor himself secure. I will concede that Dingan gives every encouragement to his subjects to trade, and affords every facility to Europeans to trade with them: he levies no imposts to injure or to check a commercial intercourse; but he expects to have homage paid him, and his sanction to barter with his people must always be obtained by a present. This is no great thing, certainly, to require from persons who design to traffic, when they can do so afterwards without restraint—without being under the surveillance of a host of hungry and greedy officials, in the character of Custom House cormorants, who are ever ready to pounce on their prey with insatiable avidity."

Isaacs wrote feelingly about "Custom House cormorants" after the seizure of the *Elizabeth and Susan*. The following is another passage concerning Dingana:

> "Nothing can exceed his piercing and penetrating eye, which he rolls in moments of anger with surprising rapidity, and in the midst of festivities with inconceivable brilliancy. His whole frame seems as if it were knit for war, and every manly exercise; it is flexible, active, and firm. He is reserved, even to the extreme, and in speaking he seems to weigh every word before he utters it, often displaying an impediment in his speech, although he has not any such imperfection, but from a desire to be distinct and to be understood. He, however, speaks often parabolically, and with more circumlocution than is desirable, until his searching eye has discovered the motives of the individual to whom he may address himself; then he speaks fluently and pointedly, suiting the action to the word. His language is impressive, but more like that of a courtier than a warrior, as he generally discourses on

domestic subjects and but little about war. He is neither so credulous nor so superstitious as his people, but is very susceptible of any want of respect, when he evinces his displeasure in a tone which cannot be mistaken. He is exceedingly anxious to acquire information, manifests a great desire to be taught himself, and to have his people taught the knowledge of creation; and thus continually expresses a wish to have missionaries settle amongst them, who, he assures us, shall have encouragement and protection. Ambition is very conspicuous in him, and induces him to aim at improvement in those arts of government which may enable him to acquire renown amongst the monarchs of the world. This he fondly anticipates, and hopes to effect when the missionaries shall arrive to diffuse knowledge amongst his subjects, and give him that instruction which he is so anxious to obtain. His sensual desires and habitual propensity for corporeal pleasures are unlimited; and a large portion of his time is occupied with his females, either in dancing and singing, or in decorating their persons. His other amusements consist in planting and gathering corn, in which he engages personally to stimulate his people, and in herding his cattle; occasionally also he makes hunting excursions, either in pursuit of the elephant or the buffalo. Conversing with his warriors, too, engages him a good deal, and he takes at times pleasure in hearing them detail their feats of arms."

This passage was written of Dingana before Jacob's prophecy altered his views regarding missionaries.

Isaacs' description of the Zulus is vivid and pleasing. He found the men "tall, athletic, well proportioned, and good featured." They were cleanly and respectful, generous, agile, and tireless. A passion for war was their main vice. The women were "rather prepossessing than otherwise, their figures inclining to be somewhat graceful, and their features pleasing and regular." He thought them, however, forward hussies: "We could not mistake the expressions by which they manifested to us their sensual depravity." As he said, this was not peculiar to "Zoola females"; but at the same time he was probably mistaking frankness for something else. The married women

The type of Zulu girl that Isaacs saw.

were faithful to their husbands—not so much, however, from "their inherent purity" but because death was the penalty for adultery. Here, again, Isaacs is a little unfair.

Their virility was amazing. A pregnant woman, hard upon her time, walked twenty-five miles with Isaacs' party, was delivered of a child that evening, and was seen by him next day "with her child on her back in the fashion of the gypseys, carrying on her head a two gallon pot filled with water." Both sexes loved dancing, and personal decoration. They had no idea of a Deity—they "ignorantly conceive themselves to spring from the reeds, as in a windy day the clashing of these supposed genii of the mud, they aver to be like the noise produced by the collision of human voices." This is still their belief. They were the slaves of superstition. The sight of a wild cat filled them with terror; to eat a bird or a fish would in their opinion destroy their courage completely; contact with the fat of an eland deprived them of the power of procreation—and so on *ad lib.* Witch-doctors, medicine-men, and the like flourished mightily among them. "Smelling out" was universal. These gentry were a real force for evil in early Zululand. They were credited with an ability to produce all kinds of hideous afflictions in other people in all sorts of horrible ways. They could, for instance, infect their victim with dropsy, induce in him continuous bleeding, make him fall dead on the road, create in his mind a haunting, nameless dread, or give him a bent back for life. To achieve these unholy results they used, among other equally delightful media, threadworms from the intestines of a baboon or a puff-adder, dried sea-snails, toads' "milk," owls' hearts, wolves' fat, and leopards' whiskers. And to protect themselves, either against retaliation or undue competition from their professional rivals, they wore as an amulet a certain portion of the white-necked crow—a bird of such alertness that he was universally credited with vision at both ends of his sleek black body. As Samuelson points out, the witches of "Macbeth" had their counterpart in Zululand.

With all this, it must not be imagined that these witch-doctors were necessarily charlatans or impostors. Leslie, an ivory trader, once found himself in north-eastern Zululand in the 'sixties, anxiously awaiting news of his native elephant-hunters, whom he had dispatched to the malarial swamps of Tongaland, and of whom nothing had been heard for months.

Out of curiosity he consulted a local witch-doctor, who, very reluctantly and for a liberal fee, agreed to enlighten him as to their fate, saying that " he would open the gate of distance, and would travel through it, even although his body should lie before me." After inquiring the number and names of the hunters, the witch-doctor kindled a tiny fire for each. On to each of these he tossed first some roots which emitted " a curiously sickly odour and thick smoke," and then a small stone, crying out the names in turn. Then he fell into a trance, after dosing himself with another species of root. Leslie continues thus :

> " Then he seemed to wake, went to one of the fires, raked the ashes about, looked at the stone attentively, described the man faithfully, and said, ' This man has died of the fever, and your gun is lost.' To the next fire as before, ' This man [correctly described] has killed four elephants,' and then he described the tusks. The next, ' This man [again describing him] has been killed by an elephant, but your gun is coming home ' ; and so on through the whole, the men being minutely and correctly described ; their success or non-success equally so. I was told where the survivors were and what they were doing, and that in three months they would come out, but as they would not expect to find me waiting on them there so long after the time appointed, they would not pass that way. I took a particular note of all this information at the time, and to my utter amazement *it turned out correct in every particular* !
>
> " It was scarcely within the bounds of possibility that this man could have had ordinary intelligence of the hunters. They were scattered about in a country two hundred miles away ; and, further than that, he could not have had the slightest idea of my intended visit to him, and prepared himself for it, as I called upon him within an hour of its being suggested to me."

Isaacs gathered in his travels some valuable information regarding native medicinal roots. One called " cartazsa," " a

A modern descendant of the Witch Doctor.

black root about the size of a kidney potato," was a wonderful remedy for a very prevalent complaint. Isaacs experienced " inconceivable relief " from it. Another root called " umcomum como " (male fern) was said to give " a decoction of some virtue, efficacious in relieving those internal derangements to which the natives are peculiarly liable." Isaacs did not, however, partake of that. There were love philtres too, which " when administered through the olfactory senses " would " induce young females to elope from their homes." But the right man had to give the dose. The Zulus were great hunters, but not from the point of view of sport. They drove the elephant into defiles and speared him ; they trapped the hippopotamus in pits with a sharp stake on which he was impaled. This was, in each case, for the ivory. They hunted the buffalo, though as often as not he hunted them ; but they tackled him only for his meat and hide.

The women did all the field-work, in a rather primitive way with the hoe. The plough was unknown. There was no methodical tillage or cultivation. The Zulus grew " Guinea and Indian corn," " loopoco " or Kaffir corn, and several sorts of beans or pulse. They partook of " sour milk " and native beer. They planted " four sorts of potatoes—red, white, pink, and brown," all of them sweet—and a kind of spinach grew " spontaneously." Two wild varieties of sugar-cane also flourished, and there were " plantains " as well.

The language of this people was " susceptible of inflections and combinations ; ductile and often mellifluous ; not too much aspirated and with but few gutturals."

Their knowledge of metals was small. They made " rude hoes " and spears of iron. They also fashioned small spoons and skewers, but these were for scraping the perspiration from their faces " when the pores send it forth too copiously," and for the " more delicate operation of cleansing the inside of their nostrils."

If the people of this land presented to Isaacs an ever-changing picture of constant charm, the same is no less true of the land itself. He wandered delightedly among its abounding hills and the great plateaux that stretch from the white-ringed Indian Ocean to the precipices of the snow-laden " Dragon's Mountains."

At one time he discovered " innumerable fragments of human skulls and bones " where " depopulation had stayed the hand of the cultivator "—a depopulation so complete that it was a silent and triumphal testimony to the thoroughness of Tshaka's blood-bathed regiments. At another we find him watching the buffaloes emerge at dusk " from the thickets of the forest to indulge in the grateful herbage," or firing " leaden balls " at basking alligators, with no other result than that they " reluctantly quitted their warm position, to seek security in the deepest waters of the stream."

His sense of the beautiful was deeply stirred by the wide, grassy plains or " savannas " of Zululand which link the cliffs and mountain ranges of that broken land one with another. They seemed to him to " realise the pastoral fictions of Arcadia " ; and in a more practical mood, he records that they " would have been a sight for a Buckinghamshire grazier." The luxuriant crops, sometimes much higher than he was himself, enthralled him ; the " distant sound of the cataracts " which descended from " high mountains in the vicinity " and fell " over projecting rocks with great violence " reverberated like distant thunder, to his lasting joy. And his " momentary admiration," or his welcome rest under " the umbrageous foliage which afforded a shade for the sun's meridian blaze," was tempered only by the fact that there might lurk in the vicinity a " ferocious tiger, whose prowling nature frequently leads him into the plains in search of food."

So he wandered over " streams pure as crystal " up mountain passes with the mimosas in golden bloom, watching the " little antelopes, whose beauty is the admiration of travellers, indulging in the rich pasturage " ; traversing lonely hamlets amid " the distant sound of natives singing their wild notes " ; or cowering, drenched and numb, beneath the wild, pelting thunderstorms that still range down the valleys, searching for the sea.

With all this he managed to read prayers to his wondering natives, who " attended with great order and becoming decorum " services of which they probably never understood a word ; and he succeeded as well in making a garden which presented " objects that might not be displeasing to the horticulturist," although his " system of culture " had " not arrived at that point of perfection which our sanguine hopes had contemplated." Not that he failed to have his awful moments: his feet troubled him dreadfully, till his soles hardened—he walked hundreds of agony-laden miles barefoot over rough country; and an occasional bout of dysentery reduced him to such an "ebb of debility" that he was "rendered quite incapable of any exertion."

But, by and large, he grew—like all who know it well—to love passionately this green "Christmas Land" of ours. And as the American brig bore him slowly away from its shores his heart-strings must have vibrated sadly to its strange haunting call, whose distant echoes must still have stirred him, as he dwelt in later years on an island off the stifling coast of Guinea.

The few years which followed upon the departure of Isaacs were confused, and, on the whole, devoid of outstanding historical interest. And yet they were not without incident.

Late in 1831 Dingana came to the conclusion that Jacob had been unduly hostile towards the settlers, and gave Cane authority to murder him. Ogle, who was friendly with Jacob, was persuaded by Cane to entrap and dispatch him. In this way Jacob sputtered out of history, and Cane's herds were augmented by eighty head. It was a pretty business. But Jacob had invited it.

In 1832 James Collis arrived on a further trading expedition. He was on good terms with Dingana, who trusted him and called him his "mate"; it appears also that Mr. Norden, a Grahamstown merchant, was interested in this or some other venture at Natal. Three Cawoods—Samuel, James, and Joshua—all of them 1820 settlers of Hayhurst's party on the *John*, also went to Natal at this time to trade in ivory. One of the Hayhursts and a man called Upton accompanied them. They were a party of deep religious scruples—so much so that their constant prayer meetings completely upset H. F. Fynn. He felt that their gatherings were completely misconstrued by the Zulus and only led to trouble. As he said: "For instance, the Messrs. Cawoods praying on the flat, when their wagons were outspanned, and publicly in their houses—the one prays, the congregation are in silent attention, and a hymn is sung. How must this appear in the Zoolas' eyes? When they invoke their spirits in going to war, a chief stands in the midst of the people invoking their spirits for their assistance in the intended attack, the people all in mute silence till he is done, when the war-whoop is sung in a most solemn manner." The religious devotions of the Cawoods —according to Fynn—thus indicated to the Zulus nothing but a preliminary of war. But they do not appear to have precipitated a conflict ; any hostile movements on the part of Dingana were quite spontaneous. And the settlers who moved feverishly south from the Port to safety, and back again, as the whims of that tyrant rendered him antagonistic and friendly by turns, had no reason to blame anything but his uncontrollable caprice.

The early days of 1832 were also marked by the arrival of one C. J. Pickman. We shall hear more of him later on, as we shall of James Collis. From his communications at this time it appears that the Zulus were only allowed to wear " black, brick-colour, or blue beads." " Scarlet, tambours, and striped beads " were called the King's, and he put to death those who wore them without his warrant. Or, as it was put by another, " Dingaan prefers blood red and rose-coloured ones, and will take white tembos and also the dark blue." So the trade proceeded—the Fynns, Collis, Cane, the Cawoods, our friend Ogle, and others ranging the country, each seeking the favour of the Zulu King. The Cawoods gave up in 1833. The others persisted, in spite of the " dumping " of beads from Delagoa Bay among the Zulus " at a much cheaper rate than they can be obtained at Grahamstown." This economic glut was due to the cloud of whalers (mostly American) which descended periodically upon Lourenço Marques and distributed beads wholesale in return for supplies —and no doubt for ivory as a make-weight. It would be idle to credit the Portuguese with sufficient commercial energy to have succeeded in making their influence felt any further than their restricted zone of occupation. As a matter of fact, in 1834 the Governor of Lourenço Marques, Deneis, a Swiss, annoyed Dingana. The Zulu King sent for some brass bracelets and beads, which were refused. The Governor sent a small quantity, with some muskets and ammunition, and a foolishly independent message. Dingana, according to his lights, regarded the firearms as a challenge, and his armies wiped out the whole garrison, including Governor Deneis, the Swiss. Fynn reported this to the *Grahamstown Journal* ; Collis scouted the idea, but Cane confirmed Fynn's account in January 1835.

With the close of 1834 there landed in Natal a Mr. J. Bertram, who visited Dingana and gives us the information that " 16 Boer wagons, with 40 shots " had just arrived at the Port. These precursors of Retief had come to spy out the land, and, it was their report that led the Voortrekkers under Maritz and Retief to Natal.

At this time also the Fynns left Natal. They had had enough of this cup-and-ball existence between Port Natal and the Umzimkulu ; Dingana's moods had defeated them. They joined the Cape Government as interpreters, and afterwards as resident agents among the frontier tribes.

Henry Francis Fynn thus passed for a time from Natal history. He was to return later, and to become a resident magistrate, and administrator of native law in the Borough of Durban. He was Farewell's right hand in the hard and early days ; he was always indispensable. He is perhaps the most human—and thus the greatest—figure among the founders. He died on the 20th of September 1861 at his home " Fynnlands " on the Bluff, in the grounds of which he had laid his old friend King to rest, and was buried beneath a giant wild fig tree in the old cemetery of Durban. G. C. Cato, Richard King, and Mr. Beningfield were among his pall-bearers. The Rev. Mr. Lloyd, Colonial Chaplain, concluded his funeral sermon with these words : " My friends, this is the grave of a good Samaritan." As the *Natal Mercury* said : " No eloquent oration, no genius-conceived epitaph could have more fittingly described the character of the man."

Before we pass to 1835, which is the next crucial year in our history, it would be as well to record that a journey through Natal was undertaken by Dr. Andrew Smith, a staff surgeon at the Cape, and Mr. Edie of the 98th Regiment. They left Grahamstown in January 1832, and returned to Capetown early in 1834. Their report has not so far been discovered, but their return led to a hundred and ninety Capetown inhabitants petitioning the King in favour of the occupation of Natal. The petition was transmitted to the Secretary of State by the Cape Governor in June 1834, and rejected, almost as a matter of course, in March 1835. Attached to it was a historical précis by Dr. Smith which contains a little information regarding his recent journey. According to him, Dingana, though liable, in common with all semi-barbarians, to be influenced by " most silly and extraordinary impressions," was definitely well disposed towards the British. The natives who had attached themselves to the white traders at the Port were devoted to their protectors, industrious, and " peaceable to a miracle." Dr. Smith felt that a good many more could be detached from a monarch whose monstrous inhumanity permitted his murdering sometimes even hundreds of his subjects in a day. He adds : " As characteristic of his system of proceeding, I may only mention that when I was in his kraal I saw portions of the bodies of eleven of his wives, whom he had only a few days previous put to death merely for having uttered words that happened to annoy him."

Dr. Smith fell completely in love with Natal. He found a country twenty thousand square miles in extent, covered with luxuriant grass, and abounding in rivers—" a feature in the character of a country that is hardly within the comprehension of the Cape colonists." And he wondered at the undulatory surface, clustered with knolls, between each of which were " rich meadows covered with a most beautiful and abundant vegetation."

The number of rivers, rivulets, rills, and springs astounded him. As he said : " What the traveller has to hunt after in other parts of South Africa with the most anxious solicitude is here everywhere so close at hand as almost to constitute an inconvenience." Abundant crops were obtained twice a year, and there were great forests of timber trees. One of the party —a Dutchman—said, " Almighty ! I have never in my life seen such a fine place."

Twenty years later Dr. Andrew Smith was in London as the head of the Army Medical Board. In that capacity he encountered no less a personage than Florence Nightingale, to whom he gave the assurance that nothing in the way of medical stores was needed at Scutari. When she saw, on her arrival there, the dreadful truth, the flame of her blazing indignation swept from the Crimea across the continent of Europe and scorched the very cobwebs of the War office. Dr. Andrew Smith retired in due course, badly singed ; he must often have longed for the calm and beauty of Natal in the hectic days that her disclosures opened up to him.

In 1835 there were about thirty male residents of Port Natal, and a good trade in ivory, hippopotamus tusks, buffalo hides, cattle, and Indian corn was established. Of these thirty souls, two-thirds were to die violent deaths before three years were out.

Cane, Ogle, and Holstead were the oldest inhabitants. Cane had one establishment on the flats of Port Natal, at the head of the bay, and another farther south. Ogle was living at the foot of "Berea," with another establishment at the mouth of the Umlaas River, a few miles away. Holstead was still an elusive sort of young man who drifted round generally in a rather inconsequent way. The principal merchant was James Collis, who, as we have seen, first traded with Natal in 1830.

One of Collis's assistants was Richard Wood, whose son William, an enterprising youth, became a full partner in a hunting expedition with one Robert Russell before he was twelve years of age, and saw the Retief massacre, as an interpreter to an English missionary, before he was fourteen. At the age of twelve he was a member of the expedition launched in 1836 by some of the British, under orders from Dingana, against the Swazi chief Sopusa, who had raided some of Dingana's cattle. Sopusa's people had taken up a position on a cliff whence they could only be dislodged by firearms. Cane, who was in command, called upon them to surrender. On their refusal, a volley was fired and a number were killed. It was then that a native woman came to the edge of the cliff with a young boy, and crying out, "I will not be killed by thunder, but will kill myself," pushed him over the precipice and leapt after him. It was in this encounter too that one of Dingana's soldiers, who was leading a party along a narrow mountain track, was met with a shower of boulders hurled down by the defenders. Both his legs were smashed and he was carried helplessly to destruction down a mountain stream, shouting exultantly as he was dashed from rock to rock, "Tell my King this is how a soldier can die for him."

Other 1820 settlers who had by this time drifted to the Port were John Stubbs, a hunter, who arrived as a boy in Clark's party on the *Southampton*; the famous Richard King, of Baillie's party on the *Chapman*; J. Mouncey, whose father brought a party on the *John*; and Robert Biggar, a son of Alexander Harvey

Biggar (sometime Paymaster of the 85th Regiment of Foot), who was head of a party on the *Weymouth*.

There were others too: J. Pierce, who was probably of Wilson's party on the *Belle Alliance*, and J. Francis, who was probably the John Francis of Damant's party on the *Ocean*.

Later on A. H. Biggar himself arrived with another son George, as did George Cyrus of Sephton's party on the *Aurora*, and Richard Hulley of Richardson's party on the *Stentor*. The last two were interpreters to English missionaries.

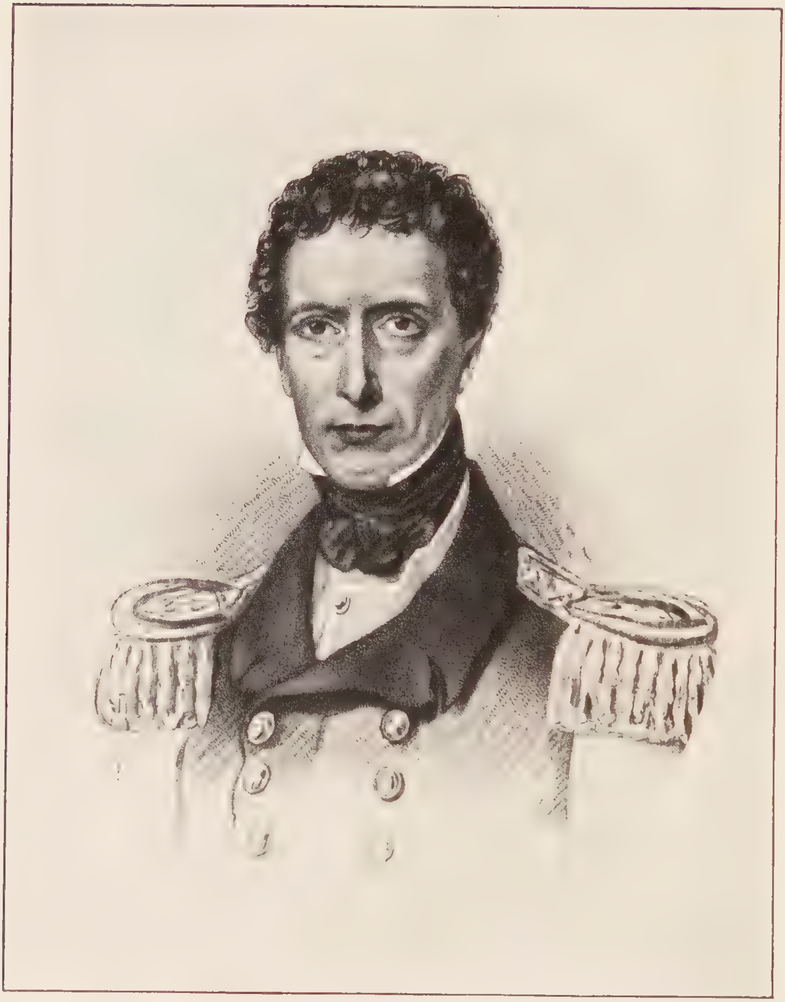
Other inhabitants were the C. J. Pickman already mentioned, to whom Jacob's former followers had attached themselves, Charles Blanckenberg, Thomas Carden, Robert (or Richard) Russell (three hunters), and finally D. C. Toohey, who arrived in the *Circe* early in 1835.

The habits of most of the settlers were primitive. The home of Mr. Collis was the only one at the Port with any pretensions to European structure, and it was only built of reeds and mud.

The homes of all of them were "carefully concealed among the woods with so much ingenuity and labour, that in threading the narrow and winding avenues leading to some of these fastnesses, one might fancy that one was approaching the dismal abode of some desperate buccaneer."

The trouble was, of course, Dingana. It was true that he had withdrawn his armies beyond the Tugela, but there was still an atmosphere of distrust in the air. Zulus on whom his displeasure had fallen were becoming more frequently in the habit of deserting to the European settlement. There they were promptly absorbed, and this was obviously irritating him.

Early in January 1835 there suddenly descended at full speed upon this callow settlement a gaunt ex-commander in the Royal Navy, wearing an eyeglass, and filled with an uncontrollable desire to introduce the Zulu nation to a knowledge of "the all-wise and bounteous God of the Universe."



ALLEN FRANCIS GARDINER—Commander R.N. (" The Patagonian Martyr.")
(From Marsh's Memoir of Allen Gardiner.)

CHAPTER IX

THE MISSIONARIES AND THE VOORTREKKERS ARRIVE

THE restless Christian who had so impinged upon the infant community of Port Natal was Allen Francis Gardiner. He was born at Basildon in Berkshire of a good English family on the 28th of June 1794, and began early to prepare himself for a life of abnormal adventure. As a small child he slept on the floor rather than in his bed, in order to accustom himself to hardship, and he copied out of Mungo Park's travels a small vocabulary of the West African language called "Mandingo," in case it might one day be of service to him. A little later he insisted, much against the wishes of his parents, on becoming a naval cadet. The Navy suited him exactly. He ranged the forests of Penang, and was all but drowned in a Peruvian river. He watched the cigar-makers of Manila at work; he wondered at the rainbows of Tahiti; and he laughed at the monks of Santiago playing a solemn game of hop-scotch in the cloisters. He found himself much diverted by the beggars and the sacred pigs of Canton, and amazed at the "romantic defiles of the city of Kandy," as well as the beauty of the flowering peach and plum trees that arched the country lanes of Chili.

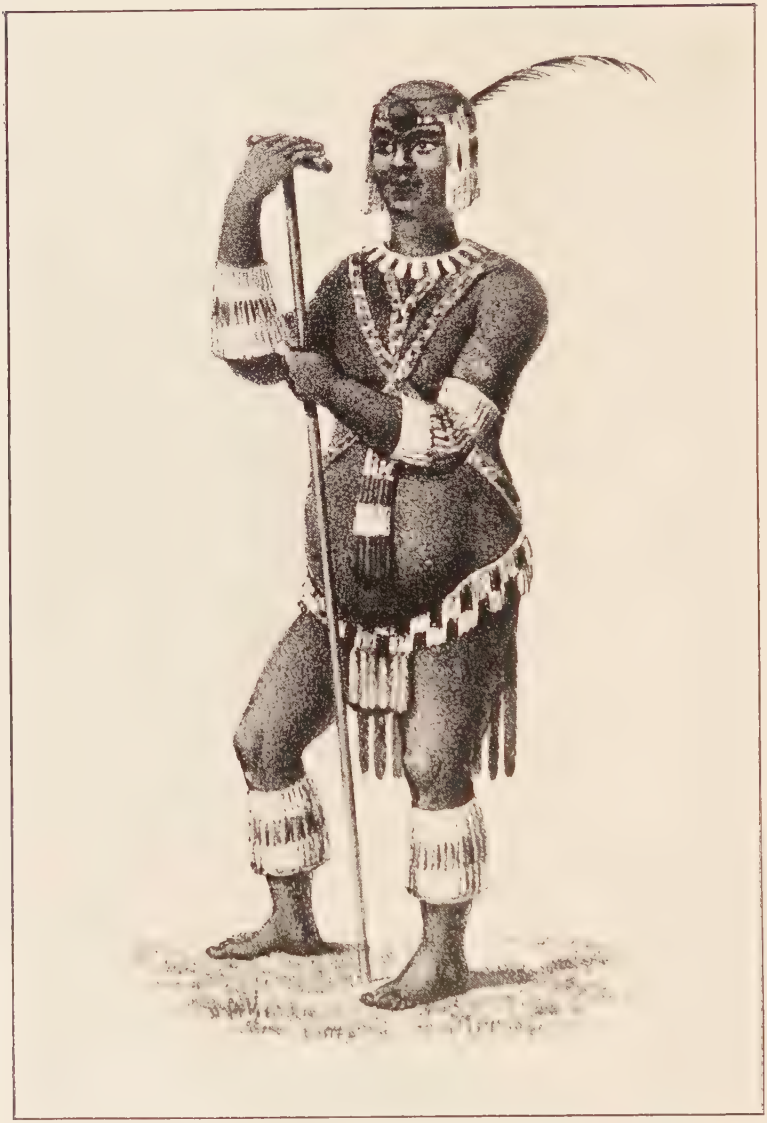
He was at one time considered "wild," but the deeply rooted religious feelings he inherited were never destroyed; they dominated him in the end. By the death-bed of his wife he decided to devote his life to the service of his Saviour. He was true to this vow for seventeen years—at a hand-gallop—until he died on the barren shores of Tierra del Fuego. How much he achieved is immaterial.

South-Eastern Africa was the first field to which he was driven by the fierce and almost holy fire within. His wife died in May 1834. In August he was on the water. In November he was at the Cape on his way to Zululand. He travelled overland at a breakneck speed, picking up *en route* George Cyrus an interpreter. He courageously left Grahamstown when the sixth Kaffir war was imminent ; the residents were certain that they would never see him again. They all sadly shook their heads. Cyrus sped alongside him.

Impatient and tireless, he made his way through the wild country. He battled with the thieving propensities of the Amaxosa, and amused the natives by shaving their beards ; he laughed at the warning of the Pondo chief Faku that the Zulus were an angry people who would kill him. At one time his impatience separated him from his wagons ; all the sustenance he and his interpreter had for two days was a cheese rind and a little brandy ; ultimately Cyrus shot three sand larks, but these Gardiner could not face. He endeavoured to fish with a hook made from the curb chain of his horse and " muscles " as bait —but " not one of the finny tribe could be induced to bite." Another day, still eagerly pressing on ahead of his baggage, he lived for two days on a little brown sugar. One of his horses was drowned in a river, and he shot another, caught in a quicksand, at the Umzimkulu ; he lay sleepless but undaunted, at the Umkomaas amid " snorting hippopotamus " and " humming mosquitoes." During his brief intervals of leisure, he composed hymns and doggerel verses with, alas ! far greater zeal than skill.

He galloped in due course into Port Natal, where he was warmly received by James Collis, the principal trader. Even there he would not rest. Nor would he listen to the advice of this experienced person that he should curb his too sanguine expectations. In two days he was off again. Finding both the Umgeni and the Tugela in flood he impatiently discarded his wagon and oxen at the one and his horses at the other. Pressing on, he hired an odd horse (they were very scarce in those days), which he shared with his weary interpreter, and he swung into Dingana's kraal, Umgungundhlovu, in the mountainous heart of Zululand, physically exhausted, but under the spell of a spiritual exaltation which was undeniable. Here he was at last, the servant of God, upon the threshold of the Dark King.

Jacob's prophecy was slowly coming true : the missionaries had arrived at " The Place of the Great Elephant."



DINGANA.

(From Gardiner's Journey to the Zoolu Country.)

Gardiner's impetuosity had led him to arrive without most of his presents to the King, and his welcome was therefore by no means cordial. He wrote off to the Port for them " by the light of a lamp made by placing native butter in a small calabash, and inserting a rag wick," for which calabash the " shed hoof of a calf " was not a bad substitute in case of need.

The presents arrived in due course, but not in the best of condition. They were " scarcely produceable " owing to having " deteriorated in their various submersions " in the rivers south of Port Natal.

Dingana, however (accompanied by his favourite dog " Marquillana "), graciously accepted from Gardiner " a cloak of red baize with a long silky nap " chosen by Mr. Fynn, whom the missionary had met in Grahamstown. This was an opportune gift indeed, for Dingana's " blue dingaree cloak relieved by a white border " and " devices at the back, although it well became his height and portly figure," was very dirty. Much to Gardiner's horror, the King's brother, " Goujuana " was soon murdered almost in his presence. The victim asked, as a last favour, that he should be strangled, and not clubbed to death. Dingana had by this time tasted blood. Gardiner visited next day the hill to which the corpse had been dragged, but the vultures and hyenas had already done their work.

Gardiner made several efforts to obtain permission to preach the Gospel, but Dingana, rolling in fat, was fully occupied with his warriors and women. " Are we not a merry people ? " was all the answer Gardiner got. The women, loaded with brass and beads, chorused " with such a degree of continued exertion as would cause a European female to go on crutches for the remainder of her life." They were, however, " for women," in a " high state of discipline." Dingana's obesity was of recent growth, for, according to Isaacs, his frame a few years before had been, as we know, " knit for war and every manly exercise," and " flexible, active, and firm."

A contemporary description of Dingana culled by French missionaries in 1836 from natives who had apparently fled from him makes him a man of middle height, of ordinary stature, and very stout ; very black, with bushy hair and many wrinkles. He was, so they said, ill-favoured, and had three decayed front teeth ; he spoke always with his hand over his mouth in a half whisper in order to hide this defect ; and he suffered from four old wounds, vertigo, and also a thousand strange fears and apprehensions of death, in which he was encouraged by the hallucination that, in the dark, the shade of Tshaka was ever with him. There is some modicum of truth in all this.

When Gardiner was at last allowed to enlarge upon the blessings of Christianity he was definitely told that the Zulus had neither the desire nor the capacity to understand these things, but that he could have a position as musketry instructor. What they wanted was to know about guns—not to hear about God. Dingana was as much interested in Captain Gardiner's eyeglass as in anything else, and severely burnt the hand of one of his attendants by focusing the sun on it, just as he had done with Isaacs' burning-glass in 1830. And he all but wheedled Gardiner's watch out of him. He left his two Indunas, or counsellors—Umhlela and Dambusa—to break the news. The former was " of a slight person and a mild and intelligent countenance " ; the other had a " scowling profile " and was insolent and tyrannical. But they were both equally firm in refusing Gardiner's request. The missionary was plunged in the depths of despair. He learnt afterwards of Jacob's prophecy, which, in his opinion, accounted in the main for his treatment by the King.

There was nothing left except to abandon a whirlwind mission which had petered out. With a heavy heart Gardiner left Zululand. His experience at the kraal was kaleidoscopic. He shuddered at the Zulu method of killing cattle, and was shocked at their table manners. They did not eat—they devoured. " The operation was audible at a considerable distance," and the " body became a convenient napkin." Any grease which thereafter remained unabsorbed was frugally employed in polishing their brass rings. He wondered at the blisters and the torture these ornaments engendered ; and laughed at the two Imbongas, or official flatterers, who fawned upon the King and ceaselessly yelled his prowess, " the climax of this species of impromptu composition being the volubility of the speaker, and his total disregard of punctuation." On the way back he was repeatedly thrown from his horse, thanks to the ant-bear holes ; and he saw the " buffalo birds " perched on the backs of native cattle, picking the insects off them, and making " a chirping noise " all the time. The compulsory dipping of cattle in an arsenical fluid in order to destroy the tick as the host of a devastating cattle disease, has in recent years all but exterminated these birds in coastal Natal.

On his return Gardiner found a letter asking him to establish a mission at Port Natal. It was signed by J. Cane, C. Blanckenberg, R. Wood, C. Adams, J. Francis, C. F. Pickman, H. Ogle, and James Collis.

Gardiner joyfully assented, and chose for the purpose a site on the long ridge which overlooks the bay. He called it by the name " Berea," which it still bears. It is written in the Acts of the Apostles (xvii. 11.) that the men of Berea were more noble than those of Thessalonica in that they received the word of Paul and Silas with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily. Hence Gardiner's flattering description of the settlers. He was well aware that some of them associated with native women, and that the Scriptures were the last thing the majority of them ever searched. A few months later he was back in England, fulminating against their wild habits, which he described in his diary as " glaring derelictions " from Christian duty, having " upon the natives an influence too baneful to be particularised." But he no doubt christened his new mission station in the hope that those who had fallen from grace had now for the first time seen in his presence a ray of light.

He lost no time. The letter he received was dated the 14th of March 1835. On the 15th he held an English service " under the two trees at Mr. Berkin's " with a congregation of thirteen. On the 19th his site had been selected ; the next day all the white inhabitants signed a document of title in his favour ; on the 24th he preached to six hundred natives (most of whom failed, no doubt, to understand his discourse) ; and on the 25th he opened a native school with two girls and four boy pupils. He gave each of them a piece of calico for a dress ; more would have attended, but their parents thought his school a mere preliminary to abduction.

A month or so later Dingana's threats against the settlement, due to the increasing desertions of his subjects, had become too pressing to be comfortable. Gardiner, therefore, with the consent of the settlers, concluded a treaty with the monarch, whereby all future deserters were to be returned and all previous ones pardoned. It took several interviews to complete the arrangements. At one Gardiner solemnly presented Dingana with a pair of epaulettes, a silk swordbelt, some gilt bracelets, a portrait of William the Fourth, and a view of the Pavilion at Brighton. At another he appeared in full-dress naval uniform, sword and all, in order to impress the King. Dingana was much taken with the carriages shown in the print of the Pavilion, and astonished at the rapidity with which Gardiner told him that these vehicles were " positively whirled along." But he was staggered to find that the English walked arm in arm with their women. He also took a violent fancy to the sword, with which Gardiner was forced to present him. Gardiner was highly pleased with the impression he had made, but was very annoyed with the rats which infested the royal kraal. One of them was actually bold enough to sit on his head during the night. There was none of your narrow sectarianism about the royal rats. They tackled both Isaacs and Gardiner with a fine indifference.

Gardiner was then told by Dingana to return and see to the carrying out of the treaty. After that he was to be permitted to preach the word of God in Zululand. Gardiner was overjoyed, and wrote these words of devotion in his diary : " The Lord has answered my prayers and given me good success—blessed be His Holy name."

Dingana was too astute for the missionary. The tragic part of the whole affair is that Gardiner's disillusionment was to come much sooner than he thought.

Gardiner sped back to the Port filled with enthusiasm, and himself conveyed four miserable handcuffed fugitives (two men and two women) to the royal kraal to be delivered up to Dingana in terms of the treaty. They had only just reached the Port and had naturally never heard of the compact. Their return to Zululand " bound and within the reach of punishment " was the occasion of general rejoicing, which Gardiner witnessed with grave misgiving. The King promised not to execute the captives, and, so long as Gardiner remained, he kept his word. But to Gardiner's dismay he soon found that they were being deliberately starved to death. This was Dingana's method of technically fulfilling his pledge. Gardiner was powerless. Even his second appearance in full uniform to plead the cause of the prisoners had no effect, and he was in the end forced to abandon them. They were executed soon after his departure. Before leaving, Gardiner measured Dingana, with a piece of tape, for a pair of boots. He also recommended the prisoners, poor, starving souls, to " pray to God through Jesus Christ as He was able to save their souls and do them good in another world." In addition he removed their handcuffs, in case he might need them again. They " all looked most piteously," thanked him, and wished him a pleasant journey : this to the man who had brought them back to death. On his way back Gardiner chose a site in Zululand for his mission station, which was to be called " Culoola," or " To set free."

Worse was to follow. One of the women prisoners had three children, whose delivery Dingana also demanded. They were captured by Cane, and Gardiner then superintended their transmission to certain death. A native relative had besought Cane to release them, evincing " feelings of which humanity might boast." " Suddenly casting away his assagais he threw himself upon the ground in a supplicating posture," and only implored that he might be bound and sent to Dingana in lieu of the prisoners. Gardiner's cold comment on this plea was that it " of course could not be permitted." The unhappy children were sent off, their escort undertaking by way of sickly concession not to tell them of their fate, and to be kind to them on the way. Gardiner then sat down and wrote this extraordinary letter to Dingana :

> " If deserters must be killed, let them be killed at once ; but if they are to be starved to death, we are resolved that not another individual shall be sent back."

He believed that the course he was pursuing was the only one to prevent the possible slaughter of the natives and Europeans at the Port, and from it he refused to deviate. He was gifted with a sense of duty almost hideous in its intensity. And yet even his heart sickened at the grim and bloody fate which awaited the small children who were wearily trudging back to Zululand.

Dingana immediately afterwards stopped all trading with the

Port, except under permit from Gardiner, and held him responsible for the fulfilment of the treaty. Gardiner paid him a visit to ascertain the reason for this, but could get little satisfaction. Dingana, daubed all over with red and white clay in spots, was dancing like a harlequin with his women. He paused only to try, without success, to get his feet into a pair of boots which Gardiner had brought—the largest he could buy at the Port. He, however, made Gardiner a grant of the Port, which was known as "Isibubulongo," or, according to Gardiner, the "White Man's Ford." The grant to Farewell in 1824 had described the Port as "Bubulongo." According to the weight of present-day opinion, this word has no connection with either a ford or a white man. It means a long, narrow-topped ridge. This exactly describes the Bluff which guards the harbour of Port Natal from the open sea.

Gardiner's incontinent enthusiasm had plunged him into secular matters, in the hope that success in these would further his real mission. The result was that he had landed himself by now in a thorough-going mess.

By Dingana's order no white man could trade with the Zulus except under Gardiner's permit. Being responsible for the fulfilment of the treaty, he could grant no permit unless he obtained security against its breach by the trader, and he could neither prevent unauthorised trading nor exact the security. It is not surprising therefore that he records in his journal his fear that a minister of the Gospel who turned aside to mingle in politics was departing from his duty, a sentiment which is still popular in South Africa. He justified himself, however, by recording that the circumstances were exceptional. They were, it is true, but he created them largely himself; and it is by no means clear that he took the best steps to deal with them. He decided to visit the Cape, and to obtain either there or in England, by hook or by crook, some magisterial authority which would enable him to exercise some control over the settlers. He apparently did not disclose his ideas to them. That was another mistake.

Before he left he presided over a meeting of fifteen residents on the 23rd of June 1835. Those present decided to form the town of D'Urban, which was named after Sir Benjamin D'Urban, then Governor of the Cape. The site was to be an "eligible and commodious " one, between the " River Avon and the Buffalo Spring." This spring was probably where Old Well Court is to-day, in the heart of the city of Durban ; but the River Avon has never been heard of either before or since that memorable meeting. The Umbilo is the most likely solution, but on all available contemporary maps that stream appears as Farewell's river, Cane's River, or under its proper name.

The regulations passed at the meeting make brave reading. Every one present was to be entitled to a building plot on payment of seven shillings and sixpence. New-comers were only to buy their sites at auction, with a reserve of not less than three pounds fifteen shillings each. Some of this land fetches over two hundred thousand pounds an acre to-day. Allottees were to build a house on European lines, of dimensions not less than twenty-four feet by ten (with walls not less than eight feet high), and there were to be no more Kaffir huts or straw houses in the town. Anyone of those present found without an adequate residence after a lapse of eighteen months was to forfeit his plot, and of course his seven and sixpence. But, as nobody paid his seven and sixpence, one may let this pass.

Local Government was to be in the hands of a Town Committee of at least five, and the precision of the whole affair is shown by a rule that the Committee were to meet *always* on the *first Wednesday* in *every month.* The members of this Committee were not to exceed thirteen, or nearly half the total white population. They were to be elected on the 1st of July in every year —unless, of course, that day fell upon a Sunday. In a fine access of liberality, three thousand acres of land on the " River Avon " were given to the Church of England and a free site to the clergyman. Captain Gardiner saw to that. Two thousand were set aside to endow a free school, and three thousand more to endow a public hospital, making over twelve square miles in all. The school had perforce to be content with land on the River Umlaas, some seven miles away ; and the hospital endowment was still more distant, being situate on the River Umkomaas, over twenty miles to the southward. With the Town Committee the meeting was more niggardly. They were to receive eighteen pence a day, but only when transacting business. This is exactly what a wagon load of timber was to cost, if cut from certain

Town Lands, which were declared to be situate upon the Bluff. Even the Town Treasurer was to be regarded with suspicion, for two auditors, elected every six months, were to provide a merciless check upon his handling of the town funds—if any. Where the competent auditors were to be found was quite immaterial. Becoming more enthusiastic as the various regulations were passed, the meeting ultimately resolved to call for tenders for the herculean task of clearing " the streets and squares " of the town. A plan was at once adopted, with provision for streets eighty feet wide, a public square, two market-places, and special sites for civic buildings and a church. The squares and streets were named, and it was a simple matter that afternoon to walk—on paper—down " William " or " Adelaide " Street into " Farewell " Square, and out again by way of " King " or " Wellington " Street, as far as " Brunswick " Terrace, a salubrious and stately promenade overlooking the blue waters of the bay. One could see the city growing before one's eyes. Even the natives were remembered. A plot of ground was set aside within the township as a burial-place for them. How could they complain after that, especially as it was their custom never to bury the bodies of their dead, but to cast them into the forest and let the hyenas do the rest?

The first Town Committee of five was at once elected, consisting of Captain Gardiner, Messrs. Collis, Berken, Cane, and Ogle. Mr. Berken was also to be Treasurer, with Mr. Pickman as his deputy.

Berken (or Berkin) was a well-born Polish refugee of means who had voyaged to the Cape with Captain Gardiner, intending ultimately to settle in New South Wales. He succumbed to Gardiner's enthusiasm and followed him to Natal. After this he had sailed in March for Algoa Bay in the *Circe* in order to purchase implements, and she had by this time been lost with all hands.

The residents then established (on paper at any rate) a Town Fund. Captain Gardiner promised £30, Collis £10, Ogle £5, and so on. Richard King, J. Mouncey, J. Francis, and R. Wood gave one week's work. H. F. Fynn was put down by somebody for £2 10*s*., although he was in Grahamstown. Captain Gardiner characteristically seized the opportunity of raising funds for the erection of a church, and £104 was collected (still on paper), Gardiner signing for £50 and Collis for £20. H. F. Fynn (still in Grahamstown) was put down for £5. The enthusiasm of the citizens of this infant borough was such that they did not stop at the mere founding of their city.

A petition which was ultimately signed by thirty residents was immediately drawn up. It purports, by the way, to bear the signature of the already deceased Mr. Berken, and one enthusiast (Mr. White) appears to have signed it twice. The names attached to the petition are worth recording and are here given : James Collis, Charles Adams, C. J. Pickman, Fred'k Kew, John Francis, R. Wood, T. Carden, J. Mouncey, R. King, R. Biggar, C. Blanckenberg, J. Stubbs, R. Russell, G. White (twice), M. Michau, C. Ferris, J. Jones, D. Snelder, R. Foucraft, G. Duffeys, John Wynkaardt, J. Cane, H. Ogle, T. Holstead, J. Pierce, D. C. Toohey, G. Cyrus, Allen F. Gardiner, and F. J. Berken. The petition was addressed to the Governor of the Cape, and the signatories besought His Majesty to recognise Natal as an infant colony under the name of " Victoria," their " august Princess," with its boundaries as the Umzimkulu and Tugela Rivers. This " for the sake of humanity—for the upholding of the British character in the eyes of the natives—for the well-being of this increasing community—for the cause of morality and religion." They also asked him to establish a Governor, a Council, and a House of Assembly, which was to be chosen by popular vote. This was an ambitious effort with a white population of about thirty. It was a moving appeal. Lord Glenelg rejected it after a long delay. However, the 23rd of June 1835 was a great day. This is how Gardiner describes it :

> " This afternoon a very characteristic meeting was held in one of Mr. Berken's huts, for the purpose of selecting the site for a town. On my arrival I found the hut filled with the individuals expressly convened for this purpose. Almost total silence was observed—the subject was not even hinted at, nor had any chairman or leading person been appointed to introduce the business. At length a voice cried out, ' Now let's go and settle the bounds,' on which I risked a question,

> hoping it might elicit a programme of the contemplated proceedings. ‘ Are all present agreed as to the expediency of building a town ? ’ To which it was replied, that their presence on this occasion was a proof that they were unanimous on this point. Thus began and ended this important conference, and off they all scampered in a posse to inspect the ground, some walking, others seated on the floor of a wagon without either tilt or sides, which was drawn at a stately pace by ten oxen. Short pipes, an indispensable accompaniment, were in full action on all sides. Being the winter season, it was a sort of reunion of hunters, who, tired of chasing sea-cow and buffalo, were now sighing for town-houses and domestic cheer. The appearance of any one of these forest-rangers would have gained the medal for any artist who could have transfixed his *tout ensemble* upon canvas. At length a pause was made. ‘ This'll do,’ cried one. ‘ That's the spot,’ exclaimed another. After some minutes of such-like random conversation, the whole party were compactly collected and the business at length entered upon, and conducted in a rational manner, every proposition being subjected to the vote of those who were present, and carried or negatived accordingly. It was in this impromptu manner that the town of D'Urban was named—its situation fixed—the township and church lands appropriated—and, in short, as much real business gone through as would have required at least a fortnight's hard writing and debating in any other quarter of the globe.”

All of which means, of course, that Captain Gardiner handled the whole affair in a very prompt and efficient manner. The only unhappy aspect of the affair is that nothing more happened.

Almost immediately after this Gardiner dashed off to the Cape, and, after many difficulties due to Kaffir wars, reached Grahamstown. Ogle went with him, and Richard King was in charge of his wagons.

Shortly after their departure Mr. Collis was killed by the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder. The first Town Committee of Durban never functioned. Gardiner and Ogle had departed, Collis had been killed, Berken had already been drowned, and

John Cane by himself hardly sufficed for a quorum. The "streets" and "squares" of the dream city, alas! remained uncleared.

Gardiner first tried to reach Grahamstown by the coastal route, but the frontier mission stations were deserted, owing to one of the perennial wars, and he could procure no guides among the natives. Gardiner visited Faku, and found him suffering from badly inflamed eyes, and "sealed in a torpor" induced by native beer; he could get no help there. Gardiner therefore retraced his steps from Pondoland to Natal, and then endeavoured to make his destination by means of a heroic effort to cross the "Quathlamba" or Drakensberg Range. He understood that a party of emigrant Boers had crossed them on their way to the Port the previous year, and he was not to be outdone. He could, however, find no pass over these mighty mountains, and made once more for the coast. This time he managed to arrive at Grahamstown by the route he originally contemplated, and without much difficulty. His journey up to the Drakensberg was a forlorn hope so far as reaching the Cape was concerned—he was too far south—but it must have been a wonderful experience. He passed through the territory of the Enhlangwini tribe of elephant-hunters, and stayed the night with their chief Fodo in his village with the high-sounding name of Dumazulu ("Thundering Heavens"); he longed to direct "these wild mountaineers to the Lamb of God." Then he forded the Umkomaas and Umzimkulu Rivers high up and reached the foothills of the Drakensberg, to find them without a single human occupant, but abounding in eland, hartebeeste and "gneu," or "wildebeeste." The slopes were covered with protea, heaths, and tree ferns, and strewn with agate pebbles. To one rugged peak of the towering range that faced him Gardiner gave the name of "Giant's Castle." There was a quarter inch of ice in his water-bucket that morning. After he swung coastwards the country changed once more: vegetation increased, the grass was ranker, the ground was carpeted with crimson haemanthus, amber gladiolus and lilac flowering grasses. Gardiner was delighted; he was also much intrigued by the antics of the baboons that watched his lumbering wagons pass beneath their stony playgrounds.

He reached the sea close to where the *Grosvenor* had been wrecked—two guns and several " pigs of ballast " could be seen at low tide. From there he passed through Faku's country to find that the missionaries had returned and were able to help him on to Grahamstown. On the way he found that locusts—a curse which had first appeared in Natal in 1829—were not as unpopular as they might have been among the Amapondo, who grilled them in enormous quantities and voraciously devoured them, though their main diet was raw entrails and marrow, with meat tossed on to the embers for a few minutes. He was also much impressed by the scientific methods of the dung beetle. He further rejoiced to hear that the ceremony (a " horrid libation ") whereby the ruling chief of the Amapondo, on his accession, washed himself in the blood of a near relative who was killed for the purpose, and whose skull was used as a basin, had recently been abandoned. He loved, however, best of all the hedge-roses that almost hid from sight the battered ruins of the mission station at Butterworth. They reminded him of England in the summer-time, and they made him forget for a moment that in South African travel " anticipations of comfort are purely imaginative."

When Gardiner reached Grahamstown he found that Sir Benjamin D'Urban was at Algoa Bay ; he therefore galloped on through the night and obtained an interview. The result was that the Governor sent a friendly letter to Dingana by Mr. Benjamin Norden, who sailed on the *Dove* under Captain Haddon. Norden was a Jewish trader who had arrived along with the 1820 settlers and established himself in Grahamstown.

Meantime Gardiner galloped on through the Cape Colony at the rate of eighty miles a day, and was just in time to rush on board the *Liverpool*, homeward bound, at Capetown. She was a teak seventy-four on the way to England as a present to the King from the Imaum of Muscat. She arrived at Falmouth on the 20th of February 1836, and Gardiner—still in a hurry—landed in the pilot-boat that evening.

All this time Jacob's prophecy was coming true. Three more missionaries, this time from America, had sailed from Algoa Bay to Port Natal, also on the *Dove*, along with Mr. Norden. They were Adams, Grout, and Champion. Their adventures are recorded later in this work. But the *Dove* did more than carry them: she landed at Natal a quantity of spirits, and "the consequence is what any rational person might have expected, the whole settlement is thrown into a state of anarchy." As the *Grahamstown Journal* very properly remarked: "Such an indiscreet proceeding as that of sending ardent spirits amongst a people who have no constituted Government—nothing to restrain them from indulgence in the wildest excesses—cannot be too strongly reprobated."

Norden, after a short stay at the Port, during which the place completely fascinated him, proceeded to visit Dingana along with Robert Biggar. The letter from Sir Benjamin D'Urban to that monarch, which he bore, assured Dingana of the Governor's joy at having heard from Gardiner of the treaty. It promised further that an officer of the King of England would speedily be sent to Port Natal to take the place of Gardiner, with presents, "in token of friendship and good understanding."

The news of Norden's mission naturally preceded him, and his progress to the royal kraal was marked by lavish hospitality. Cows and Indian corn awaited him all along his route; two great ivory tusks were presented to him on his way, as a "letter to him from the chief," and so impatient was Dingana that he sent two hundred men to unload the lumbering, creaking wagon and carry its freight to the royal kraal, since its progress was so slow.

When the presents were exposed, Dingana expressed dissatisfaction with the "beads, brassware, bails of duffle, and an elephant chair, which had been constructed at Grahamstown especially to suit his Majesty's taste."

This was, however, merely Dingana's little way. He was in reality rather flattered, and sent a reply (under the royal mark) rejoicing that Gardiner, his good friend, was well, and that a Governor would soon be sent. He added that the sooner this happened the better, as it was not right "that so many people should be living without a head to command them." The Governor's promise was, however, never kept.

Norden did good business with the King on his own behalf. He took away at least two and a half tons of ivory with him. Dingana provided him with a hundred and fifty bearers to take it to the wagon—some say three hundred.

When Gardiner reached England a Select Committee of the

House of Commons on the treatment of aborigines in the British Colonies was sitting, and he gave evidence before it in May 1836.

In August the Cape of Good Hope Punishment Act became law. Primarily directed, as will appear hereafter, against the white inhabitants of the eastern province of the Cape, its scope was widened at Gardiner's instigation so as to embrace Natal. It is in that aspect alone that it is for the moment considered. Its bearing on affairs in the Eastern Province is alluded to later on. This unpleasing measure for which Lord Glenelg was responsible does no credit to the Statute Book of England. It recited that whereas the inhabitants of the country north of the Cape Colony were uncivilised, and offences against them were frequently committed by British subjects with impunity, the law in force at the Cape for the punishment of crimes was extended to these His Majesty's subjects, who could be arrested and conveyed to the Cape by any person appointed as a magistrate by the Governor, and there tried and convicted. The northernmost limit of this weird jurisdiction was the twenty-fifth parallel of south latitude. The fact that this ran north of Lourenço Marques, and in part through Portuguese territory, seems to have escaped observation in the general anxiety to fling the net wide enough to bring Natal within its mesh. The enactment also provided that nothing in it was to be construed as giving His Majesty any sovereignty north of the Cape Colony, or as derogating from the sovereignty either of the native tribes or of their chiefs.

In other words, if the native servant of a white settler at Natal stole his cattle, the servant could not be tried or punished at all, but his master, if he assaulted him, was liable to be arrested, sent to the Cape, and convicted.

The preamble to the statute (which accused the white man of frequent offences against the black) was, as regards Natal, more than half an untruth. Assuming that some of the Natal settlers had acted harshly towards the natives, of which there is little or no evidence (Dr. Andrew Smith's is to the contrary), it is quite clear that in Natal the white men went about, as a rule, in much greater fear of being attacked and murdered by the Zulus than the Zulus did of being injured by them. Gardiner repeatedly made a strong point of the grave dangers of being slaughtered by Dingana, to which the settlers were continuously exposed. This was the only justification for his treaty. The settlers found, on their arrival at the Port, the whimpering survivors of Tshaka's bloody raids, and protected them. Practically all the recruits to the ranks of their followers were those who had fled for safety against the unbridled vengeance of that King and his successor Dingana. The lives of many of the earlier ones were purchased from Tshaka for a few pounds of beads. All of these refugees attached themselves to one or other of the white men. He was their chief ; they regarded him as their father and protector, and, in their turn, gave him their unstinted allegiance. While he lived they respected him, if they did no more ; and when he died they were filled with grief.

Some of the whites were no doubt filibusters ; they lived in rough places, played a hard game, and walked in wild ways. They took part, it is true, in expeditions against the tribes whom Tshaka and Dingana desired to attack, but that was mainly because they dared not refuse. The morals of some were also open to grave question, especially if one chose to forget their circumstances. But to brand them unheard in the terms used in the preamble was monstrous. The way to deal with them was to give serious consideration to the neglected appeals for annexation which had for twelve years emanated from the Port, and not to lend a greedy ear to the well-meaning but impulsive missionary whose enthusiasm had usurped his judgment.

The terrible part of the whole affair is that Gardiner's statement to the Select Committee was the only first-hand evidence of conditions in Natal, and it did not in any degree justify the Act in relation to that place. Gardiner accused the settlers of irritating Dingana by removing women from his dominions to the Port, by forcing certain villages to sell cattle to them under the pretence that it was the King's order, and by harbouring deserters. He accused the bulk of them of " notoriously living in a very immoral state." He said that they dwelt mainly in a disgraceful way, having no tables and chairs. He averred that a Hottentot had come to him and said " a man has fired at another," and nothing could be done. It was, he added, a wonder that they had not cut one another's throats long ago. However reprehensible the absence of household furniture may have been, however dreadful the fact that a Hottentot had vainly whispered to

Gardiner of a gunshot, however deplorable the prevalent concubinage, and however miraculous the fact that the settlers had for years failed to sever the jugular veins of each other, there is nothing in all this to indicate that offences were frequently committed by the Natal settlers against the natives with impunity. And yet this allegation was contained in the preamble and was the mainspring of the Act. Gardiner's evidence on this point was in fact to the contrary. He was asked this question :

> 3999. Did the English residents at Natal instigate the natives of the settlement to annoy their Chief Dingana ?

The answer was :

> " Not in the least."

The next question was :

> 4000. " Then according to your knowledge the English residents at Natal had conducted themselves with propriety as far as relates to the natives ? "

The answer was :

> " As far as relates to the natives."

There is no justification for the application of the Act to Natal to be derived from evidence such as this. But this is not all. Gardiner had by no means an easy passage before the Committee. He was made to admit that Dingana was a ferocious and savage tyrant who constantly practised child murder in his own circle. He was strongly attacked for delivering innocent women and children up to certain death, and thereby almost becoming accessory to their slaughter ; he was in effect told that his zeal to establish a mission had deadened his feelings of mercy and humanity. It was directly suggested that he could expect no blessing from Heaven upon the missionary exertions he had so commenced. He was, in particular, in obvious difficulties when this passage from Deuteronomy (xxiii. 15, 16), was cited to him : " Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee ; he shall dwell with thee, even among thee, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best ; thou shalt not oppress him."

This makes the extension of the Act to Natal all the more remarkable.

In order to complete the mystery it is only necessary to add the Report of the Select Committee, in so far as it relates to Port Natal. This document was drawn up in 1837, after the Act in question was passed, but that does not affect the position. It runs as follows :

> "*PORT NATAL*
>
> "At a greater distance from the eastern frontier another body of British subjects have, it appears, settled themselves at Port Natal, influenced by the wish to diffuse religious knowledge and principles amongst the natives. It is impossible to contemplate without serious distrust the attempt to combine European colonization with plans for the conversion of the natives to Christianity. The allurements to deviate to the pursuit of secular and selfish ends are many and powerful, and although they may be counteracted at first by the principles and character of the settlers, yet no permanent and effective restraint on their cupidity appears to have been devised. It will be the duty of Government at the Cape of Good Hope to maintain, as opportunity offers, a vigilant superintendence over the growing settlement at Port Natal, so that any injuries done to the tribes may be arrested and punished before they assume the form of actual hostility."

This masterly effort may be divided into three parts. The first is a complete misstatement of the position at Port Natal. No body of British subjects influenced by the motives mentioned had ever settled either at the Port or anywhere else in Natal. The second with its "many and powerful allurements to deviate to the pursuit of secular ends" is a piece of sententious moralising. The third is a fatuous recommendation.

The Select Committee clearly regarded the settlers as a band of Christian missionaries of high "principles and character," (presumably headed by Captain Gardiner), who were, however, in danger, owing to the aforesaid " allurements," of neglecting their Bible classes for a quiet afternoon's barter, or of cutting short their sermons to pocket a grant of land from a native chief, who had imprudently asked when the offertory was to be taken. What the hard-bitten ivory traders and buffalo-hunters of Natal thought of themselves in their new role would have been worth hearing.

Anyhow, this growing " cupidity " was to be restrained—and very rightly too—by the Cape Government. This harassed body was by " vigilant superintendence " to prevent free fights of any kind between the " missionaries " and their " converts," arising out of a conflict between that relationship and the less spiritual one of buyer and seller. But its obligation was to be contingent upon " opportunity offering." And of course, if no opportunity offered, the settlers and natives of Natal were simply to fight on. What was to happen then even the Select Committee could not say. One thing, however, is quite clear : there was nothing less like the position at Natal than their impressions, as they emerge from their own report. Gardiner had given quite an accurate description before them, and they had no other first-hand evidence. In 1836 and 1837 the age of miracles was not yet past. Theal suspected the Reverend Dr. Philip of having written the report, which would account for a great deal. If he had read the memoirs of the Chairman of the Select Committee he would have found his suspicions fully justified. The chairman and Dr. Philip wrote the report together, praying for " a spirit of wisdom poured down on their labours."

In due course Captain Gardiner returned, armed with instructions from Downing Street that he was to be appointed under the Act. He arrived in Capetown in March 1837, bringing his second wife and his three children. By the same vessel came a curate from Yorkshire, one Francis Owen, a Master of Arts of Cambridge, who had been drawn by Gardiner's eloquence at a Church Missionary Society meeting to offer his services. He had strict instructions from that Society not to interfere in secular affairs. The Society added that, while it admired Gardiner's motives and enthusiasm, his treaty was an example of that which Owen was in all circumstances to avoid. With Owen came his wife and sister and a Welsh maid called Jane Williams. Jane little knew what was in store for her. Nor, for that matter did the Reverend Francis. He travelled by sea to Algoa Bay and thence overland to Natal. The latter journey must have been one long source of wonder to him. His Hottentot driver was found dead drunk on the first day on the floor of a canteen : and on the second decamped with a month's wages, which the trusting missionary had paid in advance.

A little later some natives discovered Owen dressing behind a bush, and were rather troublesome, one desiring to be shaved, and the other demanding the loan of his toothbrush. Moreover, his Zulu servants (strays picked up at Algoa Bay), who had at first prayed with affecting solemnity and fervour, came to blows with his drivers and disappeared. On another occasion he was struck by the appearance of a number of Xosa youths, who were bedaubed from head to foot with white clay, and wore hare-tails on their foreheads. He was much diverted with this " engaging frolic," and was intensely surprised to discover that it was a circumcision ceremony in full swing. Among these people puberty and circumcision were contemporaneous. Owen never lost an opportunity. He plied the newly-circumcised with " some of the plainest questions on the Divine Being and His works " ; but " they were utterly ignorant, or at least would not take the trouble to consider my questions." Their minds were clearly upon other things.

In due course he met Faku, King of the Amapondo, who demanded of him, in succession, an axe, a tin pot, and an ox. Owen stoutly refused all three. The monarch had to be content with some beads and a knife. So had his mother, after sending a messenger miles after Owen. There was no nonsense about the Reverend Francis in matters like this.

He preached the word of God anywhere and everywhere on that long journey, meeting with very mixed success. One old native lady declined to listen, demanding tobacco ; another indignantly denied that she was a sinner ; but a third listener was more frank : he admitted he felt like one when the missionary was addressing him, which was no doubt true. Another lady, the wife of a chief, had " pleasing manners, and an amiable countenance," but he found her " utterly dead to God."

By this time Owen had engaged a colonist named Hulley as his interpreter and was making a better show. One of his congregations was even diplomatic. After the sermon was over they were asked if they believed. Their soft answer was that a person like Mr. Owen would surely not come and tell them a lie.

Each time he informed his audience that they were sinners, he was asked if a white man was ever ill-treated in their country. He must have often despaired, but nothing daunted him.

So he proceeded, preaching, however, less and less, and praying more and more for guidance. His wagons capsized, were bogged, and broke their poles. He repeatedly fell from his horse into ant-bear holes. He marvelled at the patient oxen, which showed that "perseverance which is the cardinal virtue of a missionary," and sometimes died in the yoke. Owen prayed that he might so work for God. He finally arrived at Natal on the 20th of July 1837, to be met by Captain Gardiner, who had already arrived by the *Skerne*, a vessel he had chartered to bring his family, his belongings, and himself to the Port.

Before we go farther it may be as well to indicate what had happened in Natal between Norden's visit to Dingana early in 1836 and the arrival of Gardiner and Owen in 1837.

The settlers continued to hunt much as before; Dingana, if not benevolently disposed, was at least not actively hostile, and the settlement began to grow. The *Comet*, for instance, brought six new arrivals in May 1836 who expressed themselves as "delighted with the beauty of the country and the appearance of everything around." One of them, Mr. Lake, "by trade a smith, erected his forge and commenced business with every prospect of success."

But the abduction of some of Dingana's people by two of Robert Biggar's native hunters precipitated a crisis, and in the middle of June 1836 the King stopped all entry into Zululand. The whites at the Port met under the chairmanship of John Cane on the 20th of that month and, with the advice of Adams and Champion the American missionaries, passed conciliatory resolutions in support of carrying out Gardiner's treaty. Curiously enough, one Isaacs is mentioned as being present; this was probably none other than our Nathaniel returned for a time to the scene of his earlier exploits. Dingana was by this means appeased, and the settlers as an earnest of their good intentions accompanied an expedition of his against the Swazi king, Sopusa. The guns of the white men made Dingana's task an easy one. Sopusa became a fugitive and fifteen thousand cattle accrued to the Zulu king. Dingana rewarded his allies on a generous scale, but he intimated that after this success they would be expected to assist him against Moselikatse. And the traders were to provide him with a hundred elephant guns for his own army. This was the " natural result of such imprudent conduct." As it happened, the settlers were not asked to muster against Moselikatse ; but Dingana began to buy firearms.

Blanckenberg sold him a new elephant gun for over thirty head of cattle and threw in a supply of powder and lead, as well as a " boy to cast the balls at the King's residence." The price obtained attracted Isaacs and Lake. The latter deserted his forge and between them they disposed of four weapons of the same kind. Robert Biggar followed suit. His double-barrelled percussion gun realised six tusks. And Mr. Kew, " who had been tailoring " for Dingana, " made him a present " of two more. The delinquents, who were thus providing a potential enemy with weapons for use—perhaps against themselves—made all sorts of excuses ; but these were both flimsy and false. Dingana, thus encouraged, relieved David Steller, the hunter, of six more guns by force. He accused Steller's party of hunting in a prohibited area, and said he would keep the weapons until Captain Gardiner returned. The whole place was disorganised, and the settlers reported this to the *Grahamstown Journal* in November 1836 in a letter signed by Cane, Ogle, L. Carden, W. Bottomley, Thomas Lidnell, C. Adams, H. Batt, Richard Wood, J. D. Steller, G. White, Robert Russell, C. J. Pickman, Joseph Brown, and T. Holstead.

From this time onwards to May of 1837 there is silence. It is clear, however, that trade in Zululand was on the whole precarious. The settlers ranged mainly south and west through Natal, but over the Tugela was dangerous ground. Dingana preserved for months a moody silence. The colony was uneasy and unstable.

Late in April 1837 Dingana suddenly inhibited what little trade there was. The truth was that two tribes, the " Amakadine " and " Amapese " had fled from his dominions and were making for the Port, and he was furious at these further additions to the settlement. The old sore had broken out.

This was the view the settlers took at any rate. Feeling that the arrival of these fugitives would afford Dingana a pretext for carrying into execution his " long and often threatened intention of invading and attacking this settlement " they took steps which must be regarded as unique. They met—some twenty in number—and fixed upon " Point St. Michaels " (alias Point Fynn) as the site of a fort ; they appointed Alexander Biggar as the Commandant for the time being, and they resolved that " all the coloured population should be enrolled and embodied as a militia force and be officered by their British Chiefs." By a proclamation dated the 4th of May 1837 and signed by himself and John Cane as " Sec. *pro tem.*" Biggar called upon all persons to yield a ready and cheerful obedience to all orders he might issue from time to time.

From this time until the end of the month this ex-Paymaster of the 85th Regiment eructated a stream of General Orders upon every conceivable topic from " Headquarters, Point St. Michaels."

The " British Chiefs " were enjoined to send a return of their men at once—specifying the number of muskets and assagais—and to assemble at headquarters.

Mr. Pickman received the high office of Secretary to the Commandant ; Messrs. Toohey and Wood were made " Superintendents of Works." Orderlies were requisitioned ; beacons of alarm " were to be prepared " on the different commanding heights. Mr. Brown was to see that this was done.

On the 5th of May the Commandant congratulated the tribes under Cane, Ogle, and Blanckenberg on their prompt assembly at Point St. Michaels, and " the alertness which was shown in commencing the fortifications." He had no doubt, he added, that the other tribes " would evince an equal degree of zeal." Warming to his work, Commandant Alexander Biggar ordered Blanckenberg and his men to cut stakes—" such as have no axes will be employed in carrying them to the place required." The " black interpreter Jack " was directed to repair to headquarters to interpret for him ; no cattle were to be raided from the fugitive tribes, and no natives taken as spies were to be killed. They were to be taken to headquarters—into the Presence, as it were.

On the 6th of May Biggar surpassed himself. He created six captains and ten lieutenants: R. Biggar, J. Cane, H. Ogle, C. Blanckenberg, J. Stubbs, and D. Steller were the lucky ones. To their companies were attached as lieutenants A. Adams, H. Batt, R. King, J. Kemble, G. Biggar, G. Duffy, and G. White. Lieutenant T. Carden was appointed adjutant, and Lieutenants R. Russell and J. Brown were to superintend the fire-beacons. Pickman and Toohey were confirmed in their arduous offices. The following day Elias Kotzee was appointed armourer. The Hottentots were formed into a company under Kobus Merai, and, to crown all, Dr. Adams the American medical missionary was formally appointed not only surgeon to the forces, but chaplain to the troops as well.

The reprehensible omission to name this redoubtable body was cured on the 8th when the "several companies" were "united and styled the Port Natal Volunteers." But the Commandant, otherwise so meticulous, preserved a discreet silence on the subject of a uniform. For the rank and file this was of course out of the question, but one would have expected Biggar and his officers to have achieved something handsome in this respect for themselves. The trouble was that one could hardly provide for full martial attire when civilian habiliments were at times only partial.

On the 13th the Commandant had published his "satisfaction at the unanimity that prevails amongst all ranks and classes, and the activity displayed in carrying on the Public Works" and trusted that "ardour will continue unabated till the completion of the fortifications." Meantime "Captain" Ogle had been cutting more stakes on "King's Island," and most of the commissioned officers and Mr. Superintendent Toohey were put on "Boat Duty" transporting them. No less than fifty spades were issued to the troops, but the officers were to see that they were not pilfered meantime.

All this activity had its effect upon Dingana, and on the 26th Biggar was able to make the proud announcement that a message from the King had arrived at the Port with an interpreter from Champion, another American missionary. Dingana, through his representative swore, first by the "white man's oath" of a God in Heaven, and next by "the bones of his fathers" that he never had the slightest intention of attacking or destroying this settlement, and that he would never kill a white man. It was Gardiner, he said, who had recommended him to stop the trade and have nothing to do with the white men, who were all rascals. This was probably an afterthought, as Gardiner only landed in the midst of these bellicose preparations, and Dingana had not seen the missionary for eighteen months. Gardiner may, however, have made the remark before he left. Biggar—in general orders—could not " but lament the serious and unfounded accusations of Captain Gardiner against this respectable community." Nor could he " allow this opportunity to escape without expressing his best thanks " for the ready attention and obedience on the part of all to his orders. He was convinced that " the imposing attitude " which they assumed " had mainly contributed to bring about this desirable event."

The captains and officers were to be sure to convey to " their several adherents the Commandant's high approbation of their conduct while under his command." Then came his swan song in these touching terms : " The Commandant on resigning the arduous situation to which the residents had raised him, begs to return his best thanks for the honour and confidence bestowed on him and to assure them that the welfare and prosperity of the settlement of Port Natal will ever be to him a matter of first-rate interest, and further that he will be happy to render his services on all such occasions as will tend to the benefit of the settlement." What less could his faithful officers, his secretary and his superintendent of works do than express in writing their grateful thanks for his military services ?

And so the Port Natal Volunteers were disbanded amid a chorus of mutual approbation.

The wondering natives—who had no doubt done all the hard work—returned from the uncompleted stockade of Point St. Michaels to their humble huts around the Port. The Hottentots yawned and looked round for brandy. The officers sank back into civilian life once more—" the Captains and the Kings " departed. Mr. Pickman, the universal secretary and tireless scribe surrendered his quill. All that Mr. Toohey now superintended was his principal's business. Commandant Biggar emerged no doubt from a dream, to remember his old regimental days, in which he had figured in a less heroic role. It had all been so successful. A swift decision; a rapid mobilisation; the ordered and effective provision of the means of defence; no detail of military organisation overlooked. And the Zulu King had hastily declared himself a friend. If only his old fellow-officers of the 85th could have been told of it all. And yet Biggar was uneasy. On the 30th of May he wrote to a friend in the Colony that he had heard nothing of the movements of the Boer emigrants "whose arrival, however, we earnestly wish, as it will make us more secure." He was also despondent—perhaps the reaction had been too much for him. "Of this place [he wrote on the same day], I cannot speak in the rapturous terms made use of by those in the Colony. It appears fertile and there is grass in abundance; I may say it is too luxuriant. The general features of the country are beautiful but not around the basin, or what is called Natal, which is bounded by hills covered by a dense bush. I fear it will never become a corn country. The wheat and barley I sowed last season were all lost by the rust." This was hardly in keeping with his protestations of a few days before. His forebodings on the subject of Dingana were justified. In less than a year half his "officers" (including his two sons), had been killed by the Zulus, and he was to tread the same dark path a few months later.

Gardiner landed at Durban in May 1837 in sore trouble. He had lost his eldest child, a girl of twelve, on the voyage between Algoa Bay and Durban. She "gently fell asleep in Jesus" on the 11th of May 1837, and was buried at Berea "in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection." As his biographer says, "The thoughts of Allen Gardiner had joyfully centred for a long time on the spot which he had now reached in sorrow, and his first act, on landing, was to provide a grave for his first-born."

He had been given a commission as magistrate under the Act, after some discussion with the Executive Council at Capetown. Before the Governor appointed him, Gardiner had applied to the Executive Council for two things. The first was power to arrest the settlers at Natal if they indulged in "gun-running" or, in other words, the sale of arms and ammunition to Dingana. The second was financial provision for a police force, duly armed. He pointed out that without these powers his position would be impossible and his efforts nugatory.

The Council replied that, as gun-running to Natal was not a crime in the Cape they could not grant him his first request, and that as the Act made no provision for expenditure of any kind they could not provide him with funds. They added that as Captain Gardiner felt that without these two things his appointment would be a farce, he should seriously consider whether he should not decline the commission.

Gardiner took the commission. His view was that it was too late for him to retract, and that rather than face this he would accept a commission he knew he had not " the power to execute." He persuaded himself that his " moral influence " and a " faint shadow of British jurisdiction " would have at least a temporary effect. He had in fact decided in his own mind to overcome the lack of police by providing their remuneration from his private fortune, and to prohibit gun-running by a proclamation of his own, for which as he well knew, there could be no earthly warrant. This last was a desperate expedient, but it was typical of Gardiner. His consuming passion in the cause of Christ engulfed him ; it spurred him mercilessly on, deaf to every argument and blind to every pitfall. He was playing for the souls of men ; he had long since gambled his peace of mind, and lost ; the pity was that by now he was practically driven to stake his sense of honour.

Gardiner disclosed his new authority at a meeting called by him on the 1st of June 1837, and there was an immediate uproar. Everything conspired against him. The settlers attended the meeting fresh from hearing Dingana's definite statement that Gardiner had told him to cease trading with them as they were a lot of rascals. Then Captain Rice of the *Skerne* was accused by Adams, Wood and Russell, the " boatmen " at the Port, of having engaged their assistance (in the very middle of their martial escapade) in a very difficult entry, upon the promise of clothing—" of which we were destitute "—and of then having not only refused to fulfil his engagement but " peremptorily and in the most abusive terms ordered us off the deck." And Gardiner's own behaviour was the last straw.

There were a few whites and five or six hundred natives at the meeting. Gardiner informed the latter that the " King of England had sent him to hold over them the shield of his protection and to see that strict and impartial justice was administered."

He added that they were "a free people like the whites, and that they were at liberty to quit their present stations should they be disposed and to act in all respects as independent persons."

He then read his commission, pointing out that his jurisdiction did not extend to the natives but only to the whites. And he wound up this extraordinary address by reading a proclamation of his own against the sale of firearms to Dingana, or assistance to him in his wars on his neighbours.

After some vigorous questioning, the settlers expressed the utmost dissatisfaction at his proceedings and repudiated his assumption of authority. The natives remained passive; they probably thought that Gardiner was wrong in the head.

After the meeting Gardiner hastily packed up and moved some twenty miles north to the Tongaat River. He was in fact compelled to leave the Port, and an angry written protest from the settlers followed him, setting out some of the obvious criticisms to which the Act was open. This protest, after recording in most definite terms that Natal was not British territory, but a "free settlement," contained a pathetic request to the Government to appoint magistrates in order to protect and encourage them, not to threaten and imprison them. It concluded by saying that the settlers would "cheerfully render obedience to such competent authority as may have the power as well to protect as to punish." Its logic was incontestable. It was signed by D. C. Toohey, A. Biggar, R. Biggar, J. Cane, H. Ogle, J. Stubbs, and C. Blanckenberg. Only Mr. Pickman stood by Captain Gardiner, but as he had been appointed clerk of the peace, with a stipend from Gardiner's own resources, his attitude was only to be expected. In any case, he afterwards recanted. No one would accept the essential position of constable, nor would anyone tender for the building of the necessary gaol and office, for which Gardiner also intended to provide the funds.

In the meantime Gardiner dashed off to Zululand, where, on the 21st of June, Dingana and three of his Indunas (Manyosi, Mapeeti, and Manguanga) affixed their mark in the presence of Thomas Verity, interpreter, to a document whereby he granted to the "King of England" the "whole country between the Umgani River and the territory occupied by Faku and Napai [*sic*] from the sea-coast to the Quathlamba Mountains, with the exception of a district in the Umgani belonging to me, which commences at the mountain called Issicalla Sinyoka." This mountain, which in the newer world would rejoice in the name of Snake Gully, has not so far been identified. As a preliminary to this "grant" Dingana graciously accepted, *inter alia*, a pair of epaulettes, some pink tape, a silver watch, some military buttons, and an enormous pair of worsted slippers. "He took my measure before he went," cried the delighted King.

This document, which Gardiner hastily transmitted to the Cape, also recorded Dingana's views on Gardiner's position at the Port. These coincided, curiously enough with Gardiner's own. The voice was the voice of Dingana, but the hand was that of the missionary.

By this time the British settlers at the Port had had enough of it. Alexander Biggar had written to a Grahamstown resident on the 2nd of June 1837 saying that when the Boers, who were migrating on the Great Trek from the Cape, came to Durban "we intend to form an internal Government of our own, free from the false measures and wavering policy of the neighbouring colony, and I have no doubt but that everything will then go smoothly."

Shortly after their protest against Gardiner's attitude ten of the settlers wrote a letter to the *Grahamstown Journal* reiterating their belief that he had traduced them, and extolling the American missionaries—"those truelly [*sic*] pious worthy and industrious men"—for their kind advice and attention during the recent crisis. The writers also paid a tribute to the great progress of these persons in the good graces of the natives, and added rather naïvely: "If the cause of Christ and of civilisation should *ever* prevail here . . . theirs will be the merit of having laid the foundation of so God-like a structure."

The troubles of the settlement at this time were not only political but economic. Things were in rather a bad way. "Resident of Port Natal," writing to the *Grahamstown Journal* on the 7th of August 1837, issues a warning to would-be immigrants. They were to rely on their own resources for the comforts and clothing required for their families for at least a year; they were advised to make written contracts with any assistance or labourers they brought (a piece of advice whose utility was not necessarily confined to Natal); they were to provide themselves with plenty of tools, and spare parts for their agricultural implements, as well as a stock of colonial cattle. They were to expect to build their own home with their own hands, and to provide their own nails, saws, etc.—and even leather for shoes. "At the time of my writing this [continues the lugubrious Natalian] nothing except Indian corn and a few fowls can be purchased. Tea, sugar, flour are luxuries not even thought of, clothing very scarce; oxen or milch cows are not to be purchased for cash; labourers (white) when procurable expect from 3*s*. to 4*s*. and even 6*s*. per day with provisions. We have no regular blacksmith, wagon-maker, or shoemaker, nor a tailor that will work." His next passage has a thoroughly modern ring about it: "When an investment [*sc*., a cargo] has arrived it usually has been sold at an advance of 100 p.c. which when the very long and very uncertain credit given combined with the heavy freightage and uncertainty of any return cargo is considered, cannot be thought exorbitant, but when it comes to be retailed by others who lay on a further 100 or 150 p.c. it creates great dissatisfaction."

The settlers were sometimes, he added "necessarily compelled to purchase the veriest rubbish at the 1st rate prices."

In September 1837 the British settlers at the Port gave clearance to the brig *Eliza* as in "the third month of our independence," a fact which the scandalised Gardiner at once transmitted to the Cape. The *Eliza* was, however, wrecked going out of the harbour, and thus herself prevented a crisis. Her subsequent history may be interpolated here. She was bought as she lay soon after the catastrophe by the enterprising Mr. Norden. He succeeded in floating her and later sailing in her to Port Elizabeth, where "she was seized under our maritime laws by the chief officer of customs at the bay." Isaacs' friends were still active.

With matters in this state, the English at the Port welcomed with open arms Pieter Retief, the leader of a band of Dutch emigrants from the Cape, who arrived on the 20th of October 1837.

That momentous and desperate experiment in self-expatriation undertaken by the Dutch of the Eastern Cape, and known as the "Great Trek," requires notice here, in that Retief was one of its most important and tragic figures.

On the 1st of December 1834 slavery was abolished throughout

His Majesty's Colonies, and the long-suffering British taxpayer assumed the burden of paying twenty millions sterling by way of compensation to the previous owners. The value of the slaves at the Cape, some forty thousand in number, was ascertained by careful appraisement to amount to about three million pounds, but the colonists and burghers, after patiently awaiting reimbursement for nearly two years, found to their utter dismay that all they were to receive upon a proper apportionment of the total sum was a million and a quarter. Even that was to be paid in three and a half per cent stock when the claims had been proved in London, and after all expenses attendant upon the emancipation had been deducted.

Nearly two million pounds of assets vanished thus into thin air; hundreds of families found themselves reduced in a single moment of time from affluence to poverty. The "Philanthropists"—as the Anti-Slavery party called themselves—were exultant and vocal. But in the Dutch homesteads there was a panic-stricken silence.

This was not all. During 1834 the eastern border was in a ferment; the Kaffirs raided the cattle of the frontier farmers with persistence and success, and any effort at recovery found them truculent and aggressive. Sporadic skirmishing took place, and at the end of the year half a dozen chiefs with nearly fifteen thousand men burst suddenly into the Colony. Over forty white men were murdered; every trading station reached was pillaged. The invaders burnt four hundred and fifty houses and drove off five thousand horses, a hundred and ten thousand cattle, and a hundred and sixty thousand sheep and goats. Property valued at over three hundred thousand pounds was swept away; hundreds of square miles were laid waste; Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth were crowded with terrified refugees. This was the beginning of the Sixth Kaffir War which ended nine months later with a treaty whereby the chiefs submitted—on paper—to British authority, and their territories became the new Province of Adelaide. This was all very well—but the colonists recovered only a handful of their sheep and cattle; they were never paid for the animals requisitioned by the military during the campaign, and they received no compensation for their pillaged homesteads.

Another sore point was that of Vagrancy. The Eastern Province was alive with wandering Bechuanas, Xosas, and Hottentots—some refugees, and all detribalised. They ranged the country in small bands, thieving and lawless, and their sudden depredations and success in eluding capture drove the farmers nearly frantic. An effort to solve the problem in 1834 by means of a Vagrancy Ordinance was frustrated by the Reverend Dr. Philip, the representative of the London Missionary Society at the Cape, and the implacable enemy of the colonists on the native question. The ordinance passed the Cape Legislative Council with the official members in the minority, but it was disallowed by the Secretary of State in England.

The worst calamity, however, from the colonist point of view, occurred in April 1835, when a Mr. Charles Grant—soon to be created Lord Glenelg—became Secretary of State for the Colonies. In December 1835 he gave vent to his views upon the recent Kaffir war in a dispatch which has long since achieved a lamentable notoriety. According to him, the colonists were guilty of every conceivable type of villainy ; the Kaffirs were fully justified in their bloody onslaught ; the submission of the chiefs was to be cancelled and the new province to be restored to them ; a Lieutenant-Governor of the Eastern Province was to be appointed, and the indignant peer announced his determination to introduce a Bill for the punishment of such British subjects as should, beyond the confines of the Colony, pursue their wanton attacks upon the persecuted and defenceless Kaffirs.

This unwise document, which meant the complete reversal of the policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor, was received at the Cape with a consternation which developed into fury—but to no purpose.

In February 1836 the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon the treatment of aborigines in the British Colonies, began its sittings under Mr. (afterwards Sir) Thomas Fowell Buxton, to whose persistence it owed its creation. There, with his delighted approval, and to the quivering satisfaction of the Secretary of State, the colonists were attacked by Dr. Philip and one Andries Stockenstroom, who had until 1833 been Commissioner-General of the Eastern Province and was now living on his pension in Sweden.

By July 1836 Stockenstroom had landed at the Cape as the new Lieutenant-Governor of the Eastern Province. In August the measure threatened by Lord Glenelg became law as "The Cape of Good Hope Punishment Act," with a Preamble which, as we have seen, recorded that colonists were in the habit of committing with impunity offences against the persons and property of the uncivilised inhabitants beyond their borders, and that it was therefore desirable to provide for their arrest, commitment, and punishment.

By December 1836 Sir Benjamin D'Urban's policy had received its death-blow. The independence of the Kaffir chiefs was recognised and treaties were made with them ; their country was handed back to them in full sovereignty.

The colonists, dazed and sullen, impotently watched the border raids commence once more, and anarchy follow as a matter of course. Every petition they transmitted to Lord Glenelg asking for an impartial inquiry was rejected. Their traducer was in authority over them. They were almost without hope. Within a few months Sir Benjamin D'Urban, himself much in the like frame of mind, was informed that he would soon be relieved of his position.

It is true that in February 1839 Lord Glenelg was compelled to resign his office upon accusations of general incompetence made by several of his colleagues ; it is also true that Lord Glenelg's successor dismissed Stockenstroom in August of that year, handing him out a baronetcy and a pension by way of consolation. But it was then too late. The British settlers in the Eastern Province were too closely bound by ties of blood to England to cast off their allegiance and build a new one upon the foundations of adventure in the wild north-east. But with the Afrikanders it was different. For thirty years they had accepted with more or less resignation the status which the British conquest of the Cape had carried in its train ; with proper handling they might have proved themselves devoted subjects—they had indeed repeatedly gone out in their commandoes in support of the British troops in the Kaffir wars. But the end of it all was that England not only deprived them of property, but left them to the Kaffir mercies, and then branded them as oppressors and murderers in an enactment of her sovereign legislature. They began to refuse paper money and demand coin in return for their produce ; they laid in stores of gunpowder and provisions, and their white-tented wagons started to move slowly northward, with what remained of their sheep and cattle travelling alongside. Each party was under a leader. Louis Triegard of Somerset District was the first to cross the Orange River late in 1835, after Jan van Rensburg had joined him. Van Rensburg and his people were obliterated in the far north, and the tragic remnants of Triegard's party crept into Delagoa Bay in 1838. A. H. Potgieter with Carel Celliers, from Tarka, left in the middle of 1836, to be followed later in the year by G. M. Maritz, the skilled wagon-maker of Graaff Reinet.

Early in 1837 Pieter Retief and his following set out from the Colony. Retief, a farmer of Huguenot origin, was born on the 12th of November 1780, near Wellington in the Western Cape, and was by 1820 a comparatively rich man, living in the district of Albany, near Grahamstown. When the British settlers of that year arrived they discovered in him one of their greatest friends. He was soon afterwards " reduced from opulence to great pecuniary embarrassment " through " speculations perfectly incongruous with his customary pursuits " which involved him in the inevitable series of lawsuits. As a matter of fact his " speculations " were nothing more than building contracts. After this experience he returned to farming and settled in the wheat-growing district of Winterberg, where in due course he became comfortably off once more. " We view him as one of the most honourable, independent men in the Colony," said the *Grahamstown Journal* in 1836.

Potgieter and Maritz joined forces on their journey after the former had been attacked by Moselikatse in the Western Transvaal. They made in return a successful onslaught on this gentleman, early in 1837, in which the American missionaries at his kraal were implicated, much to their horror.

While the emigrants were encamped after the encounter in what is now the Orange Free State, Retief's party joined them. But by that time the genius for schism, which the Afrikander possesses in nearly the same degree as the Scot, had made itself felt, and Potgieter and Maritz had quarrelled. Retief essayed in vain to patch up the dispute. Potgieter remained at his camp with the idea of settling independently in that neighbourhood. Retief and Maritz joined forces with a view to crossing the Drakensberg Mountains and finding a permanent home in Natal.

Just about this time another party under the nominal leadership of J. J. Uys of Olifant's Hoek, but actually commanded by his son Pieter, arrived in the locality of the other encampments. Uys was a man of high standing in the Eastern Province. Before he left Grahamstown the English settlers there subscribed in order to present him and his party with " a folio copy of the Sacred Scriptures . . . in massy Russia binding " as a " farewell token of their esteem and heartfelt regret at their departure."

Uys declined, as Potgieter had done, to acknowledge the authority of Retief. He decided to rest for a time in the uplands above the Drakensberg and then to make his way to Natal. It is worth recording that of the four leaders only one was to survive after twelve months. Retief was murdered in February 1838 ; J. J. Uys died in July after his son had been killed in April ; and Maritz died in September. Potgieter alone survived.

Retief sent a party to discover a pass over the formidable barrier which stood between him and his destination. They returned to tell him that he might cross the Drakensberg range at any one of five places without much difficulty or danger, and both he and Maritz accordingly set out upon the final stages of their journey.

Uys and Potgieter in the meantime made common cause, and occupied their time in making a further and completely successful attack on Moselikatse, who fled in desperation across the Limpopo River. Retief with fifty men pressed on ahead of his party, which was to move slowly over the Berg and camp in northern Natal, along with that of Maritz, and reached Port Natal on the 20th of October 1837 after a gruelling journey. " From Drakensberg," he wrote, " to Port Natal I have passed five nearly perpendicular acclivities—the first took us six hours with the wagons, the others less ; in some places we greatly fatigued our horses in riding right and left to find a path to descend—as also in crossing large rivers and valleys, through which we could not find a passage for a considerable distance ; and as during the whole of that time we did not fall in with a single soul, we were obliged to find our way in the best manner we could. The merciful kindness and protection of Almighty God, hitherto extended to us, we must ever most gratefully acknowledge."

At a meeting held on the 23rd of October 1837 the British settlers at the Port presented him with the following address :

> " We the undersigned, inhabitants (original settlers) of Port Natal, hail with sincere pleasure the arrival of the deputation from the emigrant farmers, under Pieter Retief Esqr., their governor.
>
> " We beg they will present our good wishes to their constituents, and assure them generally of our desire to meet them as friends, and eventually as neighbours, and of our wishes that a mutual good understanding may at all times prevail amongst us."

This was signed by Alexander and George Biggar, Cane, Ogle, Steller, Toohey, Holstead, Kemble, Adams, Carden, King, Bottomley, Francis Fynn, and the faithless Mr. Pickman.

To this Retief replied in the following cordial terms :

> " PORT NATAL,
> " *Oct. 23d*, 1837
>
> " GENTLEMEN,
>
> " After the very flattering reception experienced by me, on my arrival at Port Natal, I have no cause to regret my very arduous journey of 90 hours. With heart and hand I declare to you that the sentiments expressed by you, are those I also cherish. I have no doubt, therefore, but that the Almighty disposer of events will cause us to unite together for our mutual welfare.
>
> " If it please God, I intend communicating further with you on my return from Dingaan.
>
> " I remain gentlemen,
> " your obt. servant and faithful Friend,
> " P. RETIEF."

This was indeed an amiable encounter. Retief's language breathed a peace and goodwill which the settlers entirely reciprocated. Mr. Pickman was, however, a little dubious in spite of his signature on the address. In a letter to the *Grahamstown Journal* he did not deny the " advantages arising from the proximity " of the Boers, the benefit of Port Natal becoming the " entre-pôt of import and export," or the additional security the numbers of the emigrants afforded against Dingana. But he felt that his situation and feelings as a British subject precluded " that intimate union which is desirable " ; and if Port Natal became " Port Holland "—well, he and some of his friends might be forced to the drastic step of evacuation. It never became necessary for poor Pickman to carry out his threat because of the Boers. When he did evacuate the Port in 1838 to die of fever at Delagoa Bay, it was Dingana who chased him out, and not Retief. Retief was on the Hill of Slaughter.

About this time Lord Glenelg was writing a dispatch by virtue of which Gardiner was to be informed (very clearly) that the British Government disclaimed any further responsibility for his enterprise. He was to be left entirely to his own resources, though for his character and motives the noble lord entertained (of course) the highest respect. In other words, Gardiner could go to the devil.

This dispatch of Lord Glenelg, which gave the *coup de grâce* to Gardiner's secular activities, is a masterpiece. From it are extracted the following gems concerning the " Cape of Good Hope Punishment Act " :

> " Her Majesty's Government were, of course, aware that the statute in question, however valuable it might be for the punishment and prevention of offences in the immediate vicinity of the colony, could have very little practical efficacy at so distant a point as Port Natal.
>
> " They were aware, too, of the fact that, without a police, a gaol, and a minister of justice, the value of such a statute would be comparatively small ; but they did not, on this account, deem it right to forego the use of the best attainable remedy against the lawless conduct of British subjects on the African continent.
>
> " Capt. Gardiner seems to have understood the statute as implying a pledge on behalf of the Government to do all that is necessary for giving complete effect to the jurisdiction

> with which it invests him. It is necessary, therefore, to deny the existence of any such tacit or implied engagement.
>
> "His late Majesty disclaimed, in the most direct terms, all right of sovereignty at Port Natal, and all intention to extend his dominion in that direction; and Capt. Gardiner was distinctly informed by me that the Government entertained no projects of colonization in that quarter. Port Natal is a foreign land, governed by foreign chiefs, and the Government of this country has neither the right nor the intention to interfere with those chiefs.
>
> "By providing for the punishment of crimes by British subjects, committed within their borders, some encroachment is, indeed, made on the integrity of this abstract principle; but that encroachment is strictly confined within the limits of the necessity by which it has been occasioned, and is justified."

From all this, it would appear that in passing the Act some encroachment was made on the integrity of other abstract principles, such as wisdom and honesty.

The English settlers were thus not alone in their travail. They, however, saw a ray of hope in the numbers of the Dutch emigrants. They felt that with this accession they would "for the future be permitted to live in peace, and be freed from the constant, if idle, threats of Dingana." They were thus "infused with a lively spirit," feeling that they could "proceed with confidence and an assurance that our future exertions will no longer be cramped by doubts of our stability, but be rewarded by the fruits of our industry."

The repercussions of their optimism were remarkable. On the 21st of November 1837 the first sale of sites or *erven* ever held at the Port took place—presumably for the benefit of the community. The sites were situate at "Point St. Michaels" (alias Point Fynn), the scene of the heroic episodes of May. They each measured fifty by a hundred yards, or rather more than an acre, and the prices realised caused the settlers triumphantly to report that land had assumed "a value not hitherto thought of." Mr. G. Britton bought allotment No. I for no less than £10; Mr. Baker recklessly acquired Nos. II and IV for £8 10*s*. and £4 respectively. No. III fell to Mr. Dunn for £6. With infectious abandon, Mr. Biggar invested £5 10*s*. and Mr. Toohey £6. A Mr. Rhoddam disbursed £3 15*s*., while our old friend Ogle, with that ubiquity and persistence which carried him through every vicissitude, made a purchase of two sites for £2 10*s*. the pair. The settlers became buoyant and eager. Even the locusts could not damp their spirits. But Gardiner on the hills of Tongaat was still hard hit.

He had, however, only himself to blame. He inspired the legislation as regards Natal. He acted upon it with the full knowledge acquired at the Cape of the danger he ran. He gambled in the forlorn hope that the British Government would back him and that in the meantime the settlers would be deceived by a false show of executive power. And he lost. The scales of self-hypnotism now fell from his eyes ; apart from his religion, he was a spent force ; and he swung with fervour back to the road he should never have left, to continue on the hill above the Tongaat River, the mission which he had christened " Hambanati " or " Go with us."

CHAPTER X

THE UPHEAVAL

WHILE all this was happening at Port Natal, the Reverend Francis was wrestling with the devil and Dingana in Zululand. He had spent a fortnight at the Port, making " Berea " his headquarters. He described it as " a sweet spot," and was very tempted to remain. As he said : " Were we to consult our own natural feelings, we might fix on *this* as a station where we might have sufficient scope for usefulness, and at the same time enjoy all that luxury which the delightfulness of the climate (at this season of the year), the beauty of the country —the calmness—retirement—security in which we live—and the pleasurable walks amidst the most lovely woodland scenery, would afford us." But so long as there was an " opening in the heart of the Zulu empire " he could not reconcile such a course with his conscience.

At the Port he met the three American missionaries who had been driven from Moselikatse's country by the conflict between that chieftain and the emigrant Boers. He also preached to twelve Europeans and two or three Hottentots.

Disdaining the Berean fleshpots, he set out on the 4th of August 1837 for Dingana's kraal. He visited Gardiner on his way, only reaching Hambanati by a miracle. He was riding on, alone, ahead of his wagons and completely lost his way. He was forced to spend the night in the open, and was found by the American missionary Grout next morning proceeding in a completely wrong direction. Grout showed him the way to Gardiner's mission ; but for this he might have been lost for good.

The journey from Tongaat onwards was exciting. Owen was twice thrown from his horse " at starting, with great violence," but remained undaunted ; and a lion ate one of his oxen at the Umvoti River. He finally came to religious grips with the King a few days later. Gardiner accompanied him, and stayed a few days, in order to launch him. It was heavy work. It was hard enough to control oneself when the Zulu smiled at the Resurrection, but to answer him when he asked the exact position of Hell, was a real problem. Owen confessed ignorance and quickly glided into a solemn account of the Last Judgment. Dingana's curiosity concerning the place of everlasting fire therefore remained unsatisfied. Owen read him part of the third chapter of the second book of Peter, and with an amazing optimism persuaded himself that although Dingana did not believe in the Resurrection, he could not venture to deny its truth. Owen even went the length of recording this: " I confess I have more hope of him than I have of many professed Christians, who believe what he doubts, concerning the Resurrection and the future state, but who live as if they do not believe."

Dingana was very puzzled as to why the dead did not immediately rise up. It seemed so purposeless to have to wait indefinitely. And, if we were all to get up again, why was the Reverend Francis in such a fearful hurry to establish a mission in Zululand? And, anyway, would it be on a Sunday that the deceased would thus perform?

Richard Hulley, the interpreter, was probably having a difficult time. His account of one of Owen's principal interviews with Dingana is worth reproducing:

> " The missionary after speaking for about half an hour and putting as much Gospel truth as he could into his message was told by the King to stop as he had heard enough. Dingana then said, ' I have a few questions to ask you that I may understand.' (1st) ' Do you say there is a God and but one God?' The minister replied, ' Yes.' (2nd) ' Do you say there is a heaven for good people and only one?' Reply, ' Yes.' (3rd) ' Do you say there is a Devil?' Reply ' Yes.' (4) ' Do you say there is a hell for wicked people?' The minister replied ' Yes.' Said the King, ' If that is your belief, you are of no use to me or my people; we knew all that before you came to preach to us, I and my people believe that there is only one God—I am that God, we believe there is only one place to which all good people go, that is Zululand—

> we believe there is one place where all bad people go, there said he, pointing to a rocky hill in the distance. There is hell, where all my wicked people go.' (The King had pointed to the Hill of Slaughter, near his Kraal, which was white with the bones of his victims.) Then Dingana added : ' The Chief who lives there is Umatiwane, the head of the Amangwane. I put him to death and made him the devil Chief of all wicked people who die. You see then, there are but two Chiefs in this country, Umatiwane and myself. I am the great Chief—the God of the living, and Umatiwane is the great Chief of the wicked. I have now told you my belief."

Umatiwane has already been mentioned in this work. He was the chief of the Amangwane tribe, which had been attacked by Tshaka and driven from its home in the Vryheid district of northern Natal. By way of a counterblast, Umatiwane travelled south and west, falling on and wiping out every tribe he met. He finally made his way to the sources of the Umtata River, where his tribe was attacked and decimated by Colonel Somerset in August 1828, under the impression that it was Tshaka's army. That army had in fact fallen upon the Amapondo and returned home. The mistake was immaterial, for Umatiwane was by this time a tolerable imitation of the Zulu monarch, in spite of Isaacs' description of his people as " the inexperienced, harmless, and inoffensive tribe of Maduan."

After his defeat, Umatiwane called the few survivors of his tribe together, and, saying that it was no disgrace to have been beaten by thunder and lightning (for this was their first introduction to firearms), made his way painfully back to Dingana. It was at this period that he was visited by Cowie and Green. Tshaka had in the meantime been assassinated. On his arrival at Umgungundhlovu, Dingana's kraal, Umatiwane threw himself upon the mercy of the King. Tactics of this kind were, however, of no avail. Umatiwane is said to have drunk, in his time, the gall of thirty chiefs, who were his victims, in order to give him power. But the effect had worn off. Dingana received him with apparent friendship ; but before long his corpse was on the Hill of Slaughter, with its neck broken, its eyes gouged out, and " wooden pegs forced up the nostrils, into the brain."

To return, however, to Owen. Dingana was on the whole complaisant, although occasionally discourteous, as when he sent a blind man on a message through the congregation while Owen was discoursing, with unhappy results. As often as not he preferred to dance before his women, " whose stoutness would exceed all credibility," and who sang themselves " into a frenzy," so that the noise could be heard for miles around. He did not, however, eject Owen, nor did he interfere with the mission stations he had allowed the Americans to establish in his dominions. But he prevailed upon Owen to send a tusk to Port Natal and ask for some gunpowder in his own name. This was sent, although Gardiner apparently tried to stop it, feeling sure that it was not for Owen but for Dingana. The King then sent for more gunpowder in his own name. The reply came back that it was illegal under Gardiner's proclamation to provide him with munitions. Owen then realised that he had innocently lent himself to an evasion of the law—or what passed as the law. This mistake caused him great mental agony. His good intentions were undeniable, but his eagerness to ingratiate himself with the monarch had obsessed him. Dingana was too clever for the simple minister.

Owen continued to battle. On one occasion he proved at length to the King that England had only become great when she had begun truly to worship God, which, of course, was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. On another he explained, for no apparent reason, the mysteries of a diving bell to the puzzled monarch. In the meantime he carried on a correspondence with the American missionary Champion as to the correct Zulu name for the Deity. The word which had been introduced was " Uteeko " or " Utixo." The missionaries objected to this as it was a Hottentot word with a " harsh and difficult " click. They also rejected the word " Unkulunkulu " (the Great Great One), as that was not only the name of an early Zulu chief but also of " a certain worm that makes a covering for itself with grass." Champion suggested the Hebrew word " Elohim," which was easy to pronounce and had " other obvious excellencies." The word " Utixo " had apparently been introduced into Kaffraria as the name of the Deity by one Van der Kemp, a queer Hollander who turned missionary as the result of a domestic bereavement, and devoted himself towards the end of the eighteenth century to the Hottentots near Algoa Bay. Apart from other objections, " Utixo " would appear to have been the Hottentot word for the praying mantis, an insect which still goes by the name of " Hottentot God."

Owen opened his heart about this time to his superiors. He was much struck with the " number and size of the towns near the capital." The country was " so populous " that " several missionaries would in a manner be lost there." They would, as he said " be as a few scattered clouds flying over the parched plain—yet when these clouds unite they might pour down a shower." He yearned for more missionaries (of his own country, he added as an afterthought) of whom he might be the least. With this accession " the wilderness might become as a fruitful field."

One day in October 1837, Owen showed Dingana Captain Gardiner's *Journey to the Zoola Country*, which had just arrived. Dingana entirely approved of the frontispiece depicting himself in his dancing dress, and suddenly produced a letter from Retief which he asked Owen to read to him. Retief arrived with three companions on the 6th of November, having called on Gardiner on his way north. He interviewed the King, and was promised a grant of land, conditional upon his recovering certain cattle from Sikonyela, a Batlokwa chief who lived beyond the Drakensberg. This chief was the son of the Regent Mantatisi, already mentioned, and had not only raided these cattle from a Zulu outpost, but had taunted the uncircumcised Dingana with lack of virility—an unforgivable insult. Dingana's promise to Retief, like every other made by Tshaka and himself, was of no real value. Farewell (1824), Fynn (1825), J. S. King (1828), Isaacs (1828), Collis (1832), and Gardiner (1837), had all gone through the same procedure.

Retief recorded with fervour the kindness of Dingana. The Zulu King said, with a smile, as he met him, " You do not know me, nor I you ; and therefore we must become better acquainted." Dingana laid himself out to entertain the new visitor. He greeted Retief effusively in his " spherical habitation " of twenty feet diameter, where there were twenty-two pillars " entirely covered with beads " rising from a floor which shone like a mirror. Four thousand of his warriors danced before the trusting Dutchman ; and Dingana paraded before him his herd of red oxen with white backs, two thousand four hundred and twenty-four strong. The emigrants counted them. He also introduced into the dance of his army nearly two hundred decorated hornless oxen of one colour, fully trained to their part in the manœuvre. Retief was fascinated.

After this the Boers moved off to carry out their part of the bargain. Dingana had, unknown to them, given orders to Sigwebana, one of his headmen, who had charge of " Kangela," a royal kraal nearer the Tugela River, to entertain them on their way, and, while thus occupied, to murder them. Sigwebana refused to obey and fled with his people towards Natal, but one of Dingana's armies was swiftly dispatched to intercept him. He was overtaken at the Tugela River and lost six hundred men, as well as most of his women and children, who were captured, taken back, and killed. He himself escaped into Natal. Another version of the cause of Sigwebana's flight is that one of the King's harem fell in love with him, and that he thus incurred Dingana's displeasure. Sigwebana, however, told Gardiner that the trouble was that Dingana wanted to kill the Dutch, and A. H. Biggar confirms this in a contemporary letter.

In the meantime trouble was brewing at Dingana's kraal. The store of gunpowder he had desperately hoped to obtain was not forthcoming, for the British at the Port still refused to supply it. The angry monarch threatened to stop all trade with them. Owen's remorse at having innocently made himself the cause of the whole trouble must rather have interrupted his efforts to turn the nineteenth Psalm into Zulu with the aid of a Hebrew lexicon, by means which must for ever remain a mystery. In addition to this, slaughterings at the kraal increased significantly, and poor Owen prayed desperately for " the mild reign of the Prince of Peace " to arrive. He was by this time becoming " occasionally but sinfully " subject to fits of depression. He could make little progress with his mission. When he preached one day to a gathering near the Umlalazi River, the congregation rebuked him for the incoherence of his discourse. They said he " talked first about one thing and then another, that they could not understand." This caused him great searching of the heart. As he explained God to the natives at another place they expressed the view that he must be a good climber to live up in the air. Then it appeared that they did not know that Owen was speaking of God. They thought that he meant King George. They added that they had heard of God from some white man, but had forgotten his name until Owen mentioned it. The white man was probably Gardiner, or one of the Americans. The natives were unlikely to have heard of the Deity from anyone else at the Port.

Owen's references to the everlasting fires of Hell in which the wicked would for ever burn without being consumed, were greeted with general laughter. Owen then remembered that "a bishop must be blameless, not self-willed, not soon angry, no striker," and restrained himself.

Owen's record of the one day on which Dingana allowed him officially to preach to his Indunas and his people is a tragic story. Owen told these great sturdy, healthy, lusty Zulus that we were all sinners ; that each of us had "a soul that must live for ever when the body is dead," and that our souls were filthy and must be washed. This was more than the audience could stomach ; an indescribable uproar ensued and lasted two hours. The brave but unhappy missionary was bombarded from every side with argumentative questions. In what river are we to be washed ? We are not to be washed with water, said Owen, but with blood. "In whose blood ?" was the natural reply. When Owen told them the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, they asked where He was. Let Owen himself continue :

> "In Heaven I said, but once He came down to earth and . . . Whom did he leave behind to wash us ? He washes us Himself with His own blood. It is not our bodies that He washes but our Souls. He washes all who come to Him by Faith. 'Away, it's all a lie.'"

"Could God die ?" asked Dingana. And, when Owen said, "No," flung the obvious question, "If God does not die, why has He said that people must die ?" With the answer the whole assembly returned to original sin, and the clamour redoubled. In the end the audience moved the closure, telling Owen to hold his peace concerning the dead, and to take on the easier task of preventing the sick from dying. Dingana sent him back to his wagon, bewildered.

Dingana now became more and more difficult, and the missionary was sorely perturbed. In truth the monarch was by now convinced that Jacob had been right. First had come men seeking land. Then had come men preaching witchcraft, for all this incomprehensible talk of the missionaries could be nothing else ; and now there were the armies in the shape of Retief's commandoes which were ranging Natal. He knew their fighting strength from the treatment they had meted out to Moselikatse (Umsilikazi), for the Dutch had twice attacked this renegade Zulu chieftain, who had fled from Tshaka and established himself across the Vaal River, and had finally hounded him over the Limpopo. All Dingana's efforts to become armed so as to combat the white man with his own weapons had so far failed. His plot to murder Retief had miscarried. These new white men had horses—animals which had always terrified him—and they had galloped them on his parade-ground, firing shots. They thought that would amuse him, but it did not. As a result of all these circumstances he succumbed to a deadly haunting fear. Many reasons for Dingana's treatment of the Dutch have been given. There was only one, and that was Fear.

Matters grew steadily worse. The King's warriors grew more insolent each day. They called Owen the King's dog, and one day searched all his wagons, not sparing even the belongings of his women-folk. Dingana, however, apologised for their conduct, and Owen sent him some " pinnafores " as a token of forgiveness. The settlers at the Port had by now taken to the bush, and, by the time Retief returned from his promised mission with a much larger party than before, the stage was set for the ultimate tragedy, although Owen and Retief were unaware of it. At the royal dances before the King, the chorus had taken the ominous form of " They that carry fire cannot fight with thee."

On the 6th of February 1838 Retief and his men were massacred at Dingana's kraal. Over sixty white men perished along with some thirty Hottentot servants. Among the whites was Retief's interpreter, Thomas Holstead, who had arrived with Farewell in 1824 ; he died bravely, after stabbing two of his assailants. This terrible scene was witnessed by Owen, his wife, sister, and maid, the boy William Wood, and the wife and family of Hulley, the latter himself being away. The royal kraal was clearly visible from their encampment. According to Jane Williams, the boy Wood told her the day before the massacre that Dingana would kill the Boers. He spoke Zulu like a native —he had been brought up among them—and had overheard the mutterings of the kraal. His own account is that he warned the Boers to be on their guard, but they smiled, being confident that there was no cause for fear.

Two of the Boers had actually breakfasted with Owen that morning, and spoken well of Dingana. Owen's agony began later in the day when two messengers arrived from the King to say that he was about to kill the Boers, but that Owen was not to be afraid. The message reached him as he sat in the shade of his wagon reading his Testament, and he had hardly heard it when he saw the massacre begin. Poor Owen and his people were distraught. He lay down on the ground, and then, rising, tried to read the ninety-first Psalm ; but his voice broke as he read the deathless prose of that triumphant outpouring. While he did not " receive it as an absolute provision against sudden and violent death," he was led to " Him who is our refuge from the guilt and fear of sin, which alone make death terrible." Then he remembered the words " Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will hear thee," and a prayer broke from his trembling lips.

Into this scene of terror and bloodshed walked that afternoon, all unsuspecting, a young American missionary, Mr. Venable, and his interpreter Brownlee. They wisely did not prolong their stay, but pressed on to their mission station *en route* for Natal.

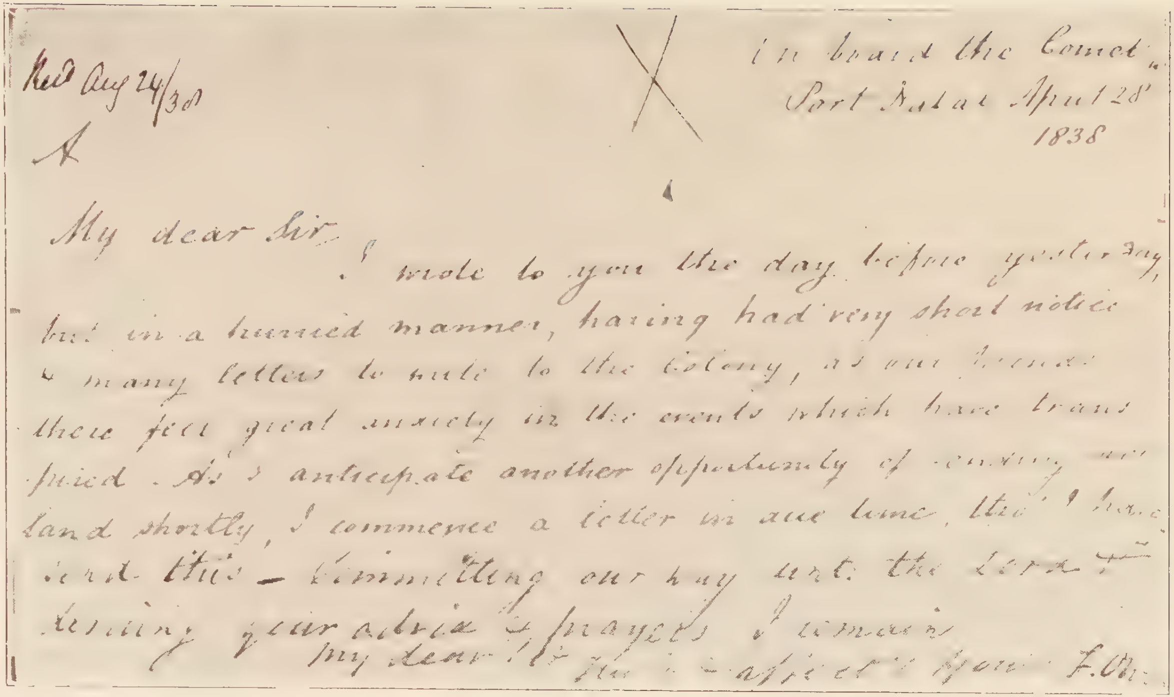
After the massacre Dingana sent a reassuring message to Owen. The latter expressed his opinion of the whole affair in terms which would probably have led to his joining the victims on the Dreadful Hill ; but the boy interpreter Wood—he was no fool—misinterpreted him of set purpose. And the message that went back to Dingana was something to which Owen, in his wildest moments, would never have subscribed.

It now became necessary for Owen to leave, which he did on the 11th. Before the departure Dingana sent for him, and he was next seen by the horrified party walking towards the accustomed place of execution. Poor Mrs. Owen threw her arms round Jane Williams saying, " The rougher the road, the sweeter the glory." A brave, sweet sentiment, worthy of the wife of Owen. He was not, however, molested by the King. The Zulus at Dingana's kraal were nevertheless both insolent and aggravating. Many of the personal belongings of the party were left behind, owing to their insistence. They even took Mrs. Owen's knitting needles. Jane Williams, being shrewder, hid hers, and still had some of them in 1877 when she was Mrs. Bird, living in the district of Caledon River. She also hid all her " plaid and dungaree " in a mattress, and it proved very useful for bartering on the way to Port Natal. Dingana sent some of their effects after them, directing the bearers to leave them at the American missionary station farther south. The bearers passed Owen's party *en route*, and the scandalised Jane saw one of them wearing a dress of her own, and carrying her Welsh Bible. She subsequently recovered an old cloak and a print dress, but, alas ! not her Welsh Bible.

When they reached the Port all was confusion. A number of the settlers immediately decided to set out on an expedition against Dingana, in spite of having been harangued by the dauntless Owen. He accused them, much to their indignation, of merely cattle-raiding under the pretence of attacking Dingana.

Captain and Mrs. Gardiner and all the American missionaries with their establishments also arrived, bent on leaving the country. And just about then a Mr. Hewetson stepped eagerly but most inopportunely, off the brig *Mary* with his wife, having arrived as lay assistant to Mr. Owen. He and Owen bought a boat and, for safety's sake, took up their residence with their families on the island in the bay.

The settlers' expedition left, headed by John Cane, who wore an ostrich feather in his old straw hat. His followers carried banners bearing the legends " Izinkumbi " (Locusts, or Wanderers) and " For justice we fight." " Izinkumbi " was the tribal name of the conglomeration of natives who had previously acknowledged H. F. Fynn as their chief. The Zulus of the party were chanting a war-song. They were over two thousand



Recd Aug 24/38
A

On board the Comet,
Port Natal April 28
1838

My dear Sir,

I wrote to you the day before yesterday, but in a hurried manner, having had very short notice & many letters to write to the Colony, as our friends there feel great anxiety in the events which have transpired. As I anticipate another opportunity of sending on land shortly, I commence a letter in due time, tho' I have sent this — committing our way unto the Lord & desiring your advice & prayers I remain

My dear Sir
Yours affectionately F. Owen

Portions of a letter written by Owen on the " Comet."

(From the original in the Durban Museum.)

in number, for D. C. Toohey and Captain Gardiner counted them. In front were driven the cattle for slaughter ; in the rear followed hordes of native women carrying provisions. To the ardent but uninitiated Mr. Hewetson it seemed like a frightful dream.

Captain and Mrs. Gardiner and all the Americans (except Lindley, who left later with Owen) sailed on the *Mary*. Of the Americans, Grout, Adams, and Lindley returned later. Grout established a mission in Zululand, but was forced to move it into Natal, as Mpande, the Zulu King, murdered his principal converts in 1842. Adams had founded and afterwards continued a large mission station near Durban, which still flourishes under his name. Lindley became the spiritual adviser of the Dutch emigrants.

Gardiner never came back. One cannot but sympathise with him. Africa had claimed from him his first-born. The edifice of magisterial authority of which he had dreamt, with law and order as its consequence, had collapsed like a pack of cards. His huts and all his belongings at " Berea " had been pillaged and destroyed. The mission he had established for a few short months at Tongaat had been dispersed to the winds by the regiments of Dingana, from which he was himself a fugitive. He and his family, Wood his carpenter, Strong his manservant (who was, however, " not quite equal to his name "), and Verity his interpreter had expended upon it months of toil which had now gone for nothing. The simple thatched house on the hill-top was abandoned ; the crops of Indian corn were never reaped ; the fences were trampled down in ruin. The natives who had gathered there by way of refuge and indignantly refused a wage from their protector for any work they did, had at first pledged themselves to take no part in the disturbance, to follow Gardiner down to the Umzimvubu, and to make a fresh start ; but no sooner had he left than they seized their spears and plunged into the conflict—mainly in the hope of loot. This final disappointment was too much, even for Gardiner. He abandoned Africa as a field of enterprise, and turned his attention first without success to the Indians of Chili and afterwards, vainly, to the East Indies, in the hope that he might penetrate the virgin fastnesses of Papua. In the process he caught sight once more, in 1840, of the green hills of the Tongaat as he sailed on the *Orissa* southward on his way home from the East.

For thirteen years after he left Natal he ranged the world in the cause of Christ, until he came to die in tragic circumstances on the 6th of September 1851. In that year he reached Tierra del Fuego as the head of a hopeless mission to the people of that ghastly spot. The party were landed from the *Ocean Queen* on her way to San Francisco, with two small launches and six months' provisions ; but the powder stores were forgotten and their chances of procuring fresh food were therefore vastly reduced. Their English supporters could not find a vessel ready to call at Tierra del Fuego with the next supply of food, and were forced to send it to the Falkland Islands, where it apparently remained. Two relief vessels were sent from Monte Video, but the first was wrecked and the second disobeyed instructions. What powder the party had soon gave out ; an endeavour to fish was frustrated by wild gales during which their nets were torn to shreds by floating ice ; one of the launches was wrecked in a gale ; and the party soon became too weak to make an effort to reach the Falklands in the other, even assuming that to have been feasible. They slowly died of exposure, scurvy, and starvation. A third relief vessel found them—but six weeks too late.

Gardiner's last message, written within a few hours of his death, was, " I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food—marvellous loving kindness to me a sinner."

So he passed out, to " join that blessed throng to sing the praises of Christ throughout Eternity."

In 1854 a native who had been his servant (Nceni, probably the " Scenda " he educated) heard for the first time of his martyrdom of a few years before. " He burst into a flood of tears, and would not be comforted." The Zulu is avowedly a faithful servant, but it required far more than an ordinary master to bridge the gulf of sixteen long years with a span of so fragrant a memory.

While at the Port, Owen was indefatigable. He held services, lectured wild settlers on the dreadful effects of drunkenness in this life and the next, instructed his servants in Watts' catechism, and visited sick Hottentots. He even offered his services to the

Dutch who, however, declined them. His admonitions of the settlers were due to the fact that before the *Mary* left they had, during a carousal, discharged their muskets late at night. Owen thought that the Zulus had arrived, with the result that he and his family sped from their temporary dwelling, on to the *Mary*, Mrs. Owen in her nightdress and the Reverend Francis with "scarce anything on." He was very angry indeed when he discovered the truth.

Mr. Hewetson, though equally active, was not so fortunate. He endeavoured to leave tracts with some of the settlers, but they "fled at his approach, as they guessed the object with which he came."

On the 2nd of April 1838 the settlers' expedition returned. It had not met Dingana's troops at all, but had raided the kraals of his vassal tribe the "Amangolosi" beyond Krantzkop in northern Natal, while all the grown men were away with Dingana's armies. Its only losses were one native, who died of snake-bite, and another whom John Cane shot for stealing. Owen's comment on the latter occurrence was that there was no King in Israel; "every man does what is right in his own eyes." The army brought back with it four thousand cattle and five hundred native women and children, so that Owen was not far out as regards its object. As a result of this flooding of the market, the price of cattle dropped from forty-five shillings a head to fifteen. Owen refused, on principle, to buy any of the looted beasts for food.

Within a few days another expedition set out against Dingana, this time under Robert Biggar and John Cane, with fifteen other Europeans and about eight hundred natives. Lindley and Owen both tried to dissuade the settlers, but to no purpose. Biggar went out mainly to avenge the death of his brother George, who had been killed among the Boers when Dingana's armies attacked them after the massacre of Retief.

This second expedition met one of Dingana's armies under Mpande, afterwards King of the Zulus, on the Tugela River. It was overwhelmed and decimated. Mpande told Toohey afterwards that it was a simple matter; he set an ambush and waited. The credit was probably, however, due to his generals, Umahlebe, Zulu, and Nongalazi, as Mpande was no soldier. Be that as it may, the Europeans walked straight into the trap, and were almost wiped out. According to Brownlee the Njandune Regiment of Dingana's army had recently been disgraced by the King for losing its " colonel," Kokela, in a battle with Moselikatse's people. He had ordered it to be thrashed by boys. When Cane and Biggar crossed the Tugela, the Njandune Regiment was among the Zulu forces, having been offered this opportunity of retrieving its shame. Nothing could hold it back. Those who were killed (according to the contemporary list in the *Grahamstown Journal*) were John Cane, Robert Biggar, John Stubbs, Thomas Carden, Robert Russell, Charles Blanckenberg, Richard Wood, William Wood, Henry Batt, John Kemble, Richard Lovedale, J. Clark, and W. Bottomley. The four survivors were Robert Joyce, Richard King, Richard (or George) Duffy, and Joseph Brown.

The settlers fought bravely before they were overwhelmed. Hundreds of Zulus were mown down by their guns, but numbers told in the end. Horde after horde of fresh warriors advanced over the mounds of dead and wounded.

It is said that Ogle's natives, who were part of the expedition (though he had refused to come) betrayed the others. They had quarrelled with Cane's followers on the previous expedition—over the loot, of course. Cane's men had given them a sound thrashing, and their revenge took the tragic and fatal form of retreating during the fight when they should have advanced. These men of Ogle's were largely of the Amatuli tribe under Umnini.

Cane received one assagai in his breast and another between his shoulders. " His gun lying on his left arm, his pipe in his mouth, his head nodding, he fell dying from his horse." One of his own natives rushed to his aid, but Cane, in his agony, believing him to be an enemy, shot him dead over his shoulder.

Stubbs was stabbed by a Zulu youth, and dropped dead, exclaiming, " Am I to be killed by a boy like you ? "

The natives who fought under the British died, true to type, round their white leaders, whose bodies lay under heaps of their dead followers. Six hundred of them perished. Among them was the headman Sigwebana, who had fled to Natal rather than murder Retief. It was only after sixteen years that the ground was " beginning to be cleared of bones."

Owen's view of the tragedy was that it was the work of an Avenging God, who disapproved of the habits of some of the settlers and of their having in 1836 assisted Dingana in an expedition against the chief Sopusa, to which reference has already been made. A merciful God has no doubt pardoned him for these words, as He has forgiven the sinners who dyed the Tugela with their blood.

Of the killed, Richard Wood has already been mentioned as the father of the boy William Wood. Mrs. Wood, his wife, was at the Port, being probably the white woman " frantic with grief " mentioned by Owen. William Wood (the elder) was Richard Wood's brother. The names of others are also familiar. Lovedale was a deserter from the British Army, who had been living near Dingana's kraal, and in his service, up to the time of the Retief massacre, when he fled to the Port. Owen saw him on the way, and, as might be expected, read him a severe lecture on his mode of life. Of the survivors, Joyce had deserted from the 72nd Regiment at Grahamstown in 1832. He died in Durban in the early 'fifties " a penitent, greatly distressed for his sins," having been attended in his last days by Mr. Holden, a Wesleyan missionary. Joseph Brown was a hunter, who escaped severely wounded. Owen visited him at the Port on his arrival. Both he and Duffy had been lieutenants in the famous month of May, the previous year. Richard King was, of course, the hero of 1842. He had driven Gardiner's and Owen's wagons, and was the bearer to Port Natal from Dingana's kraal of the famous tusk which had given so much trouble to Owen. He was at one of the Dutch camps attacked by Dingana's armies in February 1838, but had survived. He came to be there in this way. As soon as the American missionaries heard of Retief's death, they sent a message post haste to the Port. King immediately set out, on foot, with some natives, travelling day and night, in an effort to reach and warn the Boer encampments. Biggar sent him mainly to warn his son. He was just too late ; the first camp he reached had been attacked, and he went on to another. As he entered it the Zulu armies came up, and he was all but cut off. There he took part in the defence.

He was destined in 1842 to save the British forces in Natal, and according to Owen he showed " several signs of a humble and serious mind, just opening to instruction." He certainly bore a charmed life.

The few remaining British at the Port now met in order to welcome the Boers. They were unanimous in their view that they should make common cause with the emigrants. Alexander Biggar took the lead. He was heartbroken at the loss of his two sons, Robert and George, and very bitter against the Cape Government. The irrepressible Owen attended the meeting. He agreed with the general view, but with greater courage than discretion demanded to know whether the Church of England could establish a mission station. As a result of this he had to listen to a few home truths from the settlers' point of view. The affair, however, ended amicably enough.

The *Comet* under Captain Haddon (owned by Mr. Maynard) providentially sailed into harbour about this time, so that the inhabitants were able to take refuge behind her comforting bulwarks.

Dingana's victorious army appeared on the Berea on the 24th of April 1838. The inhabitants watched it through telescopes from the deck of the *Comet*. A day or so later they saw its fires at night " in the direction of the Eolovu." It retired after an occupation of nine days, when the British found that it had raided all the provisions and clothes of the settlement. The local natives had shot some of the warriors, who were lying dead dressed in Mrs. Wood's clothes, including her stockings. The unfortunate native tribe who lived near the Umgeni suffered most. Some no doubt escaped, but of those who did not, the men were killed, and the women were placed in an enclosure, swathed in long grass mats, and with their arms tied. There they were set on fire, so that their agonised movements should provide a dancing entertainment for Dingana's troops. The last time the Zulus raided the Port they had killed Cane's cat, but this time they took the more serious step of pouring Ogle's French brandy on to the ground and stamping it in.

Captain Gardiner had suffered most. One Parker who visited Berea in August wrote of it as follows : " It was really deplorable to see the destruction of property the Zoolas had made there. Salt, sugar, coffee, tea, rice, and flour all emptied from the sacks and mixed together. A splendid Broadwood piano all knocked to pieces—china and crockery of all sorts smashed—chairs, tables, etc., broken to atoms."

A party of the Dutch emigrants under Carl Landman now arrived, probably as the result of an invitation issued from the meeting of British settlers attended by Owen. From a Scotsman among them, Owen heard the immortal story of Dirk Cornelius Uys. He was a boy who had ridden out with a commando under his father Piet Uys to fight the Zulus a week or so before. The commando was ambushed and he was told by his wounded father to make for safety. For a time he obeyed. Then, looking back and seeing his father being overwhelmed, he rode like an arrow to his side, and was stabbed to death, fighting beside him. He was only fifteen. This is Boshof's account written at the time :

> " Uys gallantly rushed in amongst the enemy with a mere handful of men, and drove a whole regiment before him ; but, on returning to join the rest of his men, another large body of Zulus, who had concealed themselves in the gullies on each side of him, rushed upon him and his few brave followers, and killed seven of them. By this time Potgieter had begun to retreat, and Uys and his son, a youth of about fourteen years of age, had as yet escaped unhurt ; but as the former stopped his horse to sharpen the flint of his gun, the enemy approached and threw an assagai at him, which wounded him mortally in the loins. He, however, pulled out the weapon, and after this he even took up another man, whose horse was knocked up, behind him ; but he soon fainted from loss of blood. Recovering again, he was held on his horse for some distance by a man on each side of him. At length he said that he felt his end approaching, and desired to be laid on the ground. He then said to his son and the other men about him : ' Here I must die. You cannot get me on any further, and there is no use to try it. Save yourselves, but fight like brave fellows to the last, and hold God before your eyes.' They here left him, but not before they saw that to remain longer on the spot would be certain death to them. After galloping for about a hundred yards, the

> younger Uys, looking round, saw the enemy closing round his dying father in numbers, and at the same moment he perceived his father lifting up his head. This was too much for the feelings of the lad : he turned round his horse, and alone rushed upon the enemy, compelled them to retreat, and shot three Zulus, before he was hemmed in by overpowering numbers and dispatched."

On the 11th of May 1838 a south-west breeze sprang up and the *Comet* sailed off with all but nine or so of the inhabitants on board, including Mr. Lindley and Owen and his party. Owen was afterwards to become a parish priest at Sidbury, near Grahamstown, and later, with Mr. Hewetson, to conduct a mission in Bechuanaland. The mission was abandoned through lack of funds, and Owen returned to England to a vicarage near Sheffield. He died at Alexandria in Egypt on the 14th of November 1854.

The *Comet* sailed first to Delagoa Bay, where one of the refugees, the Mr. Pickman who had for a time stood by Gardiner, died of fever. Owen, who had lectured him at Natal on his habits, was probably able to comfort him as his short life flickered out.

While at Lourenço Marques, Owen came across the " shattered remains " of a party of Dutch emigrants who had left the Cape under Louis Triegard, or Triechard, in 1835. They had reached Delagoa Bay in April 1838, by way of what is now the northern Transvaal, after terrible suffering. The Portuguese Governor displayed great kindness on their arrival, but malaria played havoc with them. This disease was so rife that Owen saw the hull of a sixty-ton schooner on the beach, all of whose crew had died of it. Triegard's party had set out about a hundred strong ; fifty-seven arrived at Delagoa Bay. Three of these died while the *Comet* was in the harbour. In 1839 the emigrants of Natal chartered the *Mazeppa*, under G. C. Cato, to proceed to the rescue of the party, and they were landed at Durban in July of that year. There were only twenty-six of them alive. Even these were in a dreadful state. Their faces were deadly pale, their eyes dark-ringed and sunken, and their stomachs so distended that the children could not by stooping touch the ground. They had not even recovered two years later.

From Delagoa Bay the *Comet* returned to Algoa Bay and disembarked her passengers.

Owen, while on his journey to Natal had hopefully discoursed "upon some words suitable to the occasion which occurred in the Psalms for the day." These were: "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." With his stout heart nearly breaking, he now wrote in his diary that the time for this was not yet come.

CHAPTER XI

THE OVERTHROW OF DINGANA

NATAL had so far exacted her price from the European nations. But she had taken an even heavier toll of the Afrikanders. The toiling wagons of the Voortrekkers had fought their way over the Drakensberg Mountains under Gerrit Maritz in November 1837, after which the weary emigrants camped in the Blaauw Krantz and Bushman Rivers, two tributaries of the mighty Tugela. Retief had pressed on to the Port, which, as we have seen, he reached in October of that year. Fresh from his welcome there, he visited Dingana, to obtain from him a grant of land. This was conceded, as we have seen, provided that he would recover from Chief Sikonyela (the son of that ferocious old lady Mantatisi) certain cattle which the latter had raided from a Zulu outpost. The cattle were duly recovered, by the same stratagem as Captain Crib employed at Delagoa Bay in the seventeenth century. The chief was induced to visit the camp, handcuffed by a trick, and kept until the demand of the Boers was met. Tactics had not changed very much in a hundred and fifty years. This engaging performance took place in the garden of the Reverend Mr. Allison, a Wesleyan missionary, who was horrified, although he had warned Sikonyela that raiding cattle was a hazardous pastime. As a matter of fact, Sikonyela, when he found himself in irons, agreed with avidity to surrender the cattle. His anxiety was whether the Boers would keep their promise to release him afterwards. He consulted Allison, who spoke to " Retief and his two sons " ; they seemed to have " some respect to the fear of God, and overruled the objections of others against Sikonyela's liberation." After this the missionary preached to the Boers at their request ; he " dealt faithfully with them, and forewarned them that judgments might fall upon them." Mantatisi was living close by ; but she was not very sociable. In fact, one could not see her except in the morning. After that native beer claimed her for its own.

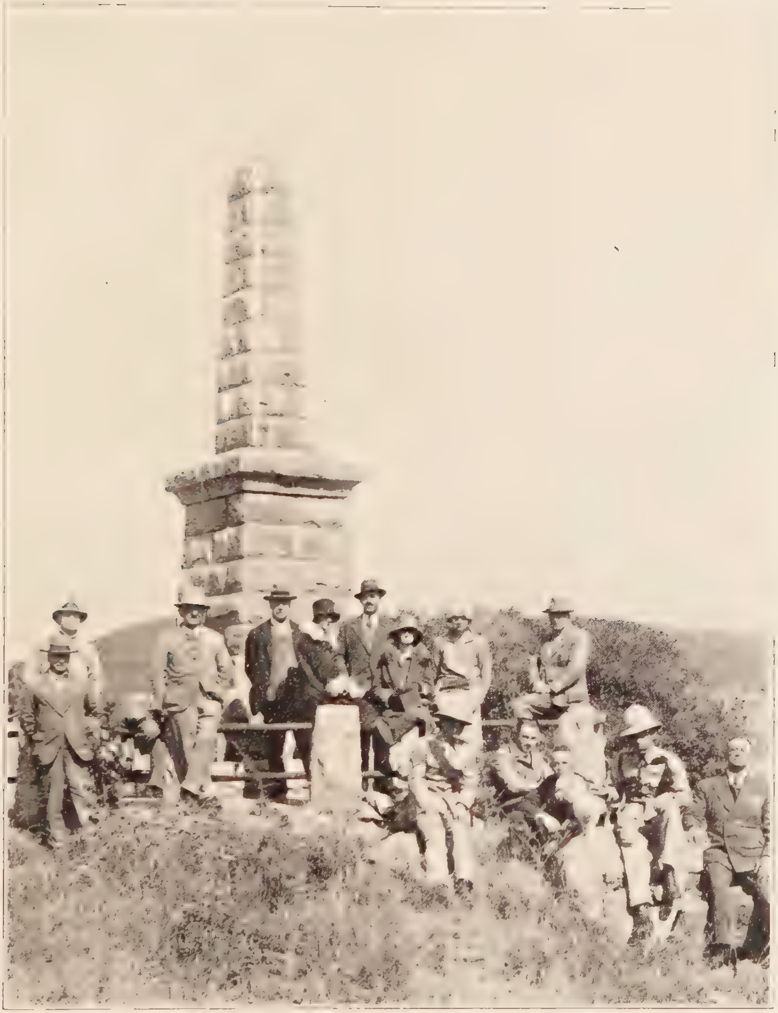
Armed not only with the cattle, but with a number of horses and guns, which had also been wrung from the manacled Sikonyela Retief and his party, over sixty strong, with thirty followers, set out for Dingana's kraal. There the Boers were entertained by the King, and the famous grant drawn up and signed. Maritz, who was in poor health, had scented danger, and had courageously besought Retief to let him take the captured cattle to Dingana, with only four or five others, so that if there was to be treachery, he whose day was nearly done, and but a few beside, would perish ; but Retief scouted the idea, and called for sixty volunteers. Gardiner at the Tongaat, the American missionary Champion, Alexander Biggar, and Owen's boy interpreter Wood, had also warned Retief or his party against Dingana. But Retief, who held the view that it took a Dutchman to understand a native, paid no heed, and he and his party entered the royal kraal entirely unarmed. Even when Dingana demanded of him the horses and guns he had taken from Sikonyela, as well as the cattle, Retief, with fatal confidence, pointed to his grey hairs, and said that Dingana had not to deal with a boy but a man. So Pieter Retief moved, irresistibly it seems, along a pre-ordained course towards the Hill of Slaughter. His last letter written to his " dear and much beloved wife " from the banks of the Tugela in the closing days of January shows him deeply religious, simple, brave, generous and affectionate. Here he was with sixty comrades, including the young people ; his youngest son, and three of his friends—mere boys—were among the party. The natives on the way had been more than friendly ; they had " flooded " him with milk and beer, so that he had set his people shooting " sea-cows " for them, to their intense delight. They were almost intoxicated with joy at this addition to their menu. He was now but five days' ride from Dingana ; it was a good thing he had brought no wagons, as there were no roads ; there had been a terrible thunderstorm the night before. His dear wife was not to worry but to trust that Almighty God was with him on his journey. He himself had been much depressed at starting—not that he feared for his own safety, but he was afraid that the discord in the camps would anger God and cause Him to withhold

His mercy. But in the end his Maker had come to his aid and he had set out with a " stout and cheerful heart." Once more his beloved was not to fret. " Hold God before your eyes, and you shall fear no evil." The worst happened. While the emigrants were being entertained, the King gave the signal, saying, " Kill the wizards." And then, according to a native who took part, " the dust rose." The Dutch were immediately fallen upon, clubbed and stabbed, and dragged from the royal kraal to a hill nearby. The heart and liver of Retief were cut out and laid triumphantly before the Zulu King, and then buried on the road leading from the kraal to the south. This, in the Zulu belief, would infallibly bar the Dutch from ever for reaching the kraal again. The affair had thus ended on the Dreadful Hill, where the vultures perched on the euphorbia trees and waited patiently day by day for food. When the moderation of the first year or so of kingship had worn off, Dingana would watch them and say, " The birds want food ; send for the witch-doctors." After a time, the vultures would hover expectantly over the victims as they were dragged towards the Hill. They knew. On this bloody eminence the Dutchmen joined the countless Zulu dead, the whiteness of whose bones was broken only by the glint of the sun upon the brass rings which had once adorned them.

Ten thousand Zulus left at once to finish in Natal the work so adequately begun at Umgungundhlovu. The Dutch encampments in northern Natal were attacked by these trained warriors, bent on crimsoning their spears. The spirit of Tshaka was alive and in full cry. The camps at Blaauw Krantz, Moordspruit, and Malan's Spruit were almost obliterated. To this day the county of Natal that held them goes by the name of Weenen, or Weeping.

News of these dreadful happenings reached the camp at Bushman's River, just in time to enable the occupants to beat off the Zulu regiments with a grim and desperate heroism. Let one instance out of many be here recorded from a contemporary narrative :

> " At one place about eight or ten families, the Rensburgs and Pretoriuses, were driven from their wagons to the top of an adjoining hill, which was only accessible from two



The " Retief " Monument on the Hill of Slaughter.

Photograph taken when representatives of the 24th Regiment which suffered at Isandhlwana in 1879 toured Zululand fifty years later.

> sides. Fourteen men here stood on their defence against a whole Zulu regiment, the number of which increased to about fifteen hundred. Repeated attacks were made for about an hour, but the gallant little party as repeatedly drove them back, until at last their ammunition failed, and no hope was left. But, providentially, at this critical moment two mounted men came to their assistance and made their way to the top of this hill, through the line of Zulus, and upon learning there that the ammunition of the party was almost expended, they undertook, at the most imminent peril of their lives, to force their way back to the wagons, from whence they safely returned at full speed, with an ample supply of ammunition. All this was done in less than five minutes, and as the firing now began with greater vigour than before, the Zulus retreated ; and as a few more of the burghers arrived, they were soon put to flight, leaving more than eighty killed at that spot."

Over six hundred of the emigrants and their followers in all, were, however, slaughtered. In one of these later encounters, little Maritz, a boy of ten, was besought by his frenzied mother to conceal himself. Like the other brave women, she was in her night-gown, carrying ammunition to the men. He answered, " I see no place where to hide myself. Give me the pistol and let me shoot too." There spoke the spirit of the Trek.

One fact which emerges more clearly than any other from the maze of jumbled years that makes the history of Natal is the courage of the boys who found themselves the sport of misfortune, adventure, or national discord. Little Maritz was not alone in his heroism ; he had his counterpart in Dirk Uys, who rode back to die beside his father, and in John Ross, who traversed the wilds of Zululand ten years before. William Wood was fighting at twelve, and saw Retief murdered before he was two years older. Isaacs was wrecked and traded alone in Zululand when he was barely seventeen. Robert Price, the captain's boy of the *Grosvenor* held out to the end of the tragic march from that battered vessel, and was one of the handful saved. He was eleven, and badly wounded in the head by having been dashed against a rock as he landed. Holstead was hunting buffalo and elephant alone at fourteen. In 1622 the son of Beatriz Alvares upbraided those who urged him to leave his mother in the Kaffrarian wilds, and walk on with the others of the *San João da Baptista* ; he stayed to die with her ; and he was only seventeen. When of that same company the son of Donna Ursula de Mellos knew that he was to be left behind to die, his only complaint was that he was denied the consolation of bidding her farewell ; and he was eleven. The small boy Law, a passenger of the *Grosvenor* walked for three awful months with the men before his tiny heart broke with suffering. Had he held out for four or five days more he would have been saved ; but he was only eight. Brownlee and Kirkman, who interpreted for the American missionaries in the perilous and bloody years after 1836, were only boys. Brownlee was seventeen, and Kirkman " a lad," in 1838. Scores of Portuguese ships-boys from the various wrecks, are mentioned in the records ; some of them carried the weaker survivors ; some died of starvation or " a bloody flux " ; others staggered blindly on like the rest ; but they were all brave.

The scenes at the emigrant encampments which had been engulfed appalled those who had beaten off the Zulus, and had rushed too late to the rescue. The plundered wagons were " painted with blood." By one of them there were fifty dead. Blood dripped slowly from the red-soaked canvas covers on to the ground. " Little infants, still in clouts " lay in their blood, murdered in the arms of their dead mothers. Pregnant women had been ripped open, and that which was in them had been dashed against the wagon wheels. Well might Celliers, the Elder of the Dutch Reformed Church call upon the Lord, crying, " Oh, my God, shall the blood of the sucklings be unavenged ? "

In one place lay a child with seventeen wounds, who died the day after she was found. Alongside was her brother with thirty-two stabs. He lived until he was eighteen, and then died of a wound which had never healed. It was one " which he had received under the breast, and it had penetrated through the shoulder blade. The film of the stomach remained always exposed, and, when he breathed, one could see the film open." Two little girls were also discovered literally covered with assagai wounds. They recovered, but were cripples all their lives.

One searcher, Bezuidenhoet, found his wife dead, with her bosom hacked off, and the corpse of her baby three days old " laid at the bloodstained breast." One poor woman escaped with all her sinews cut, so that she never walked again.

A little later the Zulus, finding a Boer separated from his fellows, killed him, ripped him open, " cut out the parts of shame, and thrust them into his mouth." When the emigrants recovered from the shock of this unspeakable catastrophe, they collected their forces and marched against Dingana. It was in their support that the British expedition from Port Natal, marched out to be slaughtered at Tugela. The Dutch commandoes were now under the command of Hendrik Potgieter and P. L. Uys, who had hastened to Natal from over the Drakensberg at the news of the first massacre. To them the overthrow of Dingana presented no difficulty, after their smashing defeat of Moselikatse and his Matabele warriors. They were over confident and met with little success.

In his first encounter with the Zulus, Uys was immediately successful. The Zulus broke and fled, but with fatal impetuosity Uys followed them, only to find himself in an ambuscade and surrounded. In the endeavour to extricate himself he was badly wounded ; even then he tried to save a wounded comrade, until he was too weak to sit his horse any longer, and cried to those around him to save themselves. This they did—all save his son whose epic passing has already been described.

Potgieter who, though in independent command, had been manœuvring close to Uys, appears to have played a less adventurous part. Indeed he never came to grips with the Zulus at all. He was not unnaturally blamed for the death of Uys, and left Natal for good, returning to his settlement above the Drakensberg.

Dingana, although he raided Natal a few weeks later, after the British expedition had been overwhelmed, remained quiescent as regards the Boers for some months. They took the opportunity of establishing a loose form of legislative and executive authority ; but it was hardly a success. The difficulty of communications, the dislike of control bred of long wandering, and the fact that anyone of sufficient personality would suddenly—and successfully—assume the leadership, made ordered government for the time almost impossible. We find, for instance, that C. P. Landman, a new arrival from Olifants Hoek, was " Chief Commandant of the United Camp " in May. In that capacity he annexed Port

Natal on the 16th of that month, and left William Cowie (an English mechanic who had married into a Dutch family and was the first Postmaster of Durban in 1844) in charge as his representative. Biggar accepted an appointment as Landrost from him, but soon retired in favour of Mr. Roos. In that month the emigrants were visited by Messrs. Boshoff and Joubert from the Cape. Boshoff was a civil servant who had obtained leave ostensibly in order to visit relations at Swellendam, but in reality to visit the emigrants with comforts, and to spy out the land. He addressed the Press at great length on his return, and, not unnaturally, paid the penalty of his praiseworthy duplicity ; he was dismissed, migrated to Natal, and became a prominent figure among the emigrants. Many years later he was elected the second President of the Orange Free State.

Mr. Joubert was an influential farmer who came on the same errand ; he was sent later in the year to Natal again, in order to bring back any slaves the emigrants had with them. Slavery, abolished in December 1834, was by the terms of that abolition to be followed by four years' apprenticeship, after which there was to be no tie, and the allotted period was now drawing to an end. Nearly fifty apprentices elected to remain in Natal ; Joubert took back thirty-eight.

All this time Sir George Napier, who had succeeded Sir Benjamin D'Urban as Governor of the Cape in January 1838, was pursuing the emigrants with a series of well-meant but futile literary efforts. He first enjoined all officialdom and ministers of religion to dissuade intending emigrants from crossing the frontier. Three weeks later he had discovered from a completely unreliable source (Sir Andries Stockenstroom) that the emigrants had been so overwhelmed with misfortunes that their only desire was to return, but that they were precluded from taking this step through fear of penalties. He therefore graciously proposed to remit such penalties to all returning by the end of 1838, after which full inquiry into all grievances would be made. The emigrants in reply acknowledged the Governor's goodwill and good intentions, but politely refused the offer so long as a " chimerical philanthropy so generally raging in Europe " had its tentacles firmly fixed upon the Cape. Sir George Napier replied in more practical terms, by prohibiting the issue of gunpowder from every magazine in the Colony—if intended for Natal, and by a temporary ban upon the export of all goods to Natal from any port of the Cape. Even the brig *Mary* which was lying in Algoa Bay bound for Natal with provisions subscribed for by the friends of the emigrants was officially pounced on and searched for munitions. But Isaacs' customs house friends were baulked this time, for the search revealed nothing. In the meantime commodities reached the Boers freely overland ; and they were never at any time short of ammunition.

By November Sir George Napier had determined to occupy the Port as the only method—in his opinion—of bringing the emigrants to their senses. To give him his due it must be said that he was in a very difficult position. His own view—the right one—was that only by the annexation of Natal could the object of the British Government be achieved. And Downing Street would not hear of it.

Eighty men of the 72nd Highlanders and some artillery were therefore packed off under Major Charters in the *Helen* to " Fort Victoria " at Port Natal.

All was bustle and dispatch. Involved proclamations and complicated instructions abounded. Sir George Napier was in full blast. The troops arrived at Port Natal and landed without loss of life on the 4th of December 1838. There being no " Fort Victoria," the commander seized " Maynard's Store " belonging to Mr. Robert Dunn, and a wooden building belonging to Mr. J. Owen Smith of Port Elizabeth, whose agent was Mr. McCabe. Both these buildings were situate at the Point of to-day. Mr. Dunn and Mr. McCabe had previously been enjoying a thriving trade with the Boers in ammunition, which came thus to an untimely end.

With Major Charters came an interpreter, one Theophilus Shepstone. He had arrived at Algoa Bay at the age of three, with his father, an 1820 settler of Holder's party on the *Kennersley Castle*, who afterwards became a Wesleyan missionary at Morley, in the Eastern Province. Theophilus Shepstone was to make more than a considerable name for himself in South Africa, and to die in comparatively modern days a knight.

Shepstone had left his bride, and embarked upon the *Helen*, filled with " melancholy thoughts, gloomy prospects, and unenviable anticipations." These were for a time dispersed, during a voyage of fourteen days, by the "unbounded and constant kindness and civility" of the captain; but a rough sea and an ulcerated throat caused the young adventurer fervently to remark upon his arrival that "with all these advantages and privileges at sea, there is nothing like terra firma."

No sooner had he landed on "St. Michaels Point," after enjoying the "enchanting view," presented by the entrance, than he found plenty of occupation. He visited the Boer camp at Congella at the head of the bay (near where Steller lived). There he met a "very superior woman, named Badenhas," who gave him in perfect English a heart-rending account of the sufferings of herself and her young children. Shepstone sent her some tea, coffee, sugar, and biscuit as a change from her everlasting diet of milk and meat.

As he traversed the Dutch camp he found "nothing but wretchedness and want staring us in the face," but every occupant scouted "the idea even of returning to the Colony." There he also came upon a girl who had survived the terrible massacre at Weenen some months before. All her relations were either stoned or stabbed to death by the Zulus before her eyes, and as they "lay in a heap of confusion, weltering in their blood, this poor girl fainted amongst the dying and the dead at the sight, and being herself covered with the blood of her kindred escaped the destruction of her nearest and dearest relatives."

Shepstone had long talks with Mr. Toohey, who, promoter-like, made his flesh creep with stories of the coal, copper, lead, and tin which Natal still guarded jealously in her capacious hinterland; he read in the pouring rain a long letter from his father—a letter which stirred him so deeply that he prayed that God in His mercy might enable him to follow the precepts it contained; and in the intervals of devouring "that delicious fruit the Amatingulu" he found time to buy milk daily from an old German—at twopence a bottle—and to submit to the vigorous but quite ineffectual assaults upon his still troublesome throat, of Dr. Malcolm (the regimental surgeon) who appears to have bluestoned him without mercy.

On the 16th of December the British flag was hoisted amid a "tremendous firing both of the great guns and small arms." At mess that evening the officers drank the Queen's health, and, as usual, to absent friends. The little wine Shepstone took on that occasion made his throat much worse, and Dr. Malcolm in desperation took to blisters, which Shepstone "abhorred and detested." He always fancied—not without reason—that the remedy was worse than the disease. There were of course some compensations. Major Charters issued him a standing invitation to breakfast every day; and the major prided himself on his coffee. There was also good sailing on the bay, even if the only refreshment available at the Boer camp, when one landed there, was "sour milk," which disagreed with one's "system." There were alligators and hippo to be shot at Sea Cow Lake, even if one were "covered with myriads of ticks" on the journey; it was great sport chasing porpoise in a boat with the major; and there were old David Steller and Dick King who took one hunting over the Umgeni River, on wild slopes where huge mambas and wild boars menaced one from the thickets, buffaloes crashed and blundered past, and elephants tore through the bush, screaming, so close that one threw away one's gun in terror and fled for one's life.

But with all that Shepstone was unhappy. He felt himself at "a tag end of the universe," and "entirely cut off from all communication with the more civilised part of the world." He was far away from his Maria, racked with every description of anxiety concerning her, and desperately conscious that his "solicitude could compass naught." After all, he was only twenty-two.

The squabbles between Toohey and Ogle upset him; he disliked Parker, an Englishman who was on commando with the Boers—"a horrible figure he is with his beard" (although Parker gave him a beautiful tiger-skin caross); and he hated the "tedious monotony of an intensely hot summer's day on the white sands" of the Point where Major Charters had chosen to bivouac. And when Major Charters decided to return to the Cape Colony overland in order to visit Faku, the Paramount chief of the Pondos, and ordered Shepstone to accompany him, he was delighted.

He left Port Natal on the way to his beloved, at five o'clock in the morning of the 20th of January 1839. It was "terribly heavy work for the oxen through the deep sand."

Major Charters, who handed over the command on his departure to Captain Jervis of the 72nd, had been both efficient and industrious during his short stay. He placed himself in communication with every one within reach, and then in his turn succumbed to the proclamation infection. He proclaimed martial law "without prejudice to the aboriginal tribes," and defined the area of his occupation as two miles from the "sinuosities of the bay." The Dutch were much too occupied to make any reply. They were busy smashing Dingana. The unhappy Alexander Biggar, who had joined them in order to avenge, as far as he could, the death of his only sons, was killed in the process. He walked into an ambush in Zululand and was stabbed to death. The unhappy and tragic sojourn in Natal of this ex-Paymaster of the 85th and his two sons is perpetuated by the range of mountains called the "Biggarsberg."

In August 1838 Dingana had made a further attack upon the emigrants at the Bushman's River, which was everywhere repulsed. In spite of this success, it was clear that if life in Natal was to become bearable the power of Dingana must be broken. Any other state of affairs opened up nothing but a vista of perpetual and intolerable vigilance, and the permanent postponing of civil government.

J. J. Uys died in July, and Maritz in September; the "United Encampments" had since April been under the command of C. P. Landman. In November, however, A. W. J. Pretorius of Graaff Reinet arrived with his following. He was a man of wealth, integrity, and resource, and was immediately elected to the supreme command. Landman gladly agreed to serve as his right hand. Pretorius lost no time. He set out early in December 1838 with 460 Boers and a handful of British and crossed the Buffalo a few days later.

On the 16th of December 1838 the Dutch met Dingana's main army and shattered it. Three thousand Zulus lay dead "as thick as pumpkins" on a fertile field. The river which ran past the battle-field was red with blood. From this it took its name, Blood River. The Boers had formed a square with their wagons, which they connected one with the other by means of long ladders, and protected by ox hides stretched tightly from wheel to wheel. Behind each wagon was a heap of gunpowder and bullets.

Just as the dawn broke in a clear, open sky, Dingana's regiments hurled themselves from every side against the frail defences, only to be beaten back within ten paces of the wagon wheels. For two hours the Zulus launched themselves again and again with desperate fury against the camp, but each time the dark columns reached the guns they wavered before the steadily mounting heaps of dead, recoiled, and fled.

The Boers had barely time to throw a handful of powder into their rifles, and slip a bullet down the barrel ; there was often no chance to drive it home with the ramrod.

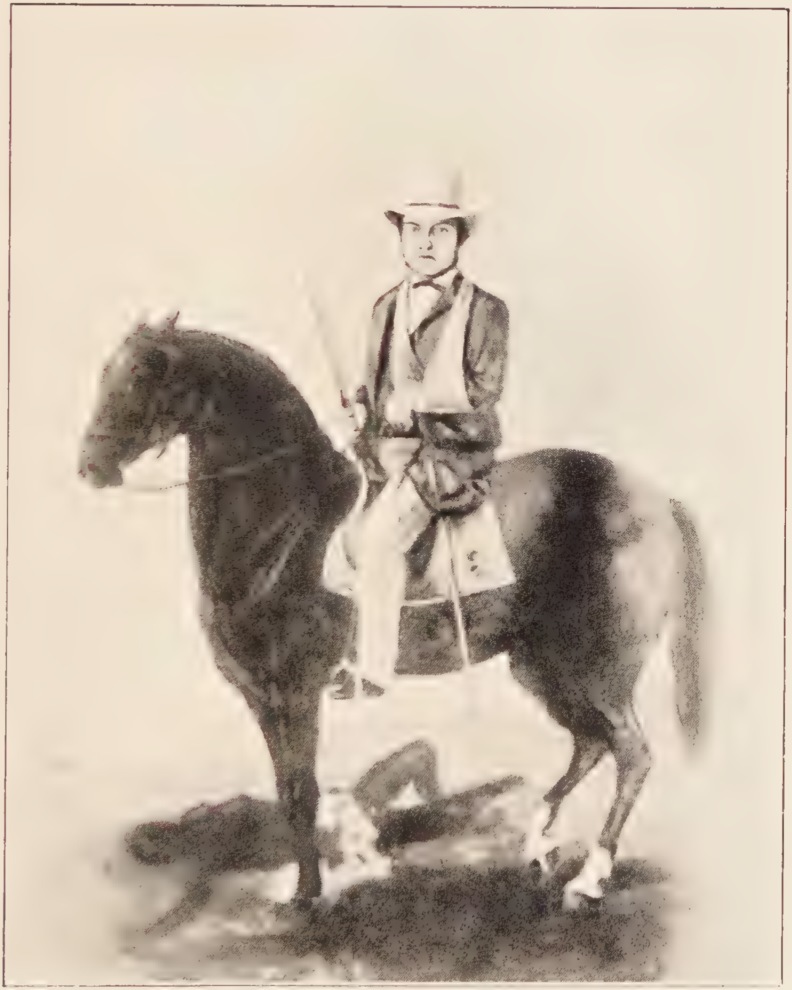
One survivor records that " of that fight nothing remains in my memory except shouting and tumult and lamentation, and a sea of black faces ; and a dense smoke that rose straight as a plumb-line upwards from the ground."

The official record of what happened after that is worth reproducing :

> " After this had been kept up for full two hours by the watch, the chief commandant (Pretorius), as the enemy was continually bestorming the camp, and he was afraid that we should get short of ammunition, ordered that all the gates of the camp should be opened, and the fighting with the Kaffirs take place on horseback. This was done, and to our regret they took to flight so hastily that we were obliged to hunt after them. Few remained in the camp, and the chief commandant in person, after having given the necessary directions, also followed them. His shooting horses had been taken by others, and he himself was obliged to mount a wild horse. He pursued a large party, and riding in full speed he got up to them. One of the Zulus rushed upon him. He, however, discharged one of the barrels of his gun to kill the Kaffir, but the horse whereon he was mounted got so frightened that he missed, and wishing to discharge the other shot, did not know that the stopper of the lock had been closed, so that he could not cock his gun. Now no time was to be lost. He jumped from his horse. The Kaffir at once rushes upon, stabs at him with his assagai, which he parried off twice with his gun ; but the

> third time, unable to do otherwise, he parried it off with his left hand, in which the Kaffir then stuck his assagai. He now falls upon the Kaffir, lays hold of him, and throws him on the ground, and holds him fast, though he struggled terribly, until P. Roedelof came to his assistance. He then forces the assagai out of his hand and stabs the Kaffir so that he dies. He then returned to the camp to have the wound dressed, which was done. He, however, said that he hoped no one would be terrified, that this wound could do him no harm, and that he was glad of having been the only man in such a serious conflict who had been slightly wounded. The wound, however, was bad.
>
> "Thus the Zulu commando was pursued for more than three hours, when we returned, as we were all short of ammunition. The chief commandant ordered the cleansing of the guns, and that every man should provide himself with ammunition. This was complied with, and balls were also cast. Prayers and thanksgivings were offered to God, and after divine service had been performed, the chief commandant again sent a strong party to pursue the Zulus as far as they could; but they returned in the evening, not having been able to come up with them. The next day we counted the number of the slain; those who had been killed about or near the camp, of which some have not been counted, with those who had been overtaken and killed, we found amounted to (the lowest certain number) more than 3,000, besides the wounded."

Pressing on, the victorious emigrants reached Dingana's great kraal, Umgungundhlovu, which they found ablaze. A chance shot at a crow by a commandant, Jacobus Uys, had warned the Zulus in time. He should have known better as he had fought the Zulus before. He was in the conflict in which his brother Piet Uys was killed. On Umbulalayo, the Hill of Slaughter, nearby, the Boers discovered the remains of Retief and his party, among the sticks and stones with which they had been battered to death. The thongs by which they had been dragged still lay among their bones, to which some scraps of clothing adhered.



A. W. J. Pretorius.

(From a photograph of a contemporary sketch in the Voortrekkers' Museum.)

This is Pretorius' dispatch :

> "We are now encamped in Dingaan's capital. Here we found the bones of our unfortunate countrymen, Retief and his men, which we interred. They bear the marks of having been cruelly murdered. The sight of them must have moved the most unfeeling heart, and the account which the Zulu prisoners give of the affair shows that they must have fought desperately, though without any other weapons than their knives and some sticks which they wrested from the Zulus. Before they were overpowered, they say that twenty Zulus were killed and several wounded."

In Retief's leather shooting-bag, which lay nearly consumed beside his skeleton, the party discovered a document, in the English language, whereby Dingana granted to Retief and his countrymen Port Natal, with the land from the Tugela to the Umzimvubu, " and from the sea to the north as far as the land may be useful and in my possession." It was translated for Pretorius by that wandering adventurer Edward Parker, who was with the commando. It is reproduced here :

> UMKUGINSLOAVE,
> *The 4th February*,
> 1838.
>
> Know all men by this that Whereas Pieter Retief governor of the dutch Emigrant South Afrikans has retaken my Cattle which Sinkoyella had stolen which cattle the said Retief now deliver unto me. I Dingaan King of the Zoolas do hereby certify and declare that I thought fit to resign unto him the said Retief and his Countrymen on reward of the Case hereabove mentioned, the Place called Port Natal together with all the Land annexed that is to say from Dogeela to the Umsoboebo River westward and from the Sea to the North as far as the Land may be Usefull and in my possession

which I did by this and Give unto them for their Everlasting property.

" De merk van de (scrawl)		Als getuÿge (?)
Koning Dingaan		
Als getuijgen (?)	(?) Ndona	groot Raadslid
M. Oosthuijse	Juliwanco	(illegible) [1]
A. C. Greyling	Manondo	(illegible) [1]
B. J. Liebenberg		

It has been stated repeatedly that this grant was drawn up by Owen. This seems hardly accurate. He makes no mention in his diary of having composed it. He always wrote " Dingarn," " Tugala," " Unkunginglovo," and " Umzimvubu," and not one of these vital words is so spelt in the document. It was either drawn up by an illiterate Englishman or by an emigrant who was unfamiliar with English. In any event it seems clear that Owen did not even write it. The only available reproduction of what purports to be the original proves that quite clearly when compared with Owen's letters.

After giving the remains of the party a sad and reverent burial in a common grave, the expedition returned to Natal. For eighty years the grave was marked only by a rough mound of stones. It is now surmounted by a monument erected by the descendants of the Voortrekkers.

At divine service on the 9th of December 1838, a week before the defeat of Dingana, the Boers had made a contract with their God. The story of the vow they made is best told in their own simple way :

> " On Sunday morning, before divine service commenced, the chief commandant called together all those who were to perform that service, and requested them to propose to the congregation ' that they should all fervently, in spirit and in truth, pray to God for His relief and assistance in their struggle with the enemy ; that he wanted to make a vow to God Almighty if they were all willing, that should the Lord be

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[1] Probably " ditto."

> pleased to grant us the victory, we would raise a house to the memory of His great name, wherever it might please Him,' and that they should also supplicate the aid and assistance of God to enable them to fulfil their vow; and that we would note the day of the victory in a book, to make it known even to our latest posterity, in order that it might be celebrated to the honour of God. Messrs. Celliers, Landman, and Joubert were glad in their minds to hear it. They spoke to their congregations on the subject, and obtained their general concurrence. When after this divine service commenced, Mr. Celliers performed that which took place in the tent of the chief commandant. He commenced by singing from Psalm xxxviii, verses 12–16, then delivered a prayer, and preached about the twenty-four first verses of the book of Judges; and thereafter delivered the prayer in which the before-mentioned vow to God was made, with a fervent supplication for the Lord's aid and assistance in the fulfilment thereof. The 12th and 21st verses of the said xxxviii Psalm were again sung, and the service was concluded with singing the cxxxiv Psalm. In the afternoon the congregations assembled again, and several appropriate verses were sung. Mr. Celliers again made a speech, and delivered prayers solemnly; and in the same manner the evening was also spent."

This pledge was fulfilled. The emigrants built a church in Pietermaritzburg, and Dingaan's Day (the Dutch version of the name prevailing) is still a religious festival among them. It is also by statute a public holiday throughout the Union of South Africa. The church, after numerous vicissitudes, is now the Voortrekkers' Museum, and well repays a visit.

By a grim coincidence, the Dutch victory over Dingana was achieved on the very day on which Major Charters of the British force of occupation was hoisting Her Majesty's ensign at Port Natal, "under a salute and a *feu de joie*."

By means of this victory the Boers were given breathing space, and they took the first steps towards an ordered settlement in the land for which they had so dearly paid.

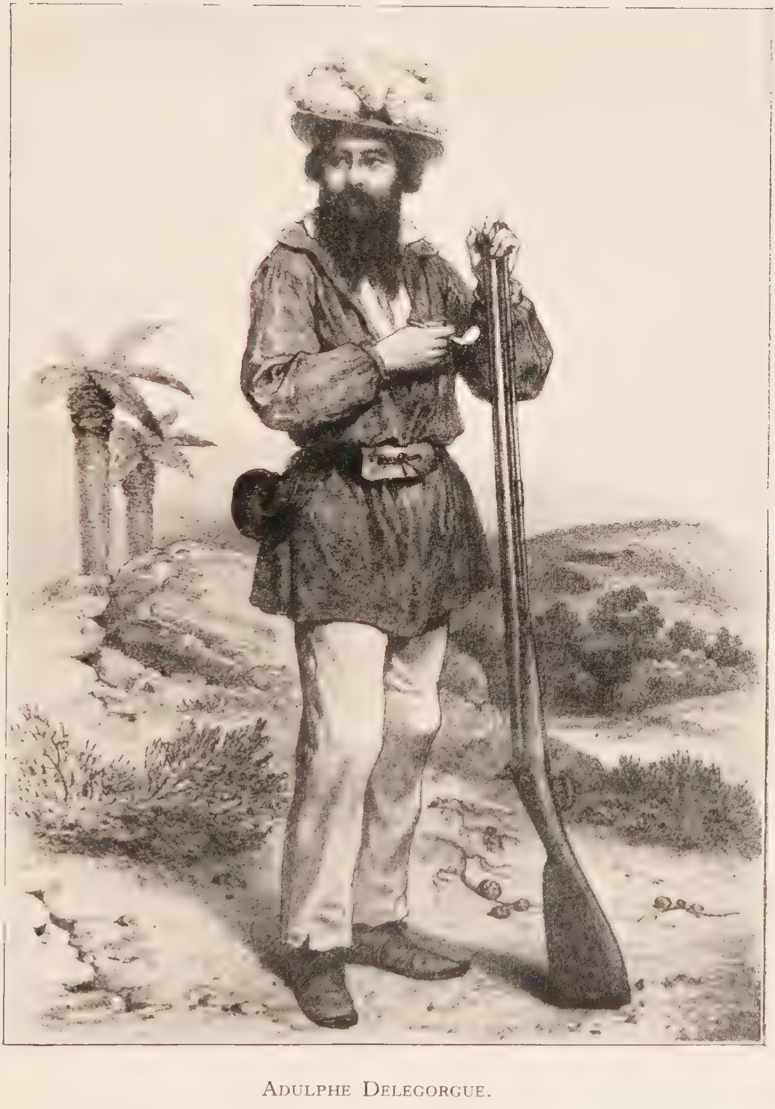
In October 1838 the site of their final resting-place had been chosen by Commandant Greyling and christened Pietermaritzburg in memory of Maritz and Retief. In February 1839 the vast majority of emigrants collected there; building sites, or *erven*, were thrown open for occupation at five rix-dollars each—about seven shillings—and three hundred were allotted. Communal regulations as to the sowing of grain, the building of walls and houses, and the use of water, which was led by a furrow from the Umsindusi River, were framed. The Volksraad or legislative and executive authority was enabled to function less nebulously and its powers were more precisely defined.

It was not long after Major Charters left that the situation between Captain Jervis and the Volksraad became a delicate one. He endeavoured to arrest a young Boer called Kemp for wounding a native—invoking the aid of the preposterous Punishment Act of 1836—but Kemp refused to give himself up. The Volksraad supported him and defied Captain Jervis, who with some wisdom decided to " await instruction."

The Volksraad went farther. It demanded the surrender of the arms and ammunition of the Boers which had been seized at the Point by the troops upon their arrival. Captain Jervis refused to move, even when threatened with force.

Another point of conflict arose in July 1839 when he deprived the haggard remnants of Louis Triegard's party of their remaining weapons as they crept ashore from the *Mazeppa*. On the whole, however, tact and good sense prevailed on both sides. Jervis, through Ogle, established contact with Dingana, and after strenuous efforts succeeded in patching up a peace between him and the Boers. Pretorius, protesting continuously against the occupation, which on the Governor's own showing was to be temporary and not to smack of annexation, agreed to a peace whereby the northern boundary between white and black dominions was to be the Tugela River, and Dingana was to surrender all the arms, horses, cattle, and sheep of the Boers and never to molest them again.

About this time, or, to be more precise, in May 1839, Adulphe Delegorgue, a French naturalist, arrived at the Port on board the *Mazeppa*. Dr. Adams, the American missionary, with his wife, a Swedish naturalist called Wahlberg, and a Dr. Kraus, were fellow-passengers. The vessel finally anchored in



ADULPHE DELEGORGUE.
(From his own book.)

the bay after a nerve-racking experience at the entrance, during which Delegorgue formed a poor opinion of the captain and a high one of Douglas, the helmsman, "*un excellent matelot anglais*."

He was vastly impressed with the place; he made bold to predict, with some reason, that it was destined, by virtue of its shape and position to become the safest and most important harbour of South-East Africa. There he met the "worthy" Captain Jervis, who, as we have seen, was holding the Point with a hundred men.

He proceeded to Congella at the head of the bay, where he was warmly welcomed by a Mr. Roos, the Dutch landrost or magistrate. This gentleman had arrived on the *Mary* in March 1838; according to Owen (who left his non-portable belongings in his charge), he was a "pious Dutchman" who had decided to "establish himself in the country as the Boer's merchant." He was probably the "Surinam Trader" whose house is shown on Major Charters' map of the Port. He spoke French, much to Delegorgue's delight.

Delegorgue, who has left us an engaging account of his experiences in Natal from 1839 to 1843, plunged at once into the work he had arrived to carry out. Every moment thrilled him. Before he had been at the Port a few days, he was busy tracking a herd of elephant which was making for Ogle's huts; the spoor of one was three feet six inches deep in the mud, and Delegorgue could have concealed himself in the cavity.

Like other new-comers, he found that Natal was not without its disadvantages. He succumbed in no time to the famous "Natal sores," which most of those who were born in Durban in the nineteenth century recollect enduring with resignation during their youth. He wisely held the nimble tick responsible. Since those times the tick has retreated before civilisation; and, what is more, the discovery that these insects were responsible for a dread disease among cattle has led to compulsory periodical dipping of the latter in an arsenical fluid, with the result that in these days the unit of casualty among ticks is a million. These sores are therefore no longer to be reckoned with. But Delegorgue passed six irritable and septic months under their yoke. He was not, by the way, the only traveller to remark upon these curious local inflictions. A famous bishop who toured Natal many years later also encountered them, but only to record that they were "such exactly as I have known among my parishioners in Norfolk." He did not suffer from them himself, but confesses that "while sailing back from Natal to the Cape, after my ten weeks' residence and exertions, I *did* feel certain sensations on my arm, which *might* have resulted in a veritable boil, had I remained any longer in the summer heat of Durban." The boil, however, never came to a head; the episcopal inflammation was absorbed by the inscrutable processes of nature, and the crisis passed. Meantime his parishioners no doubt continued to erupt freely.

To return, however, to Delegorgue. There were compensating advantages, as he soon discovered, in Natal. The birds fascinated him. Flashes of crimson, green, violet, and orange met his eye at every turn. For a time he refrained from shooting the creatures whose kaleidoscopic beauty almost hurt him. But the collector triumphed in the end, and he filled his boxes with the skins of trogons, cuckoos, finches, and lories, to say nothing of the preposterous toucans, and the raucous "addidas" or wood ibis. He was not repelled by the natives as he had been by the negroes of Western Africa and the West Indies; indeed, his feelings were the reverse.

He liked the supple firmness and the frank and engaging smile of the Zulus. But their ornaments intrigued him most—snuff-boxes made of segments of the Spanish reed and worn in the ear-lobes, or fashioned from "the cocoons of the bombyx"; ivory snuff spoons; "little blown bladders of birds"; and "tufts of the turaco or widow bird." And the sight of the white ruffled anklets on a fast-moving regiment of Zulus led him to compare these adornments with "the wings that fancy has lent to the feet of Mercury."

He struck up a friendship with Lieutenant Harding of the British troops. They borrowed David Steller's wagon and climbed the Berea; they explored the Bluff, which still went by the name of Cape Nathaniel, in memory of Isaacs, and they watched with delight a herd of hippopotamus splashing about in the Umgeni River.

Delegorgue hunted as far south as the Umzinto with Edward Parker, Wahlberg the Swede, and one Gregory. On this expedition they met "Robert Joice," of whom we have already heard, as a survivor of the catastrophe of 1838. They also came across one of Ogle's natives, a hunter called "Bob," whose face was so scarred and battered that it had almost lost human semblance—the work of a hyena, which had seized him as a child and essayed to drag him off for food. His unlovely countenance did not prevent him from hunting with skill. He had just bagged an enormous elephant for Ogle, and was hoping to buy a fifth wife with his share in the ivory. The Umkomaas River was thick with locusts; Wahlberg shot a python on its banks and Delegorgue was green with envy.

It may be as well here to interpose some of his subsequent adventures. He accompanied the Boers on expeditions to Mpande and in pursuit of Dingana, of which more hereafter.

In the middle of 1840 he returned to the Port and resumed his work. This was, however, interrupted by the bite of a "night adder." One Doctor Schulz was called in, but he was without the prescribed drugs, much to Delegorgue's annoyance. The latter cured himself, after nine days, by means of pumpkin poultices. No sooner was he up than he was pursued for a hundred yards by a "mamba"—almost the deadliest snake in the world, and, in the breeding season, ineffably fierce. In August 1840 he travelled to the Tugela. Doctor Poortman of Pietermaritzburg (a Hollander) accompanied him part of the way. On this journey he met David Steller, Richard King, Douglas and Parkins hunting elephant and hippopotamus. Later on he travelled into Zululand, and passed Aldin Grout's mission station near Empangeni. The hunters were still in his company. King's oxen trespassed among the missionary's corn, and the latter, thinking they belonged to Delegorgue, addressed him rather a querulous letter. The latter exploded, and harangued the silent native messenger with great vehemence, but with little effect.

Delegorgue had many harsh things to say about the Boers, as we shall see later, but his travels convinced him of one thing in their favour: they were the best wagoners in the world.

He had also—as we shall see—an unbounded and largely groundless admiration for Mpande, the successor of Dingana, whom, with Gallic hyperbole, he described as "beautiful, superb, magnificent, imposing," and possessing "pre-eminently the air of a warrior" and "martial grace." But when he met Mpande's three massive sisters at the kraal of Mlandela, he could hardly contain his amusement. Feminine obesity and beauty went hand in hand in Zululand. These ladies displayed their charms by exhibiting legs as substantial as "the towers of Notre Dame," and, after throwing off their shawls, frames of gargantuan size. Delegorgue collapsed in uncontrollable mirth, and so did King, Douglas, and Steller, the other eye-witnesses of this dark and monumental mannequin parade.

Delegorgue was back at the Port in 1842, in time to witness the clash between Captain Smith and the emigrants, which will hereafter be described. His camp was on the site of the present Albert Park in Durban, and the round shot of both parties hurtled within hearing distance of his tents. He is credited with carving upon a tree close to his dwelling-place an inscription which has only recently been effaced by lapse of time.

After a long journey to the north of Natal he returned to the Port and sailed for France in 1843.

To return however to the treaty between Dingana and the Boers. In due course Dingana, whose messengers had at the first meeting in March delivered up over three hundred cattle as an earnest of their master's good intentions, sent a message to say that delivery could not be made of the balance. Ogle, who at Captain Jervis' instance had begun the negotiations, was to have been sent with the commando which was to take over the cattle at the Tugela. But the Boers replaced him by Cowie. They put Ogle in prison in Maritzburg for travelling without a pass. For good or ill, our friend Ogle was always in the limelight. It was eighteen years, by the way, since he had been arrested at the Gouritz River for the same heinous offence.

Dingana, with a spyglass and a red baize cloak (both Gardiner's presents), received Cowie with rejoicing. But he only delivered up a tithe of the cattle and sheep that were due, with fifty-two muskets and forty-three saddles. Dingana was told to send two of his great chiefs to Pietermaritzburg to ratify the peace. He sent his brewer and his gardener. He never meant to carry out the treaty. His conduct exacerbated Pretorius. And the temper of the Dutch was not improved by the continued presence of British troops at the Port, and persistent though idle rumours of the intended colonisation of Natal from England. The Volksraad sent angry messages to poor Captain Jervis, whose tact and patience during a troubled, hectic year cannot be too highly praised. And yet in spite of all this political uncertainty it would appear that the economic progress of the Dutch community continued without hindrance.

By May of 1839 the *Eleanor*, the first coasting vessel belonging to and freighted by Dutch-born colonists, and commanded by a Dutch-born colonist, had reached Natal from the Cape, with a view to establishing a permanent link between the two ports ; the only pity was that she afterwards became a total wreck at the entrance to Port Natal on another voyage in August.

In July the emigrants, or some of them at any rate, were in high fettle. No less than three vessels crossed the bar in that month—the *Mazeppa*, the *Friend's Goodwill*, and the *Mary*. The port was completely overstocked ; the harbour was as busy as Capetown. Mr. Ahrens, an apothecary, and Mr. Orthman, a hatter, descended upon the community, to be welcomed after searching inquiries as to their good faith had been made by the Volksraad. And Delegorgue and Wahlberg, the naturalists, expressed the confident view that the country was " inexhaustible as to natural productions." Another naturalist, a German, was determined to proceed to " the Draakberg " for the purpose of examining the coal mine at that place, a venture for which he obtained the Volksraad's permission a little later. What was more, in the same month " the officers and Government servants had a general Supper and Ball, under the repeated charge of cannon," and their " unanimous cry of ' Unity Forever ' was really gratifying." In September 1839 the Volksraad authorised Mr. Schwikkard and another to prospect generally for minerals. Mr. Schwikkard was an enterprising person, for late in 1841 he solemnly submitted to the Volksraad a scheme for diverting the waters of the Umgeni River into the Bay of Durban.

In the same month an event occurred which gave the Boers their opportunity against Dingana. His brother Mpande broke away from him, abandoned his kraals on the Amatikulu River, and overflowed into Natal with fifteen to twenty thousand adherents. The Volksraad promptly took him under their protection. Here was a weapon, almost within their grasp, which would aid mightily in the extermination of this equivocating and dangerous savage. In October 1839 an alliance with Mpande was concluded at his kraal, by a commission of emigrants under Mr. Roos the landrost. They were accompanied by our friend Delegorgue and Mr. Morewood, an Englishman. The latter had joined the Boers, and afterwards became their harbour master at Natal. Captain Jervis, who was still at the Port, did his best to dissuade the party from setting out, having in mind the fate of Retief.

The impressionable Delegorgue was much taken with Mpande's mien and bearing, as he sat on a chair made, like Dingana's, from a single block of wood. His eye was dark and brilliant, his forehead high, his chin square, and his whole head " well formed " and " borne upon a superb body," whose " carriage was so noble that a Parisian might well have believed that Panda in his youth had frequented the palaces of Kings." Whatever Delegorgue thought of Mpande, his own people regarded him as a timid weakling—he would have been murdered long before if it had been otherwise.

During the negotiations for the alliance, one of Mpande's headmen was, for no apparent reason, clubbed to death before the eyes of the horrified ambassadors. This was Mpangazata, formerly a headman under Dingana, who had just been appointed to the same position by Mpande. This was the Zulus' intensely practical way of showing their disapproval of the choice.

The ceremony was also for a time imperilled by the unfortunate Mr. Morewood's powder-flask igniting and bursting with a terrific report. He was just behind the King. This effectively interrupted a dignified and stately dance of warriors and women. The whole affair ended satisfactorily enough, although, as Delegorgue says, it is difficult to imagine what would have happened had a fragment of the powder flask struck Mpande. As it was, Mr. Morewood was the only casualty. He was overturned by the explosion ; his clothes caught fire and his loins were badly scorched.

Mpande was a little hurt that the " old Captain with the glass eyes "—or, in other words, the " honest Dutchman " with spectacles, Mr. Roos, who led the party, had not accepted his presents. It was explained that the refusal was due to " motives of delicacy " and the affair was duly smoothed over.

In December 1839 the British troops were recalled. Captain Jervis sailed away on the 24th of that month, after issuing a farewell message to the Dutch in these injudicious and rather florid terms :

> " It now only remains for me on taking my departure to wish you, one and all, as a community, every happiness ; sincerely hoping that, aware of your strength, peace may be the object of your counsels ; justice, prudence, and moderation be the law of your actions ; that your proceedings may be actuated by motives worthy of you as Christians ; that hereafter your arrival may be hailed as a benefit, having enlightened ignorance, dispelled superstition, and caused crime, bloodshed, and oppression to cease, and that you may cultivate those beautiful regions in quiet and prosperity, ever regardful of the rights of the inhabitants, whose country you have adopted and whose home you have made your own."

It is not to be wondered that after this the emigrants were left under the impression that the country was now theirs for good, and that they immediately hoisted the tricolour of the Republic of Natalia upon the flagstaff that had hitherto borne Her Majesty's ensign.

In January 1840, the emigrants, emboldened by the departure of the British troops and their alliance with Mpande, and thoroughly irritated by Dingana's continued neglect to deliver up any further sheep or cattle, resolved to attack him. A large commando under Pretorius set out from Pietermaritzburg for that purpose.

This place had little charm for Delegorgue, who was there in December 1839. According to him, it was merely a collection of crude huts made of reeds and plastered with cow-dung, in which the rats ate one's candles at night and the bugs multiplied, care-free and joyous. The streets swarmed with hundreds of mongrel dogs, yelping incessantly, often locked in mortal combat, and sometimes even attacking passers-by with dire results. Apart from the Bushman's Ridge, at whose foot it lay, its surroundings appeared arid and treeless. But it was the cradle of the Dutchmen's hopes, and after years of wandering, privation, and bloodshed, this, their place of rest and refuge was most beautiful in their eyes. This is what Pretorius thought of it in March 1839:

> "A large pleasant and well-watered town, Pietermaritzburg begins daily to raise its head above the surrounding hillocks; 300 beautiful *erven* have already been given out, surveyed, and partly planted. This town . . . has a picturesque site, and combines all the advantages of nature, as well as of local situation, making so fine a prospect that I know nothing similar to it in the Colony."

For two days *en route* the commando halted, awaiting reinforcements, and its members much annoyed the hyper-sensitive Delegorgue, who accompanied it. The Boers spent their time reading the Bible, singing hymns, and consuming large quantities of meat, instead of sending out scouts and spies, as he would have done. His Latin temperament was also offended by the young Boers, who, "following their wits of little range, gave themselves up to meaningless games, wrestled without any artistic skill, or sought to shine by the rudest jokes." He said they were "*gens fait pour conduire bœufs et leur parler.*" The Voortrekkers had their faults, no doubt, like all of us; but they possessed the virtues of simplicity and courage; and their faith in Almighty God was unbounded.

With the expedition, and in chains, were two Zulus who had come to Pietermaritzburg as emissaries from Dingana to say that he wished for peace and would hand over the cattle and sheep required. Of these one was Nzobo, whose "praise name," or fighting title, was Dambusa; he was one of Dingana's three counsellors or headmen. The other was a minor chief called Kombazana. They were arrested, taken along with the expedition and later given the semblance of a trial near the White Umfolosi River. After that they were summarily shot as having been concerned in the massacre of Retief and his men.

From the first Dambusa refused to exculpate himself, declaring that as he was on the King's business charges personal to himself were irrelevant. He declared himself perfectly ready to die, if need be, but pleaded for the life of his companion, who was his inferior and bound to obey orders, whatever they were.

All this was of no avail. The Zulu massacres of the Dutch and the presence of Mpande, who was Dambusa's principal accuser, decided his fate, and he and his companion were sentenced to be shot. Kombazana is said to have repudiated Dambusa's plea of mercy, and to have claimed the right to die along with his superior. Then Pretorius told Dambusa of the King above, whose mercy he could even now obtain by a simple confession of faith. Dambusa answered that he had only one King, Dingana, to whom he would be loyal to his last breath; after that, the King above, if indeed there was one, could not fail to reward him as having kept faith to the end.

He asked one favour only for himself: he desired to be shot by grown men, and not by boys. This was graciously granted.

After the first volley his companion lay dead. Dambusa fell, badly wounded "*en plein corps*" but "rose, stood firm, and presented a full front to the fire," until he dropped, struck by a second bullet.

Pretorius the commandant has been much blamed for this act. Dambusa may have been a villain—but he was an envoy, and, it seems, entitled to safe conduct. He certainly emerged from the affair with greater credit than Pretorius. Gardiner had found Dambusa insolent, scowling and hostile in 1835, but on the other hand he had been quite civil to Isaacs in 1831, and also (with Mapeti and Ndhlela for colleagues) to Owen in 1837. Anyway, he died well.

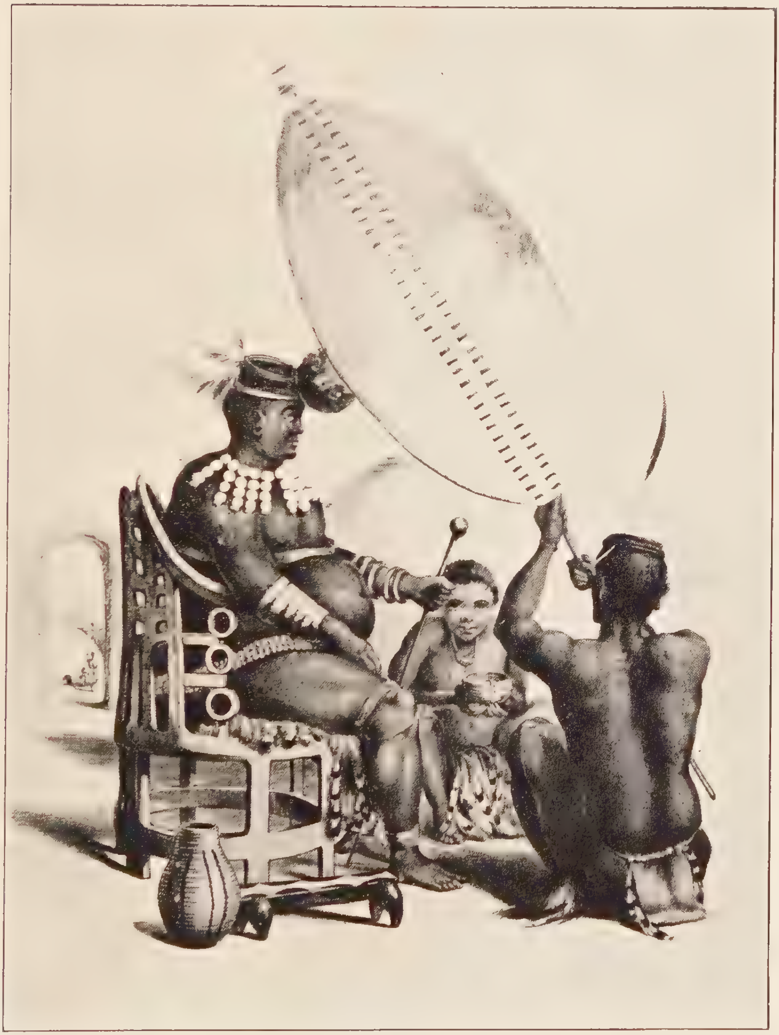
For some unknown reason, the modern Zulus believe that Dambusa was tied to a wagon wheel which was caused to revolve until he was smashed to death.

The expedition then proceeded on its way without conventional discipline or military tactics. This preyed assiduously upon the nerves of Delegorgue. He remarks of Pretorius that he had "*sa tactique à lui laquelle était de ne pas en avoir du tout.*" One day a congregation wilted away when a loud bellowing announced the arrival of a large herd of newly captured cattle, and Delegorgue became almost hysterical. But he was thrilled to cross the battle-field at Blood River, the scene of Dingana's defeat in 1838. It was white with bones. And he was much interested to discover a seam of coal near the Sand River; the samples he took he sent to London in 1842 by a British officer called Fowler.

In the meantime Mpande's army, which had, by arrangement, also set out to attack Dingana by a different route, had met and routed his forces, but not without severe loss to itself. Two of Dingana's regiments were wiped out. Dingana himself was in headlong flight, accompanied by a diminishing number of adherents. Those who were captured by Mpande's army stoutly protested their allegiance to the latter. It appeared that they had all along ardently desired to attach themselves to him, and had only been prevented from so doing by fear of Dingana. Nothing succeeds like success.

Pretorius continued the pursuit as far as the Pongola River, without finding Dingana, and then turned homewards, having collected about thirty thousand cattle. He now proceeded to consolidate the position of the emigrants by annexing Zululand up to the Black Umfolosi, including St. Lucia Bay. He proclaimed this accession on the 14th of February 1840, as "Chief Commandant of the Burghers of the Right Worshipful Volksraad of the South African Society, Port Natal." Incidentally he fired a salute of twenty-one guns, which gave Mpande a fearful fright. Pretorius had taken to issuing proclamations, but they were a shade more practical than those which had of recent times portentously emanated from the Cape of Good Hope. His proclamation was read beneath the colours of the young Republic, a few days after Mpande had been proclaimed King of the Zulus, and had sworn to remain faithful to the Boers and their Council for ever. Mpande also agreed that if any power should assail the emigrants he would place at their disposal all his forces, which would, if necessary, be sacrified to the last man. "I was dead," cried the impassioned vassal, "and you have restored me to life ; I was cast away, and you have lifted me up again." These were ringing words, but when Captain Smith, hard pressed by the Boers in 1842, asked Mpande's help, he replied that the Boers and British must fight it out among themselves, and the winner would be his master ; and when Colonel Cloete finally drove the emigrants out of the Port, Mpande then offered to send his armies to Pietermaritzburg and finish them off.

After the annexation, the Boers gave thanks to the great God, by whose grace victory had been granted them. This incident, coupled with the fact that the Boers had not fought a single



Mpande in 1848.

(*From Angas' Kaffirs Illustrated.*)

battle, incensed Delegorgue. But to the unprejudiced observer the strategy of the expedition would appear to have been sound, and there is—if one comes to think of it—no reason why thanks should not be offered for a bloodless success. Anyway, everybody was happy, with the exception of Delegorgue—and, of course, Dingana. This "humbled bloodhound" fled northward from Mpande's armies to the Lebombo Mountains, with a greatly diminished following. He, who had once dispatched a regiment unarmed, to bring him back a lion alive, was now a terror-stricken fugitive. He was finally dispatched by the Swazis under their chief Masusa (Mswazi), the successor of Sopusa, whom Dingana had previously conquered by British aid. They achieved this by the treachery of one of Dingana's own adherents. According to one account he was tortured to death. On the first day he was pricked skin deep with sharp assagais from head to foot. On the second he was bitten by dogs. On the third he was told to look for the last time at the sunrise and his eyes were bored out. At sunset he was dead, "for he had neither tasted food nor water for three days."

According to another version, he was stabbed three times in the abdomen, and died in a few hours. The remnant of his forces, in whose temporary absence he had been betrayed, assembled round him, and for the few hours before he expired "sat in military order, in mute astonishment, in awful silence, with their shields lying on the ground, indicating that their great living shield was about to lie in the dust." As he died, he praised their fidelity and cursed Mpande, but for whom he would still have "made the earth to tremble." With his last breath he told them that the land would now be overrun with wild beasts—elephants, lions, tigers, and wolves.

There is no need to choose between these two narratives. Jacob's prophecy had in either event come terribly true. The armies had arrived with a vengeance.

CHAPTER XII

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE VOORTREKKERS AND THE BRITISH—NATAL ANNEXED

THE native question having now been settled—for a time, at any rate—by the Boers, they turned their attention once again to domestic affairs. They employed first Wahlberg and then apparently George Christopher Cato—of whom more hereafter—to survey and lay out the town of Durban, and in June 1840 the first sale of a hundred and twenty-one sites took place. Forty-eight inhabitants had petitioned the Volksraad for this in March. Those fronting the bay realised eighteen pounds fifteen shillings, and the others which were much smaller, three pounds fifteen shillings each. The purchasers included both emigrants and British, but Toohey, Ogle, and King were prohibited from buying by special resolution of the Volksraad. But as payment was to be made against delivery of the deeds, and these were never tendered, not a single purchaser paid for his plot except one incautious Dutchman. It is probable that many of the purchasers could not have paid if called upon. Some of them occupied their sites; others did not. The result was that Her Majesty's Commissioner Cloete was confronted a few years later with a pleasing tangle which was only unravelled after a voluminous triangular correspondence between Downing Street, the Governor, and himself.

Another sale took place in 1841 with much the same result. After that Captain Smith arrived with the British troops in 1842 and forbade any further building operations.

It is not surprising therefore that Durban was described in 1843 as presenting " nothing but a few miserably-constructed wattle-and-daub erections, which the inhabitants had only kept together as temporary shelters for themselves and their little properties, as they had great difficulty in even keeping these huts in repair." The community was adventurous, but apparently impecunious and untidy. It consisted at that time of thirty-nine families—nine British and thirty Dutch.

The activities of the Boers were not, however, confined to the sale of land at the Port. Their Volksraad contrived to function with more or less regularity, although, as Theal says, the participation by the public in its debates in times of stress resulted to all intents and purposes in anarchy. It appointed magistrates and a harbour master. It levied customs and port dues, a transfer duty, and a land tax. Whether it collected the last is another story. It even dealt with the thorny subject of weights and measures, providing with some acumen that all liquid measures should be " old English." What was more, it gave Mr. Wilson of Congella a monopoly of the manufacture of salt so long as his prices were fair. The emigrants founded the village of Weenen in Northern Natal, which by 1843 contained " sixteen habitations " ; they developed in some degree their capital of Pietermaritzburg, although they still had difficulty in persuading anybody but themselves of either the beauty or suitability of the place. The Reverend James Archbell, a Wesleyan missionary, visited it in 1841, and was most uncomplimentary. He wrote that " the denuded appearance " of the country not only detracted from its beauty, but actually stamped " deformity on its appearance." And, he continued, " Its entire lack of fuel, which is not to be found within fifteen or twenty miles of its site, must for ever prevent it attaining superiority as a place of residence or becoming of commercial importance." But, as Cloete pointed out in 1843, its bareness " added to its security against any sudden attack from the Zulus," and, after all, it was well watered. A copious stream of water led from the Umsindusi River supplied " every street plentifully during every part of the day." The town itself consisted of about eighty houses, of which only four or five were " of a permanent character"

It had survived a disastrous fire in the middle of 1839 (caused by a little native girl in lighting a candle), in which no less than thirteen houses were burnt down. Numbers of the emigrants were incinerated, or blown to pieces by the bursting of barrels of gunpowder, and numerous wagons, along with large quantities of provisions and stores, were destroyed. The charred bones of some of the victims were collected next morning, " bound in a counterpane," and " buried in a hole."

This fire had been followed almost at once by an epidemic of measles, which had dire results. As the widow Steenkamp afterwards wrote: " My husband and myself had alone to provide for twenty-three children and grand-children who were laid up . . . without house or tent, in only a wagon. Several days I was so weak . . . that I could hardly endure it; but God be praised, who had strengthened me in body, so as to bear the burdens which He has laid upon us; so then I was able to perform my duties." Her experience was no doubt typical. The sufferings of the emigrants are almost incapable of exaggeration.

Late in 1840 Ncapayi, chief of the Amabaca, a neighbour and sworn enemy of Faku, the paramount chief of the Amapondo, was suspected by the Boers of having raided some of their cattle. The actual guilt was never brought home to him, but he was a notorious freebooter, and the " spoor " of the cattle was traced to within a reasonable distance of his domain, which was south of the Umzimvubu, well inland. The Boers determined to teach him a lesson, and attacked him. They killed some forty of his people and recovered the stolen cattle with a good deal of loot. Captain Gardiner's friend Fodo, of the Enhlangweni tribe, came down from his " Thundering Heavens " and assisted the Boers in the process. Faku, who had known of the intended onslaught, was naturally delighted at the idea; but its success alarmed him; he expressed his fear of attack, placed himself under British protection, and claimed the land between the Umzimkulu and the Umzimvubu as part of his dominions. This last claim had no warrant or foundation whatever; it was born in the hyper-imaginative brain of Faku.

Sir George Napier immediately wrote intemperately to the emigrants, who rather had the advantage in the correspondence which followed. After all, a governor who addressed himself in these terms to the Boers without anything before him but an *ex parte* statement from Faku, was bound to find himself in the wrong: " I can hardly bring myself to believe that men calling themselves Christians, and offering up prayers to the Almighty, as the Judge of their conduct and actions, should so profane the holy name of religion as to make a mockery of the word of God, and become the abettors of such cruelty and oppression." The incident rankled on both sides. Both before and after it there was a long and dreary correspondence between the Volksraad and the Governor on the subject of the exact relations between the emigrants and Great Britain—correspondence which led nowhere and achieved nothing. In August 1841 the Volksraad resolved that all wandering and detribalised natives in Natal—who were likely to become a danger to the public peace—should be collected and settled as subjects of the Republic, under a resident commandant, between the Umzimkulu and Umzimvubu Rivers. They claimed this area under the grant Dingana had made Retief—and, be it said, with much greater show than Faku. This, coupled with the arrival of an American brig the *Levant*, for the purpose of trading at Port Natal, brought matters to a head. Another horde of natives cheek by jowl with Faku was a position not to be tolerated ; and foreign traders were a potential danger. Sir George Napier decided to occupy Natal, announcing his intention in a proclamation of some length issued on the 2nd of December 1841. The Volksraad answered this proclamation on the 21st of February 1842, in a dispatch which would not have shamed the Foreign Secretary of a mighty power. It recapitulated with a terrible logic the jumble of oppression, broken hope, and suffering that, in the eyes of the emigrants, had made them look only to the wilderness for relief ; it recorded with unbelievable poignancy the sufferings and sacrifices they had endured in their ranging and bloody quest of freedom ; it revealed them desperately conscious of the long arm and inexorable might of Britain, which would drive them in the end from the green uplands of Natal, scurrying over the northern spaces ; but, at the same time, it made manifest their resolve to defend their new home in such wise that there could afterwards be no reproach upon them from the six hundred quiet dead who lay in the Land of Weeping.

It may be that all they said was not justified ; it is possible that they did not in the later months achieve the high level of their protestations. It is even conceivable that bias and predilection may relegate the dispatch to the reproachful category of special pleading. But it would have been unique in diplomatic history if things had been otherwise. Let these extracts from the sad document speak their own message :

" As this may, perhaps, be the last communication of the kind that we may have the opportunity of having with your Excellency, we think it necessary again to deal with the subject in its full extent. Above all, we wish it to be well understood that it is not our object to injure, to deal in reproaches, or to give any impulse to warlike tendencies, for it is our heartfelt wish and desire to preserve peace with all people ; and nothing will induce us to take up arms and to shed human blood, except the firm conviction that we cannot avoid doing so, or in the event of the protection of our property (which we regard as having been dearly and bitterly obtained) and of our own existence rendering it necessary, or when we see that violence, and not right, is practised in our regard. We know that a God lives who rules heaven and earth, and who is both able and willing to protect the wronged, though the weaker, against those who use force. To Him, and to the justice of our cause, we commit ourselves ; and if it be His will that universal desolation is to be brought upon us, our wives and children, and all that we possess, we shall submit ourselves, and acknowledge that we have deserved this from Him ; but not from men. We are aware of the power of Great Britain, and it is not our object in any way to defy that power ; but we can at the same time as little allow that violence instead of right shall triumph over us, unless we shall have exerted all our efforts to resist such violence. We do not accuse the British Government of intending this ; but experience has taught us that the wrong and groundless projects (as it is again manifest that the case is in our regard) having their origin in a far distant country, have but too often brought to bear measures that are oppressive and unjust.

" We also disavow most positively that we are animated by an ingrained hatred towards the English nation. Every man on earth is naturally more attached to his own people than to any other ; but as Christians we have learned to love all men ; and although we, South African Boers, have often been regarded with disdain and contempt by Englishmen, let the many English (and among them we reckon the Scotch, with whom we were personally acquainted in our native country, and amongst whom we even had teachers for whom we evinced all esteem) bear witness ; let the officers and soldiers with whom we have served together in arms, bear witness; let our former rulers and those having local authority over us, bear witness; and let even the respectable English who are now living amongst and associating with us in security, bear witness, whether any such hatred against the English is fostered in our bosoms. Still we shall not deny that the measures resolved upon in the Colony in our regard from time to time by the English Government, and the laws enacted by them, have been the only cause why we have quitted the country of our birth and of our kindred, and have committed ourselves, as it were, to the barrenness of the wilderness in order to be able to be free from the control of that Government. To adduce some instances:

"Who was it that forced upon us the increasing evils of slavery? Who was it that assured us of a right of property in it? Was it not the same Government that afterwards took it from us, and that in such a way that we ourselves, had not the smallest voice as to the best or most fitting means in which that should be brought about? Who was it that promised us full compensation for our slaves? Was it not the same Government that put us off with a third part of the actual value of our property? and then left us a prey to grasping and gain-seeking dealers, who enriched themselves at the expense of our purses? Who was it that employed us, without reward and at our own expense, for the protection of the frontiers of the colony against the hostile, the war-loving, or robber-hearted Kaffirs? Was it not the same Government that afterwards denied us all claim for compensation, wrongfully giving out that we, by pilfering from the Kaffirs, had drawn down their revenge legitimately on our heads? Who took away from us the best Governor that we had ever had,[1] only because, being a conscientious man, he had defended the Cape colonists, and, by punishing their desolating enemy, sought their practical security and protection? Who after that sent us political speculators, bound hand and foot, whose arrangements of a frontier exposed us to be robbed and threatened by the Kaffir without ceasing and without punishment, and that accompanied by heavy expenses to the country to be levied from the purse of the ruined Boer? Was it not the same Government that left the country open to roaming vagabonds, who led a life of idleness and listlessness, and lived upon the herds and other property of the already sufficiently impoverished Boer? Thus from the Boer, deprived of labourers, or, if he had any, deprived of all requisite control over them (and under these grievances the colonists still suffer), all energy was taken away, so that, seeing his repeated remonstrances and petitions unanswered or unnoticed, he had the darkest prospect before him.

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[1] Sir Benjamin D'Urban.

"We ascribe all these evils to one only cause, namely, the want of a representative government, which is refused to us by the Executive Government of that very people who regard that very privilege as one of its most sacred citizen rights, and for which every true Briton would give up his life. And what did we do under all those oppressions? Did we take up arms, demanding that justice should be done us, as lately happened in Canada? No; we gave the coat also to him who had taken the cloak from us: we got rid of our immovable property at ridiculous prices: we told the Government publicly that we should withdraw from our country and from its control. This was conceded to us: at least it was not forbidden. We were even surprised when we heard of a most reasonable and just declaration made by the Lieutenant-Governor, that it was an indispensable right that any one, being dissatisfied with the control of a government, had a right to withdraw from it. Immediately after our emigration we declared our independence: we established a government of our own: we made war upon those who unexpectedly assailed us, and made peace: we took possession of unoccupied regions, as well those that fell to our lot by amicable arrangements with the heathen races, as those that we had to purchase by our property and blood.

"Meanwhile, what did the Colonial Government in the course of all these circumstances? Did it cause us to be informed that we could not divest ourselves of our obligations as subjects wherever we might find ourselves? Or did it offer us any help when we were in distress, and had the prospect of being at any moment annihilated by savage and bloodthirsty enemies, and when already six hundred of our number had been most treacherously and undeservedly murdered? Or did it regard with indifference the misery of its former subjects, whilst total destruction threatened them? But, what is more, were not their murderers supported and helped, as soon as they (the emigrants) appeared to have any chance of gaining the upper-hand, by forbidding the export of any arms or ammunition to them? Yes; even by threatening us with a military occupation, and the confiscation of our own arms and ammunition,—and this whilst giving out that it was done from a humane wish to avoid the shedding of more blood, at a time when there was no fear for the shedding of Christian blood, but when revenge was to be visited on those whose hands were still stained with it. Further, by stopping the course of trade, so that several of the emigrants during the visitation of an infectious disease (the measles) died for want of the necessary remedies, or food required or indispensable at such a time. Had not the same Government already treated us as foreigners, even with reference to our trade by sea? How is it possible that, with all such arguments on our side, your Excellency can expect that we can regard ourselves as transgressors or disturbers in opposition to our lawful Government? We declare that we cannot see how the British Government, under the circumstances above rehearsed, can make a claim with any the least shadow of justice or reason on us as its subjects, unless this proceeds only from other motives of policy, or pretexts be sought against us from motives of jealousy, to bring again, with some show of equity, under the yoke the emigrants so despised and left to their fate. We doubt very much whether, if we had withdrawn into the heart of Africa or Delagoa we should have been interfered with there. But we still cherish the hope that when the present Government of Her Majesty the Queen of England and the British nation shall have been made well and truly acquainted with the whole circumstances of the case, measures will be devised to bring about mutual satisfaction otherwise than by the sword and bloodshed. We entreat your Excellency to take the matter again into consideration, and not to adopt any course of action by which we might be driven to take steps which, however much against our inclination, or however painful to ourselves they may be, yet will be unavoidable for our existence and security, and bring upon your Excellency a responsibility which sooner or later may weigh heavily."

And again:

"We acknowledge, moreover, that we cannot comprehend, as far as we are concerned, the right of being regarded as subjects by birth, as elsewhere in your proclamation advanced by your Excellency. But, setting this question aside, we are bound to declare our conviction that there is no possibility for us to be in security in this country, or even to exist, if we were again to give ourselves up to the jurisdiction of a Colonial Government as heretofore. The country, of which your Excellency already disposes by anticipation, threatening to take it away from us and from our children, would in such case be of no value to us. What prospect have we of being able to enjoy a better protection than that which falls to the lot of the frontier inhabitants of your colony, and on account of which many of our number were obliged to fly from that country ? What prospects have we of even enjoying as much of protection ? Your Excellency's dealings in our regard give more than reason to suppose that your solicitude and care exist only for the uncivilised races, and that it would be productive of very little anxiety if we, with our wives, our children, and servants, were to be dragged by them like sheep to the slaughter ; yes—that the philanthropists of our day would still find false accusations numerous enough to make the world believe that we had richly deserved our fate, and that it is our own fault. The will of destiny, then, seems to drive us to one of two choices, namely, to bow ourselves down as beasts of burden, or bear willingly the burden imposed upon us, till, finding it too heavy, we again, as before, set out on a new emigration, leaving behind us here all we possess in the world ; or to clench a gun in our fist, for the protection of our rights, of our property, even of our existence, to strive against our oppressors, and, falling and dropping down, put an end to our earthly miseries. We submit it to your Excellency's judgment, and to that of every right-minded English-man, which of the two is preferable ? Let it no longer be supposed that we seek to mislead, or that we are ourselves misled. Experience has, more or less, given us all severe lessons ; and whatever may be our political differences as to matters of civil administration, your Excellency will find that very little variance exists on that one point. If we were all to be brought low at the cost of much blood and treasure, the flame would be only smothered or stifled, to burst out the more violently in the day of revenge. It is in your Excellency's power to prevent these evils ; and if it be truly in your Excellency's power to avoid further bloodshed, it will be an easy matter for your Excellency to find reasons enough to hold in abeyance the contemplated military occupation, and to employ other means, the operation of which will be attended with more of human feeling and blessing.

" It has created in us a deep feeling of pain, that ever since the outset of our emigration we have been made aware how we have been unfairly held up to the world as rude people, who, tired of civilized law and the discipline of the church, sought to live without restraint, each according to the disposition of his heart. More than once we have put our accusers to shame. Although we may be inexperienced farmers, who in the land of our birth were never permitted to take any part in matters of public importance to the country, we have, however, succeeded in placing our form of government on such a footing that we are beginning, from day to day, more and more, to win public confidence. Religion itself has been provided for on an orderly basis, and buildings and cultivation make greater progress each day. Already we have raised a respectable building for the celebration of public worship, and the education of the young has been placed upon a good footing.

"The war-craving Zulus, by whom we are surrounded, have been checked in their hitherto incessant passion for war, so that even now, from fear of us, they take up their weapons stealthily and very seldom. Two missionaries are already at work amongst them under our protection; and we have already the best prospects that the civilization of that people will advance more rapidly than that of the Kaffirs on the borders of the colony. All this has been already accomplished, now that we are but just beginning to emerge from our great difficulties. Your Excellency may, therefore, well conceive that it will pain us to see the foundation of all our hopes thrown over. A single wrong or unstatesmanlike experiment would create irreparable disadvantage to us. Already there are active agents busy in exciting the Kaffir races against us to their or our misfortune, and in impressing them that we are their oppressors, but the English their protectors, and that they, if they cling to the English, will have as booty our cattle for their reward. Possibly your Excellency has given no permission for this: it is, however, being done. Will the civilized world ever be able to blame us, that we, in such circumstances, and under such inhuman persecution, should do and venture the utmost for the preservation of our lives? And if we have to shrink back before superior force, and to seek for safety further inland, where we shall be more concentrated and contend against our enemy at greater advantage, shall anyone then reproach us if, for our losses sustained as well in the colony as since our emigration, and for our lands, houses, and other possessions which we shall be obliged to leave a prey to desolation, we seek to compensate ourselves from our old debtors, the Kaffirs, and even beyond them? We pray that the Almighty may forbid this, and that it may please Him to give us a happier issue of events.

"Lastly, as well on our own behalf as at the earnest request of our fellow-emigrants, we must most strongly protest against the taking possession of any part of this country, as threatened in your Excellency's proclamation of 2nd December, before mentioned, and to declare that from this time forth we intend to regard ourselves as irresponsible for the dreadful consequences of such a step, before God, before our own Consciences, and before the world."

It was all of no avail. Captain Thomas Charlton Smith of the 27th Foot (the Inniskillings), with two companies of his regiment, some artillery, and a few Cape Mounted Riflemen and Royal Engineers, found himself on the 1st of April 1842 crossing the Umzimvubu, northward bound, by order of His Excellency. It was a gay, if cumbersome, expedition that set out for Port Natal that April morning. Its official tally was two hundred and sixty men, sixty wagons, six hundred oxen, and two hundred and fifty servants. As an instrument for the purpose of achieving the avowed intention of the Governor it was, in the circumstances, without hope ; but the red coats of the 27th must have been a gay sight as the column wound down the steep green river banks, singing " We Fight to Conquer." Bugler Brown of that regiment wrote his mother letters concerning the journey which are by now historic. It was not long before two ladies of the party embarked upon their great adventure, for a Mrs. Giligan was soon delivered of a son, and the next day the Commissariat Issuer's wife of a beautiful daughter, in sylvan *accouchements* which would not so placidly be faced to-day. Dr. Frazer, the surgeon, had his hands full. Mrs. Lonsdale, the wife of Captain Lonsdale of the 27th, with her three children travelled with the expedition, as did the Reverend James Archbell, with his wife and family, on their way to establish a Wesleyan Mission in Natal. It must have been quite a domestic affair. The column marched on, much intrigued, eating oysters, picking up shells, and wondering at the skeletons of whales and ships that flecked the shore ; they caught buck, saw occasionally a stray hippopotamus, and even came with a thrill upon the tracks of lion and elephant. Bugler Brown was in ecstasy. The troops, however, soon began to suffer greatly from the beach sand, which got into their ammunition boots and cut their feet, and they became horribly sunburnt. After crossing a hundred and twenty-two rivers they came to the Umkomaas, about thirty miles south of Durban, where they rested for a time. There Private James

Devitt of No. 2 Company, worn out with fatigue, surrendered his life upon the river bank. Natal had begun to exact her price from the British Army.

Some miles farther on the column met a few British who had marched out from the Port " all armed with swords, pistols, and double-barrelled guns." Their reason for this was not so much to welcome the troops as to escape being conscripted by the Boers. They complained bitterly of their " ill-treatment " by the " Dutch barbarians," who were a " band of ruffians." This ill-treatment consisted of their being made by the Dutch to " pay heavy revenue and duties upon all kinds of goods they purchased out of different vessels."

Nearer Durban " it was surely handsome to see all the pretty cottages and handsome villages, belonging to the peaceable Dutch Farmers." The Englishman, Robert Dunn, had, on the hills overlooking the Umbilo River and the bay, a " magnificent house " and a " splendid garden," but they lost their charm for him when he found the paltry force that was to tackle fifteen hundred picked shots, armed with fine guns, and with plenty of ammunition—mostly purchased, by the way, from the very same British who had just cried to Heaven and Captain Smith against the " Dutch barbarians."

At this time the " haughty Dutch banner was displayed on the Fort at the harbour as large as life." The Boers had prudently withdrawn for a time.

This " rebellious flag " was soon pulled down ; Captain Smith himself hoisted the " British Union of Old England " in its place. A six-pounder alongside it was simultaneously spiked. The next day the column marched to its camping-ground, " with fixed bayonets, and the officers with their swords drawn, and in full uniform." It was—so far—all very gay and gallant and bloodless.

Bugler Brown formed a very poor opinion of the camp. The water was bad ; it was " as black as ink and full of different insects " ; it likewise stank. His fear that it would be the death of them was not realised ; but the Boers nearly were.

As for the Port generally, his words were : " I think it one of the handsomest places I ever saw in my life." The camp was situate on the grassy plain between the Umgeni River and the bay, about half a mile from the latter, and abutting on the track which led northwards to the Zulu country. The spot was called " Itafa Malinde " (" The Plain of the Look Out "), or less euphoniously, " Commetjies Flat." It is still preserved as " The Old Fort." Before the troops had been long encamped an interview took place between Captain Smith with a company of his regiment and Pretorius the commandant of the Boers. The ubiquitous Bugler Brown was present. He was much impressed with the Dutch leader. " He is about six feet high and has a belly on him like the bass drum," was his pleasing description. Nothing came of the interview. Pretorius told Captain Smith that the Boers were under the protection of Holland. This queer belief was due to a gentleman of the name of Smellekamp. the supercargo of a Dutch brig called *Brazilia* which had recently arrived at Natal on a trading expedition under the command of a blustering Captain Reus. The brig had left before Captain Smith arrived, but Smellekamp had remained. He and Captain Reus had been fêted in Pietermaritzburg, where the burghers treated him as an envoy from the Government of the Netherlands. He did nothing to undeceive them. On the contrary, he signed, without either the slightest warrant or hesitation, a treaty with them, " in the name of the King of the Netherlands," subject only to His Majesty's formal approval. What was more, he solemnly presented the Volksraad with " a manuscript letter from a Merchants' House at Amsterdam, with broad gold edging, and many ribbons attached." After that Smellekamp sold the cargo of the *Brazilia* by auction. He ultimately reached the Cape overland, only to be arrested at Swellendam. He was released after deposing before the Attorney-General, with some lack of candour, that his activities in Natal were quite innocuous.

With the failure of the interview between Captain Smith and Pretorius a stalemate ensued.

The Boers had bought up all the provisions in the place before the British arrived, and the troops found their rations (other than meat) getting shorter and shorter. One day their allowance was a handful of rice. The Commissariat Issuer's cross was a heavy one. Fortunately the *Mazeppa* and *Pilot* arrived with biscuits, salt beef, and pork, but not until there was only one day's issue of meal on hand, and that was borrowed from the provident Mr. Archbell. On these vessels were nine would-be settlers (who seem to have chosen a very unfortunate time to appear), and, much to Bugler Brown's joy, a canteen man with a plentiful supply of rum. Captain Smith, however, cut his alcoholic activities short by forbidding him to sell until more settled times. The British settlers—including the new ones—were mobilised and made to mount guard at " Fort Victoria " near the Point. They relieved " their sentries correctly," and the lucky fellows had a trumpet to sound, all to themselves. The troops were kept strictly within their own camp ; " we are locked up the same as if we were in a French prison," complained Bugler Brown to his mother.

Pretorius became impatient as time dragged on. His policy of wearing out the British showed no signs of succeeding, and he was resolved not to fire first shot.

He therefore cast his eye upon Captain Smith's seven hundred transport oxen, which were peacefully grazing between the camps, and suddenly carried them off.

This was more than Captain Smith could stand. He decided to retaliate, and launched a " surprise attack " along the bay shore on the night of the 23rd of May. This met with immediate disaster. The most surprised person was Captain Smith, and the only attack was that made by the Boers on his own forces. Failure was inevitable. It was a bright moonlight night ; one of the gun-wheels made a dreadful noise, and a howitzer in a boat, which was the *pièce de résistance*, never came into action at all. Somebody miscalculated the tides. The Boers, comfortably concealed behind the mangrove trees that fringed the bay, picked off the redcoats as they pleased, and killed or wounded about a third of them. Lieutenant Wyatt of the Artillery was shot dead with the first volley. Captain Lonsdale was severely wounded. Lieutenant Tunnard was wounded in the thigh, and floated to the mouth of the harbour on the outgoing tide. He would have been carried out to sea had he not providentially been saved from the *Pilot*.

The British found themselves at once besieged. They managed, however, on the night of the 25th, to dispatch Richard King on his famous ride to Grahamstown in order to obtain reinforcements. King's feat has been repeatedly described, and is celebrated by a statue overlooking the bay across which he was ferried to commence his journey. The Boers, having got wind of his departure, made straight for his home at Isipingo, some ten miles south of Durban, thinking he was bound to call there on his way. They were too late, but, in any event, King, suspecting some such manœuvre, kept along the sea-beach and gave his home a wide berth.

He is said to have escaped some Boers at the Umkomaas. He was also attacked by Ncapayi's tribe below the Umzimkulu. They took him for a Boer. Knowing the language he was fortunately able to persuade them that he was not. Riding alone at breakneck speed, swimming the rivers, and pausing only to change horses at the missionary establishments along the way, he covered the six hundred miles to Grahamstown in ten days. On two of these he was too ill to travel. This journey was an outstanding feat of physical endurance and courage. He was accompanied on the first part of it by his native servant Ndongeni, who rode bareback. Ndongeni suffered dreadfully from chafing, and also became alarmed when he neared the Amaxosa. He was a long way from home, and this was a strange tribe to him. He therefore returned to the Port, with King's consent.

Had King not succeeded, Captain Smith would have been forced to capitulate. As it was, the reinforcements, sent as a result of his ride, were just in time. The Government rewarded his efforts with the princely sum of fifteen pounds. The inhabitants of the Port subscribed another seventy. Ndongeni was still alive in 1911, residing rent free on Crown lands on the south coast of Natal. He was interviewed, in 1905, and declared that his only need in life was a gun, " so that I may shoot the baboons, which destroy my crops." King settled down later in Durban, and afterwards at Isipingo, where he died on the 10th of November 1871.

On the early morning of the 26th of May the Boers made a surprise attack on " Fort Victoria " at the Point, shot the sentries, and captured it, with sixteen of Captain Smith's men. They also seized and plundered the two ships *Mazeppa* and *Pilot*. They found on board these vessels some cannon and a large quantity of stores intended for the British troops, including Captain Smith's personal belongings, which the British had imprudently failed to unload upon the ground that there was no protection against the weather at the camp. A civilian, Charles Adams, who tried to escape by swimming, was shot through the head. The Boers also captured some other civilians, either at the Fort or on board the two vessels. Of these some were merely detained at Congella. They included the master and supercargo of the *Pilot* (Macdonald and Wheeler), and Allen the master of the *Mazeppa*. Macdonald, by the way, afterwards lived on the site of the " Commercial Hotel," now the " Royal," in Durban ; and Wheeler, after a venture in lime-burning, ultimately became Market Master of Pietermaritzburg.

Others of the captured civilians were less fortunate. These were G. C. Cato, F. Armstrong, S. Beningfield, J. Douglas, J. Hogg, H. Ogle, H. Parkins, D. Toohey, F. McCabe, and B. Schwikkard. Before describing their adventures after their capture it may be as well to give some information as to who they were.

Our old friend Henry Ogle is easily recognised. Toohey has also been mentioned. He was, or had been, in the employ of the Grahamstown firm of Maynard. McCabe was the agent of John Owen Smith, a Port Elizabeth merchant, and afterwards became landrost of Bloemfontein. Beningfield arrived in 1840, and in later years founded a large auctioneering business at Durban. Armstrong was a young man of twenty-six who had recently arrived in search of an opening, which he apparently found. Parkins and Douglas were ivory traders who often travelled with Richard King and David Steller, the prince of hippo-hunters. Douglas was a sailor on the *Mazeppa* in 1839, and Assistant Harbour Master under the Emigrants in 1841. Schwikkard has already been mentioned. Of Hogg there is practically no other mention in contemporary records except that he obtained from the Volksraad in January 1842 an extension of six months within which to pay for his plot. Both of these persons occupied lots in what is now Smith Street, under the Boer régime. Cato had arrived at the Port in March 1839 in charge of a schooner called the *Trek Boer*, and was so charmed with the place that he returned to settle, and took up his abode at " Cato's Creek " on the north-east side of the bay. He had been sent by Owen Smith, partly on " mercantile pursuits " and partly to persuade certain of the emigrants to accept the compensation for their slaves which, up to that time, they had declined, as a protest against its utter inadequacy. The latter object was no doubt subsidiary to, and not unconnected with, the former so far as Owen Smith was concerned. Owen Smith's ship, the *Mazeppa*, had also, as we know, been chartered in 1839 by the emigrants to proceed to Delagoa Bay with Edward Parker and rescue the fever-sodden remnants of the party of Louis Triegard. Cato sailed on that voyage. He lived to be the first Mayor of Durban in less strenuous days: "A short, sharp, clean-shaved, American-looking man, in white clothes, and a large Manilla hat worn at all angles on the head, according to the humour of the hour." He had recently antagonised the Boers as the *Brazilia* was preparing to leave by secretly removing the flagstaff, on which they were about to hoist with some ceremony the flag of the Netherlands by way of salute to Captain Reus on his departure. Douglas had been implicated with him in this. It is said that the captain and crew of the *Brazilia* gave the latter "a good hiding." Cato escaped them, but he was tried by the Volksraad and fined a few days before Captain Smith arrived. He had also volunteered to ride to Grahamstown for relief, but as Captain Smith would not allow him to go, Richard King went instead. Cato and his brother Joseph woke King at midnight on board the *Mazeppa* and rowed him across the bay, towing two horses, to start him on his ride, along with the faithful Ndongeni.

These ten unhappy civilians were bundled off to the Boers' camp at Congella, near the head of the bay. There they lay in the stocks for a week, after which they were taken to Pietermaritzburg in handcuffs. They wrote from Congella to Captain Smith asking for help towards leaving the country, but he was, of course, powerless to give it. They adduced "the immense property" they possessed, their "suffering families," and their "awkward position in the stocks" as grounds for his assistance. At the capital they were chained two and two by the leg, and were on view during the day. They spent the nights in the stocks.

When the relief took place a month later, an irresponsible Boer called Snyman, fired a rifle at them through the bars of

" Dick King's " Statue at Durban.

the prison and nearly killed Cato. Snyman is said to have aimed at him or Henry Ogle, whose list of adventurous escapades since his arrival in the Cape Colony in 1824 was by now a fairly long one.

The prisoners were then released, and Snyman was put in the stocks. Cato says that this was done by himself and his companions, but others that it was done by the emigrant authorities themselves.

To return, however, to Captain Smith and his troops. In the first week of June 1842 most of the women and children from the beleaguered camp were by agreement with the Boers transferred to the *Mazeppa*. This was arranged under a flag of truce, Mr. Archbell being sent by the Boers to interview Captain Smith. Those transferred included Mrs. Lonsdale and her children, and no doubt Mrs. Giligan and the wife of the Commissariat Issuer, whose lately-arrived infants were being nurtured under grave difficulties. The Boer escort were " very polite " to Mrs. Lonsdale—they asked if she was " old Captain Smith's *vrouw*." The departure was a relief to the garrison, as provisions were running short and life in the invested camp was no sinecure. James, Mrs. Lonsdale's small boy, had nearly been struck by a ball from the Boers' six-pounder, which smashed a table beside him to pieces. Mr. Archbell with his wife and family, as well as Mrs. G. C. Cato and Mrs. Beningfield with their children, and John Mackenzie of " Craigie Burn " were also on board.

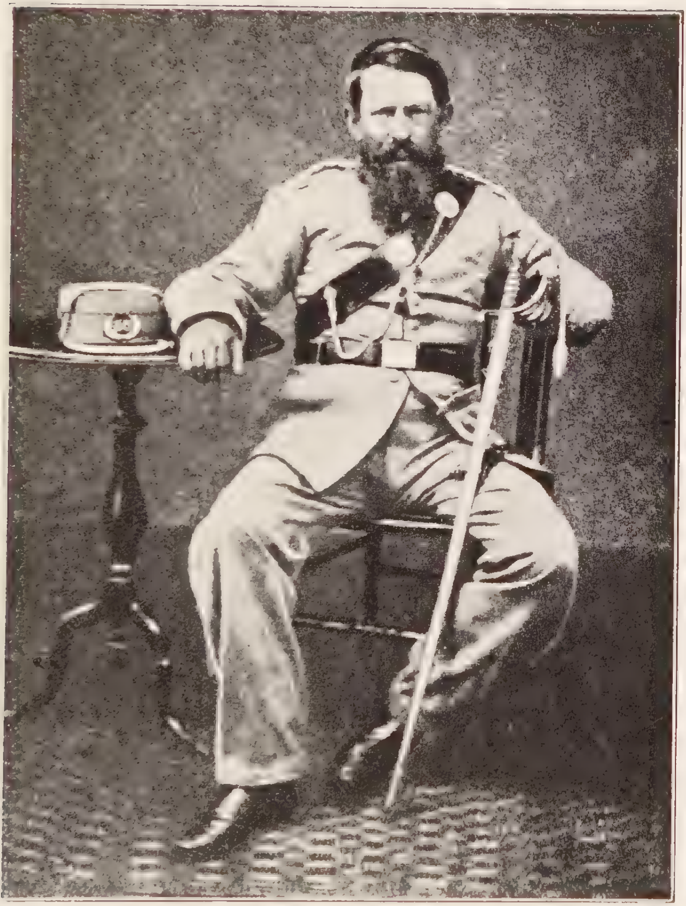
The Boers made two grave mistakes in regard to the *Mazeppa*. In the first place, they failed to remove her rudder, so that, if her cable were slipped, she could still sail out. They considered, mistakenly, that an eighteen-pounder on the shore not more than fifty yards away would be sufficient to secure her immobility. In the second place, they removed the master, Captain Allen, but not the crew, and in particular they left Christopher Joseph Cato, brother of G. C. Cato, on board. According to Wheeler (the supercargo of the *Pilot*), they thought that they recognised him among the killed when they picked up the dead from the Congella attack, and therefore made no search for him. This is unlikely. It is more probable that C. J. Cato was considered innocuous and allowed to remain, or that he escaped discovery by hiding. The unexpected happened. Captain Smith sent a message to Joseph Cato by Mr. Archbell when the latter visited him under the flag of truce. It was not enough that King had ridden south; he might well have perished on the way. There was only food in the camp for three or four weeks, even with the exiguous rations that prevailed. Some other effort must be made. There was one hope remaining; it was a forlorn one, no doubt, but still a hope. Her Majesty's ships of war put in occasionally to Delagoa Bay, and if Cato could reach that port, relief might be found in time. He was not afraid to answer the call, and sailed the *Mazeppa* out of the Port on the 10th of June.

This episode has so long been overshadowed by "Dick King's Ride" that it is well-nigh forgotten. But it was a voyage of almost greater heroism than his. The little ninety-ton schooner had been completely unladen by the Boers. Even her ballast had been removed. All that the emigrants left behind was Mr. Archbell's luggage. The vessel now lay swinging to the quick tides of Durban Bay at a single anchor, with only one spare. If her cable were slipped she could never anchor safely in any open roadstead, for which purpose two anchors were essential. A few yards away the muzzle of an eighteen-pounder was trained on her bulwarks. A force of Boers was also stationed on the spit she would have to pass on her way out.

She had on board seven women, eighteen children, two ship's boys, and ten grown men, or thirty-seven souls in all. By savings from the daily ration, issued by the Boers, a small stock of provisions was accumulated; under the plea of laundry needs, an extra quantity of fresh water was taken in from the shore—but only enough for four days. The sails were periodically hoisted to dry them after the heavy dews; the women also began to hang their washing to dry over the bulwarks. Outwardly all was calm. Even the ship's longboat floated idly astern.

Suddenly, on the 10th of June, a south-west wind and an ebb tide provided the chance. The cable was slipped; all, including the women, pulled frantically on the ropes, which Cato, with the aid of Isaac Craig, the carpenter, had led down below. The washing of the day was all on the port side. Curiously enough it consisted entirely of blankets, and behind them, along the bulwarks, were mattresses.

Before the Boers could recover from their surprise the ship, with Craig steering and Cato in the bows, was on the starboard



CHRISTOPHER JOSEPH CATO OF THE "MAZEPPA."

(From a photograph in the Durban Museum.)

tack down channel, and out of the way of the eighteen-pounder. A four-pounder, however, fired at her repeatedly; and nearly eighty Boers discharged four-ounce bullets from their elephant guns in her direction. The sails were riddled, the rigging torn, and the mattresses filled with bullets. The longboat was swamped and sank in the breakers at the entrance. But the *Mazeppa* crossed the bar, and then lay to outside the harbour for five hours, repairing the damage and rolling dreadfully. The children picked the bullets out of the mattresses; the women mended the blankets in the intervals between awful bouts of sea-sickness.

Thus the *Mazeppa* found herself in the open sea bound for Delagoa Bay, in such a predicament that a gale of wind meant that she would probably founder, while a calm, or contrary winds, involved almost certain death to her complement from thirst or starvation. She was without ballast; she was short of both food and water. She could not anchor with safety; she had no boat.

On the night of the 13th the *Mazeppa* was off the entrance to Delagoa Bay, and anchored under the lee of the island of Inhaca. There, however, Cato lost his remaining anchor. He dared not face the shoals and winding channels of that bay without an anchor; he was forced to keep to the open sea. Boatless and anchorless, he sailed for Cape Corrientes farther north, hoping to find some whalers there. On his way he found four ships—all American whalers—at anchor. They could spare him no food, but sold him what he needed most—an anchor and some water.

Thus fortified he sailed into Delagoa Bay, only to find the Portuguese at war with the natives and the town in a state of blockade. He was, however, able to fill his water-casks, and buy some firewood, a little corn, some salt pork, and a few pigs. He also dined with the Governor. So did Mrs. Archbell. But there was no sign whatever of a British warship. After two days' vain waiting he sailed back again, intending to make Algoa Bay and ask for assistance at that place for the garrison. He arrived off Natal on his way south at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th of June and found H.M.S. *Southampton* at anchor, and Captain Smith relieved. There he lost his anchor once more and was forced to sail over the bar and strand his vessel on a sandbank in the bay. It was an epic journey.

Joseph Cato and his carpenter, Isaac Craig, have not yet had their due ; nor have the women. Mrs. Lonsdale's husband was wounded and besieged. Mrs. Giligan and the wife of the Commissariat Issuer were in like straits ; their husbands were unwounded, but they themselves had the burden of infants barely six weeks old. Mrs. G. C. Cato and Mrs. Beningfield had left their men-folk prisoners with the Boers. Mrs. Archbell, the missionary's wife, was of course more fortunate, but the sadness and suffering of all were lightened by her constant service and joyous courage.

The *Southampton* with the supply ship *Maid of Mona* and the schooner *Conch* had arrived, the first two from Capetown and the other from Algoa Bay. The *Southampton* had brought troops under Colonel Cloete from the Cape. The presence of the *Conch* was due to prompt action on the part of the military authorities at Grahamstown. As soon as King arrived they acted on their own responsibility, while the grave news went on to Capetown, to end in the dispatch of the *Southampton* from that port. Captain Bell of the *Conch* (afterwards the Port Captain of Durban under the British in 1844) was lying in Algoa Bay, about to load for the Cape, when he heard that all was not well at Natal, and that an engineer officer from Grahamstown was desirous of chartering a vessel for that port. He promptly offered his ship, overcoming the objections of his crew, who at once feigned illness, by telling them that Captain Lloyd, the resident magistrate would order them three dozen each. That settled them. Captain Bell also augmented his complement by three volunteers picked up on the beach ; but as one of them celebrated his embarkation by half killing the ship's cook, and another, after twenty-four hours of coma, rushed wildly on deck asking the name and destination of the vessel, there was clearly something wrong with his recruiting system.

A company of the 27th, under Captain Durnford, soon embarked with Captain Bell, after drinking a keg of brandy on the beach and entertaining the inhabitants with songs ; " We Fight to Conquer " was no doubt one of them. Richard King was also on board. The *Conch* arrived at Port Natal before the *Southampton*, and on the 25th of June was boarded by the unsuspecting Harbour Master of the Republic, the Englishman Morewood.

He presented rather a bilious appearance when he discovered the hatches filled with "grenadiers as thick as bees." He was glad to be sent swiftly ashore with a message asking if a surgeon might land. So was Pretorius' military secretary, who also boarded the *Conch* in a uniform whose magnificence staggered even the hard-bitten Captain Bell.

When the *Southampton* arrived with more troops, the *Conch* sailed into the harbour, towing behind her some of the frigate's boats filled with soldiers. Captain Bell stood over his rebellious crew with a pistol, and afterwards got into trouble for it. Meantime the frigate shelled the Boer encampment. Colonel Cloete followed in another boat, standing up, and "waving his cap." The Boers offered no resistance worthy of the name, and Captain Smith was relieved. It was in reality an exceedingly tame affair, though the *Conch* was vigorously fired upon for a short time. The ship's boat was riddled with bullets. A private of the 27th was mortally wounded in the neck, and Private McCaffrey of the same regiment received a bullet in the breast, while his firelock was smashed in two. He refused medical assistance, giving vent to the immortal request, "Sure, never mind me. Attend to the man that's kilt." One bullet struck the main boom close to Captain Bell's head. This caused him "to make a low bow."

He visited the camp and found it in a bad way. The stench from the hides and offal of the killed horses was terrible, and a grave trial to the twenty-six wounded. These, some with legs and arms off, and others gravely ill with dysentery, were lying in squalor in trenches four to five feet deep with no shelter but green horse-hides. Captain Lonsdale had stood this for twenty-seven days, unable to move, and without "so much as a jacket on." Sanitation was conspicuously absent. Long, black strips of horseflesh hung from the wagons round the camp, which were riddled with shot. The Boers had kept up an incessant rifle and cannon fire on the camp, which, at times, was very unpleasant. One shot had struck the officers' mess tent and devastated their cooking apparatus. Bombardier Porter with an eighteen-pounder had made such reply as he could, and there had been one sortie, in which Ensign Prior of the 27th had been killed. There had been the usual absence of medical comforts of any description, though "every amputation" undertaken by

Dr. Frazer had succeeded. The dearth of wood had made it very difficult to cook. The only horse not killed for food was sitting on its hind quarters like a dog, making unsuccessful attempts to get on its feet. One prays that it survived.

Captain Bell was introduced to Captain Smith, and records of him, with some mingling of metaphor, that " he was very much reduced by the hardships he had endured ; his rigging much chafed and out of order, but his interior remained sterling steel."

" God bless your honour for coming to us ; this is the first time for this month that I have dared to stand upright," said the wife of one of the besieged to Major D'Urban of the relieving force. She had apparently refused to board the *Mazeppa*.

Bugler Brown must have rejoiced at the relief, for the few oxen Cowie had secretly sent in at the beginning had long since been consumed. Each of the besieged had been living on ten ounces of horseflesh and biscuit dust a day, and Captain Smith had breakfasted that morning off a crow. The water too was dreadful. The original supply, which was not as wholesome as it might have been, was at a little distance from the camp ; with the siege it became dangerous to visit the spot, and recourse was had to a well dug inside the camp, the water from which was worse still.

The sad part of the affair was the row of graves in the cemetery nearby. This stands to-day close to the great railway station of Durban, and is still reverently preserved.

With Cloete's landing the Boers abandoned Congella, and on the 15th of July 1842 the President and members of the Council of the Republic reluctantly tendered to him, for themselves and their people, their submission to the authority of Her Majesty the Queen. Cloete left the Port on the 21st of the same month. Pretorius remained for a time in Natal, but later crossed the Vaal to contest the leadership of the Transvaal Boers with Potgieter, to see their independence recognised by the Sand River Convention of 1852, and to die the following year. His son was the first President of the Transvaal Republic.

Cloete has been much criticised for his conduct of the expedition after the relief of Captain Smith's camp and the retreat of the Boers.

Being in need of supplies he sent messages to the neighbouring natives, requesting them to seize the oxen and horses of the Boers. He promised them remuneration for those brought in, as well as the protection of the British arms. The message concluded with the extremely unfortunate recommendation to the natives not to use their weapons against the Boers unless the latter used theirs. This was a heaven-sent opportunity. The natives raided indiscriminately the cattle of both the peaceful and the hostile Boers. They also added with avidity to their own meagre herds, and murdered some of the emigrants in the process. According to Mr. Archbell, eight Boers were killed. Some of their womenfolk were stripped naked, " cut and mangled," and driven away from their homes. Only a tenth of the cattle of these unfortunates reached the British.

A little later the cattle of six more emigrants were seized and a handful of them handed over to Cloete. These last sufferers were peaceful Boers, most of whom had not fought against the British troops, and all of whom had tendered their allegiance. When they complained to the officer commanding they were told that there would be no compensation for the cattle retained by the natives, and that they were lucky to have escaped with their lives. Thus are rebels made. The result was that the natives were in their turn shot down by the infuriated Boers. They promptly claimed British protection and did not obtain it. The whole proceeding was no doubt inexcusable, but Cloete was in a very difficult position, and there was much force in his statement to Pretorius that as the latter had carried off all Captain Smith's cattle—seven hundred in number—in May, it was his own fault that rather drastic steps were necessary in order to replace them.

Cloete was also criticised for the leniency of his terms of peace. These were that the Boers, as well as submitting, were to release all prisoners, give up all cannon, and restore all private and public property seized by them. In return all of them, with the exception of four, received a general amnesty and certain other assurances.

This criticism emanated mainly from Captain Smith and the British at the Port, who felt that Cloete had neither eaten biscuit dust to an accompaniment of round shot, nor had his belongings looted, nor sat in the stocks at Pietermaritzburg. But the terms received high official approval, and, in truth, it was the difficulty of enforcing the treaty rather than its terms that irritated Captain Smith, the Boers proving themselves extremely tiresome in that respect. In other words, Colonel Cloete had complacently departed, and left Captain Smith to nurse the baby. Everything conspired to exasperate Smith after Cloete sailed. He was a sturdy, stolid officer who had fought at Waterloo, and this sort of affair was strange to him.

It was one of the conditions of the treaty that the tenure of the Emigrants' lands should be left to the determination of Her Majesty's Government, whereas the Boer Council, or Volksraad, continued to authorise grants and transfers of farms; they quibbled over the return of some of the cannon, and only delivered up the two they had looted from the *Mazeppa*. They claimed that Cloete had made verbal exemptions. They also returned numerous boxes purporting to contain private property, but these, on being opened, were discovered to be empty. Captain Smith had also the greatest difficulty in extracting from them some five hundred pounds in cash they had seized. This was, however, to be expected, as the extraction of cash is a permanent South African problem.

The Council had also asked that one Breda should be permitted to visit the Port. The amnesty had under the treaty been refused him, because of the prominent part he had taken in plundering the *Mazeppa*. Captain Smith nearly exploded at this request, and threatened to arrest Breda for piracy. And in addition Sir George Napier, the Governor, was desirous of learning from Captain Smith why, if the Boers had so incontinently fled before Cloete he had only been able to suffer a reverse and be boxed up in an insanitary camp. This question took some answering.

Notwithstanding his worries, Captain Smith found time to draw the attention of Sir George Napier to the possibility of cotton- and sugar-planting, and of coal-mining, in Natal. It was true, he said, that the harbour was difficult for sailing vessels, but " a steam tug will find its way here with the increase of trade, and thus obviate these disadvantages."

The British at the Port were also fairly turbulent. Mr. Beningfield (always a vivid personality) was, for example, fined ten shillings by Captain Smith for prodding a native with a pointed stick. The one bright exception was the evergreen Henry Ogle, who was proving himself extremely useful as regards cattle, much as he had in 1839.

The Boers again were making things easy for British deserters by providing them with food, clothes, and ammunition. Captain Smith arrested Van Niekerk, one of the emigrants, on this ground, and shipped him off to Capetown, where it was found that the evidence against him was insufficient. Fortunately, however, for Captain Smith, two local charges were preferred against him, and he was sent off for trial at the Grahamstown Circuit.

There were constant rumours that the treaty was to be repudiated, that the Boers from over the Drakensberg were about to come to the assistance of their brethren in Natal, and that the Port was to be once more attacked. The Boers were also levying customs dues on goods arriving at Pietermaritzburg from the Port, in direct violation of the treaty. Captain Smith's position was thus one of the gravest difficulty, and he has never received full credit for the way in which he handled affairs at this period.

All this time, by the way, the Governor of the Cape was under orders from the Secretary of State to withdraw the whole of the British troops from Port Natal at once. Fortunately he disobeyed instructions. His action was approved early in 1843, by which time it dawned upon the British Government that he was right.

On the 12th of May 1843 Her Majesty announced her intention of recognising and adopting Natal as one of her Colonies, and the Honourable Henry Cloete was appointed Commissioner to proceed to that place, and settle on the spot all questions arising out of the new status.

Mr. Cloete was a brother of Colonel Cloete, a member of the Legislative Council, and a practising barrister of good standing. He was also a member of an old Cape family, and "blessed with a kindness of disposition and frankness of manner." Moreover, Mr. J. N. Boshoff, now a leader among the Boers, had himself suggested the appointment. All this, it was felt, would ensure his success in a difficult mission. As usual, it was a much more onerous one than anybody anticipated.

Cloete's arrival in Natal was the signal for an angry outburst on the part of the emigrants. His ancestry and urbanity, and Boshoff's recommendation could go to the devil as far as they were concerned. The flag of the Netherlands was freely flown; numbers of the Boers signed a document repudiating British allegiance, and messages for help were sent to their friends over the Drakensberg. Cloete was shouted down at his first meeting with them in June 1843, and was forced to withdraw, the proceedings, such as they were, being adjourned until August.

Mpande, the Zulu king created, at the same time, a highly interesting, but alarming diversion by murdering his brother, ripping open the latter's wives, and dashing out the brains of their offspring. This was more than Mpande's great-aunt Mawa could tolerate. The modesty of the aged Queen recoiled from the idea of being ripped open at her time of life, and, with fifty thousand adherents, she hastened across the Tugela and settled about forty miles north of the Port. Other petty chiefs revolted. Zululand was in a ferment. North-Eastern Natal became the venue of a series of free fights between the natives already settled there and the new arrivals. Cattle, as usual, provided the *casus belli*.

Cloete, much worried, returned to Durban, and requested Major Smith (who had received his promotion) to occupy Pietermaritzburg; but the latter felt himself unable to do this unless reinforcements were obtained. The Governor sent these in the shape of two hundred men of the 45th Regiment, with some artillery and guns, but, even with this addition to his forces, Major Smith declined to move from the Port.

The result was an acrimonious correspondence between Smith and Cloete, which was, of course, a great pity, considering the state of the country. In the end Major Smith's action received official approval from the Cape.

In the meantime the Overberg Boers were pouring into Natal to the assistance of their friends. The more intelligent opinion among the latter was in favour of submission, in view of the impossibility of otherwise securing stable government. The whole community was disorganised, and, what was more to the point, there was nothing in the Treasury.

Large numbers, however, persisted in the opposite view, largely for the reason that the indefatigable Mr. Smellekamp had bobbed up again. After his release from arrest in the Cape Colony he sped to Holland, where his associate, one Ohrig, of the firm of

MAJOR T. C. SMITH.

(From a photograph in the Durban Museum.)

Kleyn & Co., petitioned the King of that country to intervene in Natal. He was at once rebuffed with some warmth by the monarch. In spite of this, a widow Van Keulen and others were induced to provide capital, and the *Brazilia*, which had meantime returned to Holland, sailed once more. She arrived off Port Natal on the 8th of May 1843, having on board, as well as Mr. Smellekamp, Mr. Ham, a so far unordained minister of religion, with his wife, and a schoolmaster, Mr. Martineau. Major Smith declined to allow any persons or cargo to be landed (in spite of a disingenuous appeal from the now less truculent Captain Reus), and she was forced to sail for Lourenço Marques, where she deposited her passengers. There the schoolmaster and the wife of the minister both died, the latter, unfortunately, in childbirth.

In the meantime the Netherlands Government had publicly repudiated the *Brazilia* and every one connected with her. The news was officially conveyed to the Boers by the Governor of the Cape. Many of them, however, declined to believe the Governor's statement, and were convinced that Smellekamp had only been driven off because he was the bearer of news which was unpalatable to the British. It was in the hope that a message from him would arrive that Cloete's meeting had been adjourned.

Henry Cloete met the Boers again in Pietermaritzburg on the 7th of August 1843. It became evident at the meeting that the majority were in favour of yielding, with the result that a continuous uproar ensued, which very nearly ended in bloodshed. Finally the Overberg Boers withdrew, proclaiming loudly that they had been betrayed.

Cloete also met the ladies of Pietermaritzburg and spent an unpleasant two hours with them. They declared (not without some reason) that their sufferings and combatant service had entitled them to the vote. Their own Volksraad had denied them this privilege, and they now informed him, the Commissioner, that rather than yield to the British they would walk barefoot over the Drakensberg to freedom or death.

Cloete replied that as married women they were without social freedom and could therefore not claim political liberty. He rather tactlessly added that it would be a disgrace upon their husbands to allow them to take the course they threatened.

This answer not unnaturally caused them to depart in a state of frenzy. Cloete's report of the interview makes sad and tragic reading.

On the 8th of August 1843 the twenty-four members of the Volksraad tendered to the Commissioner their submission to the authority of Her Majesty. Cloete had the satisfaction of having achieved this without the movement of a single soldier from the Port.

Major Smith attributed this surrender firstly to news of the repudiation of Smellekamp, which had been received by the Boers direct from Holland, and secondly to the knowledge of the Boers that " a large military force was about to proceed to Pietermaritzburg." Somebody's grapes were sour.

The news so received from Holland by the Boers was confirmed by a letter from Mr. Smellekamp from Lourenço Marques, received late in August, stating that no help could be expected from his Government. He suggested, however, that a deputation of Boers should come to Delagoa Bay. A deputation of four did ultimately go, in December 1843. On reaching Delagoa Bay they learnt from Smellekamp's own lips the truth, which was that he had no official standing whatever. He tried to temper the effect on them by suggesting that the Boers should move north of the twenty-fifth degree of latitude, where he could trade with them by way of Delagoa Bay, or even Sofala.

Sick at heart, the deputation stayed with this incorrigible optimist only twenty-four hours, and then returned. Of the four, one died on the way back, and another on his return, both of the malaria which infested Lourenço Marques and the Low Country.

Later some of the Boers set out for Lourenço Marques, but not to settle in the north, as Smellekamp had suggested. They went to bring back the bereaved and patient Mr. Ham, the would-be minister, so that he could become their spiritual adviser. On the way the tsetse fly abolished most of their cattle, so that they were forced to return. Mr. Ham ultimately became a minister in the Cape Colony, and Mr. Smellekamp, after some further adventures (including two more trips to Holland and back), transferred his activities first to the Transvaal and then to the Orange Free State. He was unjustly banished from the former, but soon mellowed and settled down in Bloemfontein where he prospered greatly and died a much-respected citizen.

Pietermaritzburg was now occupied by Major Smith and part of his forces, and the hutments of Fort Napier began to show upon the eminence overlooking the town which by this time contained a hundred and twenty houses, a court room, and the church built to commemorate the defeat of Dingana. Order was thereby restored, and, the Overberg Boers having left the colony, Cloete determined to visit Mpande, with a view to settling the boundary of Natal and of examining St. Lucia Bay.

He requested Major Smith to provide him for this purpose with an escort of three mounted men and a corporal. This the latter refused. He even declined to give Cloete an interpreter unless he left his orderly behind to replace him.

Cloete, however, found Commandant Rudolph, a Boer leader, D. C. Toohey, and (of course) Henry Ogle quite ready to accompany him, and engaged Joseph Kirkman as interpreter, at his own expense. The implacable Major Smith suggests in a subsequent dispatch that the zeal of the three first-named persons was by no means disinterested, mentioning ivory as the weakness of Toohey and Ogle, and farms as that of the Boer.

The result of the visit was a treaty with Mpande declaring his boundary to be the Tugela, and also a cession of St. Lucia Bay to Great Britain. The reason for the latter was a desire to preclude the Overberg Boers from access to the sea, and to prevent the volcanic Mr. Smellekamp from erupting in Zululand. It appeared that one Johannes de Lange, an elephant hunter, who enjoyed a considerable reputation among the Zulus, had visited the bay at the request of the Volksraad ; moreover, boats had been seen to approach it by sea. These were ominous portents, and called for swift action. The documents to which Mpande affixed the royal mark were dated the 5th of October 1843. Mpande remained under British protection until 1872, when he died—so stout that he could not walk.

Cloete's visit to Mpande proceeded upon more or less conventional lines.

Mpande met him with his counsellors, uttered a series of complaints against the desertions among his people, and held a dance of three thousand warriors, who for two hours " alternately performed their military evolutions by the most discordant yells and horrible gestures." Mpande then produced his dancing women " decked out with beads in the most profuse and gorgeous manner " ; Cloete was ineffably bored, and thought them, with their measured tramp, bent bodies, and monotonous chanting, a degraded and distressing spectacle. At length Mpande asked for the customary presents, but Cloete cut him short. No treaty and cession—and no presents. Mpande tactfully yielded, made his mark, and received forty pounds' worth of blankets, baize, and beads, and a gun with some ammunition. He asked also for a file, which Cloete promised him. Cloete made a careful examination of St. Lucia Bay, and the estuary at the mouth of the Umhlatuzi, now called Richards Bay. He was not in the least impressed—and he was right. Neither of them is used as a harbour to-day.

On his trip he visited a chief near St. Lucia called Ngoboka (or, as he records it, Umcaboca), an " indolent, pampered being, measuring nearly four feet six inches round his naked waist."

And he also solemnly investigated—with about as much chance of success as the camel with his needle—the murder of a native boy whose truncated corpse he was horrified to discover on his journey.

Still, it was all very successful. As Cloete proudly reported : " Her Majesty is enabled now to command every port and creek from Delagoa Bay to the Orange River, and effectually to exclude any Foreign Power from intermeddling with these tribes." In May of 1844 Downing Street " saw no reason to dissent from the terms " of Cloete's treaty, and did not " disapprove of the cession " of St. Lucia Bay. But—there was to be no thought of a settlement there, and private ownership by British subjects north of the Tugela was absolutely prohibited. No doubt Cloete felt a glow of pleasure steal over him at the enthusiasm with which his diplomatic venture had been received.

Cloete now busied himself with settling the vexed question of land titles, receiving, as was only natural, the most extravagant claims. Mr. Toohey, in a wave of altruism, preferred one to some thousand of acres on the Berea on behalf of Captain Gardiner and the Church Missionary Society. This was at once rejected. Commandant Rudolph was content to claim a bare four hundred thousand acres, and Pretorius ten beggarly farms. The gentleman who had married Farewell's widow (a Mr. Aspeling) was more ambitious, since he cheerfully asserted a right to three thousand five hundred square miles by virtue of Chaka's grant of 1824 to his marital predecessor. This request was incontinently refused, but was in any event without hope. Farewell had in his lifetime ceded his rights for what they were worth to Thompson, Watson & Co., his financial supporters, as security for money advanced and still unpaid. This firm also claimed under the same grant, and with the same result. The Durban *erven*, and a number of scattered farm grants presented no easy task, but in the end Cloete unravelled the tangle—not however, without being rapped over the knuckles for innocently buying some Maritzburg *erven* himself, and finding his secretary accused of acting as an agent for the purchase of farms.

Matters now became gradually more settled. Cloete ended his mission and sailed for the Cape on the 24th of April 1844.

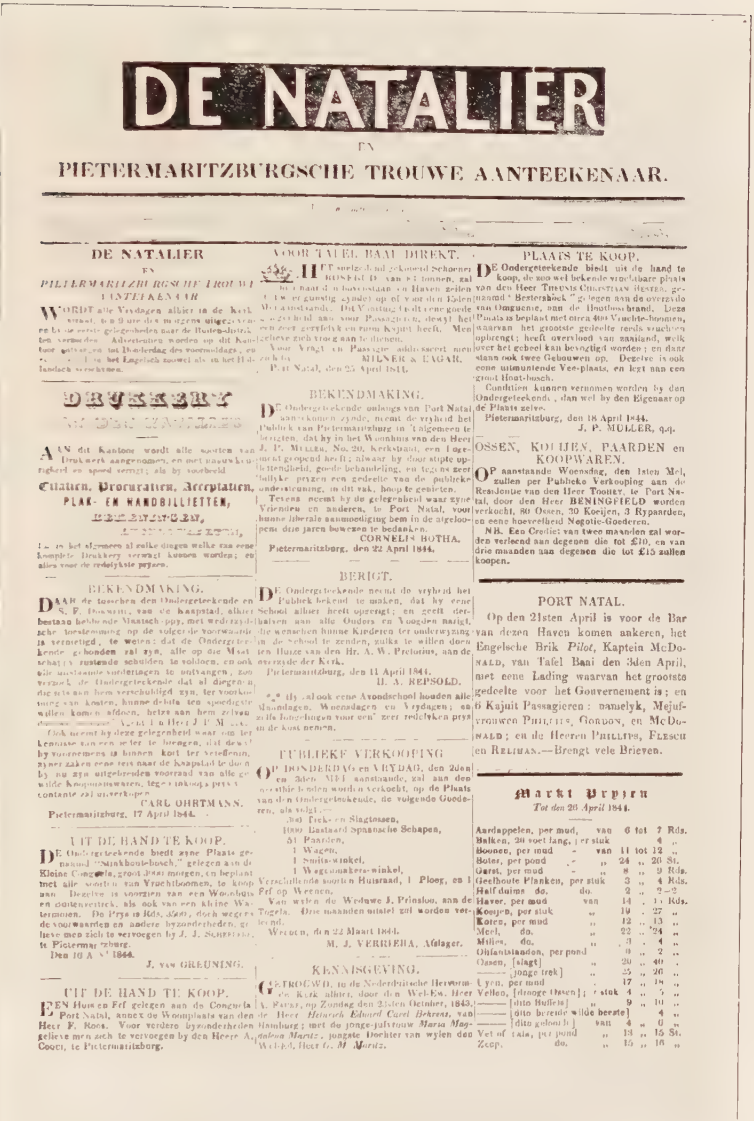
On Cloete's departure Major Smith became Commandant of Natal. He found himself almost immediately in trouble, first with the new Volksraad, elected in September 1844, which declined to take the oath of allegiance, and then with the old (which he continued in office) concerning their resolutions regarding the natives. He was also much incensed by the tone of a newspaper called *De Natalier* just established in Pietermaritzburg. He sent one issue to the Governor to show " the seditious spirit in which it is written," and he described the editor as " an unprincipled Frenchman of the name of Boniface."

One has so far attempted in this book to record not only the workings of the official mind and the decisions made in high places, which, after all, are often dry bones, but also the motives and actions of the bulk of the plain, ordinary people concerned, without which one may hardly ever duly test the beating heart of a community. The material wherewith to achieve this has at times been sparse—all too sparse. But for the last two years of this history the defect is remedied. This has, of course, been achieved, by the appearance in Natal of the Press, that mirror of the average mind. Mr. Boniface, the founder with one Mr. Moll, and the editor, of *De Natalier*, the first newspaper of Natal, may conceivably have deserved at times the strictures of the intransigeant Major Smith. But he did posterity a service by his weekly publication. And, as we shall see later, he and the Major parted good friends. From April 1844 up to the end of 1845, when our history ends, one may find in his columns a record of the activities of the people of Natal, who, though few in number, were already displaying signs of that almost assertive individualism which is their chief characteristic to-day—at once the despair of their neighbours, and the secret of their success. The paper first saw the light just as Henry Cloete was leaving on H.M.S. *Bittern* with an address in his pocket from seventeen inhabitants of Pietermaritzburg, to which he had replied in cordial terms. Civil Government was functioning tolerably well. The Civil Court, consisting of a magistrate with " heemraden " or counsellors, was deciding numerous cases, and an appeal lay from them to the Volksraad. Trade was fairly brisk—the *Pilot*, the *Mazeppa*, the *Louisa*, the *Margaret*, and that " fast sailing clipper-built schooner of 83 tons " the *Rosebud*, sailed regularly in and out of Port Natal.

Captain Cornelis Botha, sometime harbour master to the emigrants, had opened a hotel in Church Street, Pietermaritzburg —alas ! only to achieve misfortune a few months later. Mr. Coqui of the same place had reopened his " shambles, where excellent fat beef will be sold at the rate of one shilling for ten pounds weight." Mr. Repsold took the liberty of announcing the opening of a day school and evening classes, with facilities for boarders on easy terms.

In Durban, Mr. Beningfield was busy selling oxen on three months' credit, and Mr. John Bang had received, by the aforesaid *Rosebud*, " Voerchitz, Baftas, and Punjums, Silitia, Gambroon, Duffle, and Chinsura Cigars," to say nothing of regatta shirts, carpet slippers, chintz dresses, Blucher boots, lavender water and iron bedsteads. Mr. Norwood had twenty farms for sale.

Mrs.—or was it Miss ?—Le Mordant, washed and ironed the finest linen, and undertook all kinds of needlework at moderate rates ; Mr. Relihan, formerly apprentice to the " celebrated Massey of Cornhill, inventor of the patent lever," offered to repair



DE NATALIER

EN

PIETERMARITZBURGSCHE TROUWE AANTEEKENAAR.

DE NATALIER

EN

PIETERMARITZBURGSCHE TROUWE AANTEEKENAAR

WORDT alle Vrydagen alhier in de Kerkstraat, ten 9 ure des morgens uitgegeven, en by de eerste gelegenheden naar de Buiten-distrikten verzonden. Advertentien worden op dit Kantoor ontvangen tot Donderdag des voormiddags, en [illegible] in het Engelsch zoowel als in het Hollandsch verschynen.

DRUKKERY
VAN DEN NATALIER

AAN dit Kantoor wordt alle soorten van Drukwerk aangenomen, en met naauwkeurigheid en spoed verrigt; als by voorbeeld

Citatien, Procuratien, Acceptatien,

PLAK- EN HANDBILLIETTEN,

[illegible],

[illegible],

En in het algemeen al zulke dingen welke van eene komplete Drukkery verwagt kunnen worden; en alles voor de redelykste pryzen.

BEKENDMAKING.

DAAR de tusschen den Ondergeteekende en S. F. [illegible], van de Kaapstad, alhier bestaan hebbende Maatschappy, met wederzydsche toestemming op de volgende voorwaarde is vernietigd, te weten: dat de Ondergeteekende gehouden zal zyn, alle op die Maatschappy rustende schulden te voldoen, en ook alle uitstaande vorderingen te ontvangen, zoo verzoekt de Ondergeteekende dat al diegenen die iets aan hem verschuldigd zyn, ter voorkoming van kosten, hunne debita ten spoedigste willen komen afdoen, hetzy aan hem zelven [illegible] den Heer J. P. M[illegible].

Ook neemt hy deze gelegenheid waar om ter kennisse van een ieder te brengen, dat dewyl hy voornemens is binnen kort ter vereffening zyner zaken eene reis naar de Kaapstad te doen, hy nu zyn uitgebreiden voorraad van alle gewilde Koopmanswaren, tegen inkoops pryzen contante zal uitverkoopen.

CARL OHRTMANN.

Pietermaritzburg, 17 April 1844.

UIT DE HAND TE KOOP.

DE Ondergeteekende biedt zyne Plaats genaamd "Stinkhout-bosch," gelegen aan de Kleine Congela, groot 3000 morgen, en beplant met alle soorten van Vruchtboomen, te koop aan. Dezelve is voorzien van een Woonhuis en buitenvertrek, als ook van een kleine Watermolen. De Prys is Rds. 5000, doch wegens de voorwaarden en andere byzonderheden, gelieve men zich te vervoegen by J. J. [illegible], te Pietermaritzburg.

Den 16 April 1844.

J. van GREUNING.

UIT DE HAND TE KOOP.

EEN Huis en Erf gelegen aan de Congela, Port Natal, annex de Woonplaats van den Heer F. Roos. Voor verdere byzonderheden gelieve men zich te vervoegen by den Heere A. Coqui, te Pietermaritzburg.

VOOR TAFEL BAAI DIREKT.

HET snelzeilend gekoperd Schooner ROSEBUD, van 83 tonnen, zal [illegible] naar de bovenstaande Haven zeilen (het weer gunstig zynde) op of voor den [illegible] Mei aanstaande. Dit Vaartuig biedt eene goede gelegenheid aan voor Passagiers, dewyl het een zeer geryfelyk en ruim Kajuit heeft. Men gelieve zich vroeg aan te dienen.

Voor Vragt en Passagie addresseert men zich by MILNER & EAGAR.

Port Natal, den 25 April 1844.

BEKENDMAKING.

DE Ondergeteekende onlangs van Port Natal aangekomen zynde, neemt de vryheid het Publiek van Pietermaritzburg in 't algemeen te berigten, dat hy in het Woonhuis van den Heer J. P. MULLER, No. 20, Kerkstraat, een Logement geopend heeft; alwaar hy door stipte oplettendheid, goede behandeling, en tegens zeer billyke pryzen een gedeelte van de publieke ondersteuning, in dit vak, hoop te genieten.

Tevens neemt hy de gelegenheid waar zyne Vrienden en anderen, te Port Natal, voor hunne liberale aanmoediging hem in de afgeloopene drie jaren bewezen te bedanken.

CORNELIS BOTHA.

Pietermaritzburg, den 22 April 1844.

BERIGT.

DE Ondergeteekende neemt de vryheid het Publiek bekend te maken, dat hy eene School alhier heeft opgeregt; en geeft derhalven aan alle Ouders en Voogden narigt, die wenschen hunne Kinderen ter onderwyzing in de School te zenden, zulks te willen doen ten Huize van den Hr. A. W. Pretorius, aan de overzyde der Kerk.

Pietermaritzburg, den 11 April 1844.

H. A. REPSOLD.

. Hy zal ook eene Avondschool houden alle Maandagen, Woensdagen en Vrydagen; en zelfs Kostgelingen voor een zeer redelyken prys in de kost nemen.

PUBLIEKE VERKOOPING

OP DONDERDAG en VRYDAG, den 2den en 3den MEI aanstaande, zal aan den meestbiedenden worden verkocht, op de Plaats van den Ondergeteekende, de volgende Goederen, als volgt.—

300 Trek- en Slagtossen,
1000 Bastaard Spaansche Schapen,
51 Paarden,
1 Wagen,
1 Smits-winkel,
1 Wagenmakers-winkel,

Verschillende soorten Huisraad, 1 Ploeg, en 1 Erf op Weenen.

Van wylen de Weduwe J. Prinsloo, aan de Tugela. Drie maanden uitstel zal worden verleend.

Weenen, den 22 Maart 1844.

M. J. VERRIEHA, Afslager.

KENNISGEVING.

GETROUWD, in de Nederduitsche Hervormde Kerk alhier, door den Wel-Ew. Heer A. Faure, op Zondag den 23sten October, 1843, de Heer *Heinrich Eduard Carel Behrens*, van Hamburg; met de jonge-juffrouw *Maria Magdalena Maritz*, jongste Dochter van wylen den Wel-Ed. Heer *G. M. Maritz*.

PLAATS TE KOOP.

DE Ondergeteekende biedt uit de hand te koop, de zoo wel bekende vruchtbare plaats van den Heer THEUNIS CHRISTIAAN BESTER, genaamd "Bestershoek" gelegen aan de overzyde van Omgueni, aan de Houtbosch rand. Deze Plaats is beplant met circa 400 Vruchte-boomen, waarvan het grootste gedeelte reeds vruchten opbrengt; heeft overvloed van zaailand, welk over het geheel kan bevogtigd worden; en daar staan ook twee Gebouwen op. Dezelve is ook eene uitmuntende Vee-plaats, en legt aan een groot Hout-bosch.

Conditien kunnen vernomen worden by den Ondergeteekende, dan wel by den Eigenaar op de Plaats zelve.

Pietermaritzburg, den 18 April 1844.

J. P. MULLER, q.q.

OSSEN, KOEIJEN, PAARDEN en KOOPWAREN.

OP aanstaande Woensdag, den 1sten Mei, zullen per Publieke Verkooping aan de Residentie van den Heer TOOHEY, te Port Natal, door den Heer **BENINGFIELD** worden verkocht, 80 Ossen, 30 Koeijen, 3 Rypaarden, en eene hoeveelheid Negotie-Goederen.

NB. Een Crediet van twee maanden zal worden verleend aan degenen die tot £10, en van drie maanden aan degenen die tot £15 zullen koopen.

PORT NATAL.

Op den 21sten April is voor de Bar van dezen Haven komen ankeren, het Engelsche Brik *Pilot*, Kaptein McDONALD, van Tafel Baai den 3den April, met eene Lading waarvan het grootste gedeelte voor het Gouvernement is; en 6 Kajuit Passagieren: namelyk, Mejufvrouwen PHILLIPS, GORDON, en McDONALD; en de Heeren PHILLIPS, FLESCH en RELIMAN.—Brengt vele Brieven.

Markt Pryzen

Tot den 26 April 1844.

Aardappelen, per mud,	van	6	tot	7	Rds.
Balken, 20 voet lang, per stuk				4	„
Boonen, per mud -	van	11	tot	12	„
Boter, per pond -	„	24	„	26	St.
Garst, per mud -	„	8	„	9	Rds.
Geelhoute Planken, per stuk		3	„	4	Rds.
Half duims do. do.		2	„	2–2	
Haver, per mud	van	14	„	15	Rds.
Koeijen, per stuk	„	19	„	27	„
Koren, per mud	„	12	„	13	„
Meel, do.	„	22	„	24	„
Milies, do.	„	3	„	4	„
Olifantstanden, per pond		0	„	2	„
Ossen, [slagt]	„	20	„	40	„
——— [jonge trek]	„	25	„	26	„
Uyen, per mud	„	17	„	18	„
Vellen, [drooge Ossen] per stuk		4	„	5	„
——— [dito Buffels]	„	9	„	10	„
——— [dito bereide wilde beeste]				4	„
——— [dito gelooide]	van	4	„	6	„
Vet of talk, per pond	„	13	„	15	St.
Zeep, do.	„	15	„	16	„

The first Natal newspaper.

(From the copy in the Natal Archives.)

not only watches but musical boxes as well. Mr. Bang found a rival in Mr. George Winder, who not only sold " Punjums and Baftas " but sugar-candy, gunpowder, and rosin. It was this same Mr. Winder who, a year later, inserted in *De Natalier* this deathless advertisement :

TO LIARS

G. Winder informs all LIARS that he has
returned to Pietermaritzburg.

12th June 1845.

Another enterprising gentleman was offering at 25 per cent discount " quills, castor oil, ink, seidlitz powders, and a medicine chest complete with enema apparatus."

There can thus be no doubt that business was in full swing. But let it not be supposed that the minds of the community were irretrievably commercial in tone. They had their softer and indeed their gayer moments. Thus Mr. Bruning, a recent arrival, was not only anxious to purchase wild bulbs, but bore with him a wonderful collection of comedies, some of which had been presented with great success in the metropolis, or, in other words, Capetown. In a touching advertisement he besought young amateurs of both sexes to form a dramatic society, and thus (by subscription and a very cheap rate) ensure themselves evening recreation which would at the same time prove both innocent and instructive. Moreover, when H.M.S. *Fawn* was about to be withdrawn from Natal and a dinner in Durban to Lieutenant Nourse, the popular commander, was suggested, *De Natalier* issued this pregnant message : " Maritzburg expects that in spite of the preachers of temperance, every one on that occasion will do his duty."

Social activities did not stop short at the drama, and the banquet, for in the twinkling of an eye the racecourse appeared, and the Maritzburg Turf Club was born. Its first meeting was advertised for the 8th and 9th of July 1844. Messrs. van Reenen, van Breda, and Mr. Coqui of the " Shambles "—were among the officials. But the leading light seems to have been Mr. P. R. Otto of " Saxony," a member of the Volksraad, and a breeder of " fine, woolly-haired sheep." Unfortunately there is thereafter silence in the columns of *De Natalier*, both as to this meeting and a ball which was organised by the energetic stewards.

Durban was quick to follow suit. The Natal Turf Club (Stewards : Messrs. Irwin, Tunnard (of the 27th) and H. Milner, with Mr. Bird as Clerk of the Course) advertised its first meeting for the 22nd and 23rd of July, with four races on each day. The first was a race for untrained horses, distance one mile, weight for age, with a purse of five pounds. The second was the Society's Purse of fifteen pounds, two miles, three reputed horses to run. Then came the Ladies' Purse of seven pounds ten, and lastly a five-pound Purse for the horse first past the boundary post after the first horse had passed the winning post ; each horse had to be ridden by the owner of another horse running in the same race !

The second day opened grandiloquently enough with " The Oaks," a sweepstake, with a two-pound entry, three reputed horses to run. Then followed a Handicap, a Consolation Purse (for losing horses) and an Old Horses' Race as a grand finale. No results were published by *De Natalier*, but both meetings must have been a great success, for Mr. Walker announced the opening of an establishment on the Durban-Maritzburg road for the accommodation of racehorses *en route* ; he also recorded his long equine experience, and his desire to " assist amateurs in race speculations." " Purging and diuretic balls " for horses were freely advertised ; this was in itself significant. What was more, by October, the celebrated " Duke of Trickland," a horse which " has been at more than twenty races and has so far never lost." was for sale by its Maritzburg owner. Mr. Walker's venture was unhappily unremunerative and he found himself a few months later in difficulties ; but after a time he was able to announce that his establishment, now known as " The Sportsman's Lodge," was still open, and that horses would be cared for at the rate of five shillings a month.

By way of contrast to all this—the lighter side of Natal life —let it be said that the Volksraad had in March 1844 completed a more sinister task. At the instance of Mr. J. P. Muller it had laid down a tariff of legal costs for law agents in the Civil Court. It ran as follows :

	£	s.	d.
Consultation and noting the case	0	2	6
Drawing Special Power of Attorney ..	0	1	6
Registering it, if necessary	0	0	9
Written statement for drawing Summons ..	0	0	9
Conducting case in Court without witnesses	0	7	6
Examining each witness	0	0	9
For each further appearance, if the case is not concluded on one day	0	3	0
Taking out a decree of execution	0	0	9

It is when one surveys the imposing structure which now rests upon these humble foundations that one realises to the full (or even more) the benefits which juristic progress and enlightenment have conferred upon the community.

So the year passed on replete with incident. Major Smith's sword of honour from the inhabitants of the Cape arrived at that place ; the American barque *Brewster* put in to Port Natal ; affairs were so brisk that a " Natal Almanack " for 1845 was confidently foreshadowed ; members of the Maritzburg Turf Club were besought in the Press to pay their subscriptions by the 5th of December ; even the air-gun reached Natal and was advertised for sale.

The year 1844 went out in a blaze of social glory. The Maritzburg Turf Club held a race meeting on the 30th and 31st of December and a ball to follow. Captain Kyle (of the Royal Artillery), Messrs. Coqui, Dirk Uys, and Maritz were indefatigable. Dr. Portman's grey gelding " Zeeland " won the first race, hard pressed by " Grimaldi " ; Mr. A. Fick's " Engeland " —a brown gelding—took the Pietermaritzburg Purse by a head from " Prince of Natal " ; and Mr. A. Moolman proudly led in his black stallion " Frisch " as the winner of the " Encouragement Stakes." " Zeeland," an importation by Mr. Faurie from Sand River, and " Prince of Natal " were prominent on the second day, and the last race—a plate for old saddle-horses, the winner to be sold for fifteen pounds on the course if claimed within half an hour by the owner of the second horse—was won by a brown gelding belonging to Mr. Wolhuter, which unfortunately was without a name.

Everything passed off splendidly. " There was not a single accident," remarks *De Natalier*. And, as for the ball, the decorations were wonderful (by the ladies, of course); it was just as successful as the races; the music was not quite up to the mark, but after all—— It was a great evening.

The year 1845 was also a busy one. The Reverend Mr. Archbell had built a Wesleyan chapel and a native mission house in Durban during the past year, and had preached to as many as forty whites, and sometimes to three hundred natives. Mrs. Muller commenced in Pietermaritzburg a school, with spelling reading, writing, and arithmetic taught in both languages. Mr. A. Behrens opened in competition with Mr. Coqui. Mr. Beningfield was much occupied in auctioning in Durban the *Brewster's* cargo, which contained articles as useful and dissimilar as ploughs, bonnets, dried fish, sperm-candles, axes, garden seeds, dried apples, timber, chocolate, vinegar, and harrows. Mr. Landsberg and Mr. Gordon set up business in Pietermaritzburg almost simultaneously as watchmakers. Mrs. Gordon proposed to add to the family resources by opening a " Bazaar " where the fastidious could obtain macassar oil, satin cravats, Canton shawls, velvet hair ribbons, artificial flowers, straw bonnets, and " gros de Naples." Mr. Landsberg, fired by so excellent an example of versatility, opened a grocery warehouse.

In the meantime Mr. Schmidt respectfully informed the public that he engaged to undertake agency, law en merchantile (whatever that was), and book-keeping on liberal terms; while Dr. Finch, surgeon—residing opposite the church—announced at first that he could be consulted at home daily, later that he was vaccinating gratuitously, and finally the assumption of a partner, Dr. Blaine.

The activities of Captain Holmes of the *Brewster* were not confined to disposing of his cargo. He conducted with the American missionaries a temperance campaign in Durban. At the first meeting the pledge was read by Mr. Brickhill and signed by three persons, and the correspondent of *De Natalier* was greatly impressed. Though he did not consider himself " in danger of becoming a drunkard," he felt a strong urge towards teetotalism. As he said : " The fact of saving some pounds per month should be sufficient inducement for every well-meaning person." This was hardly what Captain Holmes wanted, but it was something.

The community was not, however, without its discords. Mr. C. Behrens publicly offered, under the heading " Lost or Stolen " a reward of one pound for the recovery of a chess-board of ebony and boxwood, with a mahogany frame, and a set of chessmen, *last seen in the possession of L. E. Mesham.* This little affair involved Mr. Behrens in payment of the sum of twenty-five pounds and costs.

In July the agents of a Durban citizen advertised that Mr. P. A. C. Raath was unlawfully building on Erf 19 Church Street, Pietermaritzburg, the property of their principal, and Mr. Raath replied to this " miserable production of a protest " by a notification that their principal was " committing himself of a falsehood, for reason of his barefacedness in endeavouring by his lying declarations to make my property his own." Dr. Stanger, the new Surveyor-General, had recently arrived to define the boundaries of Durban, Congella, Pietermaritzburg, and Weenen, and to give effect to the decision of Downing Street on Cloete's report concerning land titles generally. And Mr. Raath invited the public to call at Dr. Stanger's office and be convinced that the only proprietor of the aforesaid erf was himself.

Still, business as usual was the rule. The *British Settler* and the old *Conch* were added to the list of regular trading vessels ; Dirk Uys commenced a passenger service by horse wagon between the Port and the capital at one pound per head. Mr. Hippolyte Jargal offered fire insurance ; the " Red Lion " public house—a flourishing and lucrative establishment with bagatelle board complete—was advertised for sale ; a public meeting was held to inaugurate a postal service by wagon between Durban and Maritzburg ; Mr. John Edwards of " Durban Village " opened the " Commercial Hotel " opposite the Market Place in offices lately occupied by Mr. C. McDonald ; the " Shambles " in Maritzburg were causing an " unendurable stench on a hot summer's day." And, wonder of wonders, Durban experienced so strong an earth tremor at 1.45 p.m. on the 22nd of September that the inhabitants rushed out of their buildings. It was also felt in Maritzburg.

In the midst of this Mr. Beningfield was advertising for sale a miniature " cotton farm " on the Umgeni, as " an object of admiration and desire." " The decided steps " (he added) " of the Government having now totally effaced from the most timid minds any latent fears regarding the security of landed property, Natal now only requires a portion of Brother Johnathan's system of Goahead, and Natalia will bid fair to rival the most prosperous of Her Majesty's Colonies, and must prove one of the brightest gems of the British Crown." Who could resist so splendid an appeal?

In due course, however, Natal became by a proclamation dated the 31st of May 1844, but, for some unknown reason, not promulgated in South Africa until the 21st of August 1845, a province of the Cape, a state of affairs which continued till 1856.

Major Smith left after an eventful three and a half years with an address from the inhabitants of Pietermaritzburg and a sword of honour presented to him by the inhabitants of the Cape in admiration of his " unconquerable heroism " in 1842. He afterwards became Agent-General and Commissioner of the Eastern Frontier of the Cape. Henry Cloete was appointed Recorder of Natal, Walter Harding, Crown Prosecutor, and Theophilus Shepstone, Diplomatic Agent to the Native Tribes. Donald Moodie, Civil Commissioner of George, became Secretary to the Government, while Martin Thomas West, Civil Commissioner of Albany, and formerly in the service of the East India Company, was gazetted as Lieutenant-Governor. He received in December 1845 addresses of welcome from fifty-six inhabitants of Durban and sixty-one of Pietermaritzburg.

These are the bald facts culled from the historical records. But *De Natalier* gives us more detailed information.

Major Smith's departure followed naturally upon the relief of himself and the 27th Regiment by Lieutenant Colonel Boyes, and the 45th, which arrived on H.M.S. *Thunderbolt* and the *Pilot*. When Major Smith's successor arrived, Mr. J. P. Zietsman (the Chairman of the Volksraad) called a public meeting which resulted in an address being presented to the Major, as already mentioned. Forty-five of the inhabitants of Maritzburg subscribed themselves his "very humble servants and well wishers" and wished him "a prosperous voyage home, a pleasant meeting with relatives and friends, and happiness without end." And the Major, "their faithful friend and servant," expressed himself in reply, not only as deeply attached to Natal, but determined to inform Her Majesty's Government fully upon the fine settlement "which only asks a fostering hand in order to render it a prosperous and still advancing colony." *De Natalier* deeply regretted his departure. He had deserved the thanks of the people for the manner in which he had maintained his authority. He was always accessible, and every one was "certain of the most civil reception." "He was always" (the editor added) "ready to support our tottering administration, and, notwithstanding the relation in which he stood towards the Immigrants, we believe he is their friend. We express the public feeling in wishing him a hearty farewell and that it may go well with him to the end of his life." And in this calm, after much of the storm, Major Smith sailed off in the *Pilot*.

The 45th Regiment joined those of their comrades who had already been two years in Natal under the Major, and were greeted with enthusiasm. For one thing, they possessed an excellent band, which *De Natalier* hoped would "contribute not a little to expel the melancholy mood which not a few of the inhabitants of this village have contracted in consequence of disappointments and talked of re-emigration."

The last event in our history is the arrival of Lieutenant-Governor West. Here again one may cite freely from Mr. Boniface's periodical.

Mr. West landed at Durban on the 4th of December 1845, to the accompaniment not only of a salute of thirteen guns from the artillery on shore under Captain Faddy, but of another of the same number from the *Rosebud* upon which the Governor had travelled to the Port. It took some days for his entourage to compose itself and for the landing of his effects. He did not leave Durban until the 11th, having in the meantime received one address from the inhabitants of that place and another from the Reverend James Archbell. That evening he reached "Elliotts," where he passed the night to the accompaniment of a wild thunderstorm. The hostel he so occupied was at once christened "Albenia" in honour of his gracious lady. The next evening he reached "Uysdoorns," and on the morning of the 13th his cavalcade was welcomed on the confines of Pietermaritzburg by a guard of honour of the 45th, the prominent citizens of the capital, the National Anthem, and yet another salute of thirteen guns from the tireless Captain Faddy. At lunch he was the guest of Lieutenant-Colonel Boyes and the officers of the 45th. After that he swore in Henry Cloete, the newly-appointed Recorder, and in his turn took the oath at the hands of his freshly created judge. The loyal address of the inhabitants of Pietermaritzburg—already mentioned—was then presented. The addresses from Durban and Pietermaritzburg afford an interesting comparison. That from the Port, after the conventional congratulations on a safe passage and expressions of welcome, proceeded to "give expression to the lively ebullition of our British pride in asserting our loyal satisfaction at an event which puts us in possession of the benefit of British institutions, British influences, and British rights."

That from Pietermaritzburg, after the same preliminaries, proceeded to "look to the appointment as a happy omen towards the amelioration of the deplorable condition into which this fine and promising country has been plunged by the absence of a regular Government and the want of energetic measures."

It was a fine, bright moonlight evening on the 13th. Pietermaritzburg was tastefully illuminated. The whole capital was jubilant, and the tired Governor with his spouse and family sought the slumber they so richly deserved, to the sound of rifle shots at irregular intervals well on into the night, this being the peculiar manner in which the inhabitants were wont to manifest their enthusiasm.

On the 19th the Governor and the "gentry of Maritzburg" were entertained at a great dinner by the officers of the 45th. The meal was served "in admirable style, with great taste and judgment, with every luxury of the season, and wines in abundance." The loyal toasts of Her Majesty the Queen, and Prince Albert, were drunk with acclamation. So was that of the Duke of Wellington. But all these were eclipsed by the enthusiasm which attended that of the 45th itself—"The Old Stubborns"—for it was drunk under the faded colours which even then bore the names of fourteen "general engagements"—all of them famous. The "excellent band" of the regiment lived up to its reputation. When the toast of "The Ladies of Pietermaritzburg" was reached it struck up "Here's a Health to all Good Lasses."

By the 30th of December 1845 His Honour Martin West was well in the saddle. It was on that day that he signed his first proclamation. There was no doubt about it now. Natal was at length completely respectable, and in that state we may bid her—for a time at least—farewell.

CHAPTER XIII

THE AMERICANS IN NATAL

FOR at least a decade, which began in 1836, the Americans were an integral portion of the history of Natal. America was mainly represented at that place by her missionaries; but she very nearly colonised it. A little more, and the whole trend of South African history would have experienced a gargantuan twist.

In the year 1834 Dr. Philip, the Capetown missionary, succeeded in interesting America in the heathen of South Africa, and on the 5th of December the first American mission to those parts sailed out of Boston on the *Burlington*, under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Aldin Grout and George Champion, missionaries, and Newton Adams, physician (each with his wife), were destined for the "maritime nation of Zoolahs." Daniel Lindley and Henry Venable, missionaries, and Alexander Wilson, physician and missionary, were to minister to the spiritual needs of the "Zoolahs" of the interior. Mrs. Venable, Mrs. Wilson, and Mrs. Lindley accompanied their husbands. The latter party, after spending months with Robert Moffat's mission to the Bechuanas at Kuruman, made its way to the kraal of Umsilikazi, or Moselikatse, at Mosega, in what is now the western Transvaal. They found *en route* that a "paradigm of the Sechuana verb, when fully written out" was "little less in size than a map of the United States." They also learnt some fifteen hundred words of Setebele—Moselikatse's language—with its "ugly inimitable click." After a few days of the Karoo, Mr. Venable had also made the strange discovery that "South Africa cannot be said, when strictly speaking, to have a rainy season." The drought was so intense that, according to Dr. Wilson, the country north of the Orange River was in danger of becoming an uninhabited desert. The temperature was appalling; the sand was so hot

The Reverend Aldin Grout.

that the dogs would " sometimes stop by a bush and howl, and then follow on." What drinking water the party did find was in mud-holes and " not cleaner than if it came from a standing horse pond."

Moselikatse had once been a general under Tshaka. He had in 1822 been ordered by the King to raid the Sutu tribe and bring their cattle to the royal kraal. The raid was duly carried out, but Moselikatse's cupidity outran his discretion when he gazed upon the ample captured herds, and he sent only a portion to his king. Tshaka's Intelligence Department was desperately efficient ; and in no time his messengers were demanding the balance. Moselikatse cut off their plumes and chased them from his kraal. He guessed what the result would be, but hoped to defy the wrath of Tshaka by taking up an impregnable position on the Entubeni Hill. He was betrayed by an enemy in his ranks. The Zulu regiments swooped upon his people from the unsuspected rear, and Moselikatse found himself a hunted fugitive, at the head of a few hundred followers ; the women and children of his tribe lay in mangled bloody heaps among his smoking huts. He fled west, killing and burning all before him, until he reached the western Transvaal. There he founded the Matabele nation. He was a courageous but treacherous and bloodstained ruffian. He had given Moffat, the English missionary at Kuruman, a wonderful reception. Grasping him by the hand, he had exclaimed, " Now my eyes see you, and my heart is as white as milk." He used this simile to Moffat twice : once in 1829 and again in 1835. He could do, he said, with twenty missionaries. When the Americans arrived at his mountainous dwelling-place in 1836 his attitude was not quite the same. It was some time before he would receive them. He was much occupied at the moment in murdering a number of his people " on account of the death of one of his own children, which he alleged had been produced by witchcraft." This caused the brethren to describe him as a " most bloody man, capable of everything that is bad." In the end Moselikatse yielded, and the party set eagerly about the founding of their mission. No sooner had they done this, however, than the chief became definitely hostile. He found that their teaching was in direct opposition to all his cherished habits, and forbade his people to listen to the strangers. Unhappily the mission were also seized with a " most distressing and obstinate fever," which was attributed to the dampness of their ant-heap floors, and on the 8th of September 1836 Mrs. Wilson died, leaving a " motherless babe." Her grave, discovered in 1912, is marked by a monument erected by the American women of Johannesburg. The stone her husband provided is also still preserved, thanks largely to the efforts of Mr. Gubbins of Ottoshoop, an enthusiastic antiquarian. As she lay dying, she asked that her mother and sister in far America might be told that she never regretted coming to Africa. Her afflicted husband wrote to his superiors in these words : " Although she was cut down before she had seen the heathen turning to God, yet when the Messenger came, she was found in the service of her Master. I believe she is with that Saviour, whom she worshipped, and whom she served."

Worse was to follow. Moselikatse's heart had not been white enough to prevent him during 1836 from attacking the emigrant Boers who were trekking through his region. He slaughtered fifty of them, and returned home with six thousand cattle, forty thousand sheep, and a number of wagons.

In January 1837 the Boers retaliated. They suddenly emerged, as the dawn broke, from a mountain pass behind the mission house, and fell upon Moselikatse's people. As the sound of firing woke the missionaries, a bullet smashed the window of Mrs. Venable's room and buried itself in the wall above her bed. According to the Moffats, Mr. Venable was ill at the time, and the mission outhouse in which the servants slept was riddled with shot. In a few hours four hundred of Moselikatse's men lay dead before the eyes of the Americans. Fifteen villages were ablaze. The Boers retook their wagons, sheep, and cattle. Moselikatse would have been killed had he not been at another village. As it was, he fled incontinently to the northwest. The horrified missionaries also hastened away, and after a painful journey, fifteen hundred miles in length and of six months' duration, wearily greeted their brethren of the " Maritime Mission " in Natal. They arrived there about the same time as Owen. He had long talks with the Americans at Berea.

The " Maritime Mission " after an irritating delay due to a Kaffir war in the Eastern Province, finally sailed in the *Dove* from Algoa Bay on the 7th of December 1835. They had met Gardiner there ; he had warned them not to proceed to Natal ; they would " destroy all the good he had done," and there was little hope of success. This was typical of Gardiner.

The passage was by no means an easy one. It was " truly boisterous " ; the currents were so adverse that after sailing out of sight of land one day for hours under a fresh breeze, and supposing themselves to be making wonderful headway, the party found that " for the last twenty-four hours we had made no progress at all." Unfortunately, too, the captain made land nearly a hundred miles north of Port Natal. He tacked in order to make his way south, when fires on the land " at what appeared to be a cape " farther north still made him change his mind. After he had wearily battled for hours with the current once more, the cape unhappily vanished, " proving only to be a slight indentation of the coast." Then, as the captain approached still nearer to the shore in a vain effort to make out where on earth he was, the wind dropped and he was forced to anchor to prevent being driven ashore by the seas. After that a stiff on-shore breeze made him drag his anchor, and he was compelled to slip it. The vessel all but reached the breakers, but the captain managed to beat off, only, however, to be blown over a hundred miles out to sea in a gale, and to find himself in the end no less than two degrees south of the Port. After many weary hours the party sighted the Bluff, to their intense relief, and the crazy voyage ended—not, however, without the vessel all but grounding as she entered the harbour. Still, as Champion said, " The Lord was merciful, and here we erected another Ebenezer." This was on the 20th of December 1835. The passage had lasted thirteen days. Champion was delighted with Natal. He had caught occasional glimpses of its shores upon his voyage ; he found the scenery delightful, " and far beyond anything we had yet seen in Africa." " The country receded gradually from the shore, covered with the finest green, interspersed with beautiful trees, and here and there swelling into moderate hills and valleys." Sometimes he fancied that he saw " orchards regularly planted with fruit trees, often gardens, and at other times an extensive park with all its variety of knoll and dell, and natural and artificial beauties." And, to crown it all, " the background of the picture was ever filled up, as we sailed along, by a blue range of notched or table mountains in the distance."

The missionaries took up their abode in the house built by poor Mr. Berken—a structure of wattle and daub, thatched with grass and reeds, and surrounded by a verandah. The garden was filled with vegetables, and in front of the house stood the large tree under which Gardiner had preached the word of God for the first time at Port Natal, to an uncomprehending audience. One could stand under it and look out over the waters of the bay—" a picturesque lake, resembling some of those in America, embosoming a verdant island of mangrove in its centre, and itself surrounded by high land receding from its shores." Champion, as he surveyed it, rendered silent thanks to the " God of Missions." The forest near by was " vocal with many a songster," but in none of them could Champion discover " much harmony or sweetness of tone." Africa, they say, is a land of flowers without scent, and birds without song. Gardiner had remarked upon the " profusion of beautiful indigenous but generally scentless flowers." The brethren found the place full of thrills. They tasted the " Cape gooseberry "—" a sub acid fruit, covered with a pod, and yellow when ripe " ; they enjoyed, one day, " a regular American thunder shower " ; they listened at night, with mixed feelings, to " the grunting of a tiger, a species of leopard, not far off " ; and when one of the party, who was busy writing at an open window, looked up to find a long green snake making towards him over the sill, they all felt that the cup of experience was indeed filled to overflowing. The party met some of the settlers, and found them both courteous and hospitable ; they sat in their simple habitations on wooden stools, or on floors covered with leopard-skin mats, and refreshed themselves with sour milk. There were about thirty men and two women living at the Port. The only ones mentioned by Champion are Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. Norden, and Mr. Pickman. It pained the brethren, however, to find that the Hottentots who had accompanied the traders from the Eastern Province were a drunken and degraded band, and to discover that strong drink in undue quantity was not unacceptable to some of the whites.

Here they saw their first war dance, performed by a hundred natives, after which two oxen were slaughtered and eaten, " skin, flesh, blood, and entrails." They visited the place " selected as the site of a town to be called D'Urban " above the west end of the bay. The road to it lay through grass much above their heads, and dense bush in which were wild fig trees, shrubs almost stifled by wild " morning glory," and ants' nests " as large as a hat crown." The brethren rested beneath a giant fig tree under whose " wild shade a thousand might stand."

D'Urban was, alas ! unbuilt. " Only a small space is yet cleared in the bush for the streets of the proposed village." On the way back the party stumbled on the footprints of an elephant. After this they made their way to Gardiner's settlement, " Berea," through a field of maize and " dense jungle, with tall trees interspersed." They climbed up the steep hill, along a path " arched over by the climbing plants and limbs of trees, proving a most refreshing walk in the warm day." But when they reached " Berea " they were amply repaid by the gorgeous view for the " toil and sweat of the ascent."

An effort to explain the mission, " with some account of the Redeemer," to the natives was met with incredulous stares ; but at the end the audience said, " We will remember." It needed also a little courage to accustom oneself to the costumes of the native men, which were quite adequate behind, but, otherwise hardly sufficient " for what nature herself might teach them." And the brethren were staggered at the fleas. On one visit to a kraal they were literally chased out by swarms of these joyous parasites, which fell upon them in such quantities as to " blacken our clothing."

The party paid a visit one day to the home of " Mr. P."—presumably Pickman—on the Umlazi River, some seven miles south of the Port. He was neither a trader nor a hunter. He grew corn and wonderful vegetables. And he lived in a reed house overlooking a lagoon, which he had christened Lake Washington, " in honor of the hero of America." He was a man of parts, Mr. Pickman. The missionaries were most impressed.

Amid all this Champion was learning Zulu with a passionate industry. As he said, " An interpreter is but a poor medium of conveying the language of a man's heart. The interesting story of Jesus' love falls from his lips as an unmeaning and idle tale."

On the 4th of January 1836 the Americans set out on their journey to Dingana. They were fully equipped with articles of barter, and with presents—even down to the white and yellow beads which, on pain of death, none but the King could wear.

There was not a living soul between the Umgeni River, near the Port, and the Tugela, and as they wandered through this fertile land of desolation the brethren sadly thought of the thousands who had been hurled into eternity by Tshaka's armies, " unblessed with the light of the Gospels." They prayed that He who had the power would " quicken His people, and greatly arouse them to care for a dying world."

With terrible difficulty their wagon slowly made its way over first the Umhloti, then the Umtongati—where they suffered from " the musquetos "—then the Umvoti, a river into which Tshaka had once dispatched his warriors to catch an alligator alive, and finally the great Tugela.

The Zulu children along the route north of this river stood petrified, or screamed with terror, at the sight of the white men and their gaily painted bullock wagon—so did the dogs.

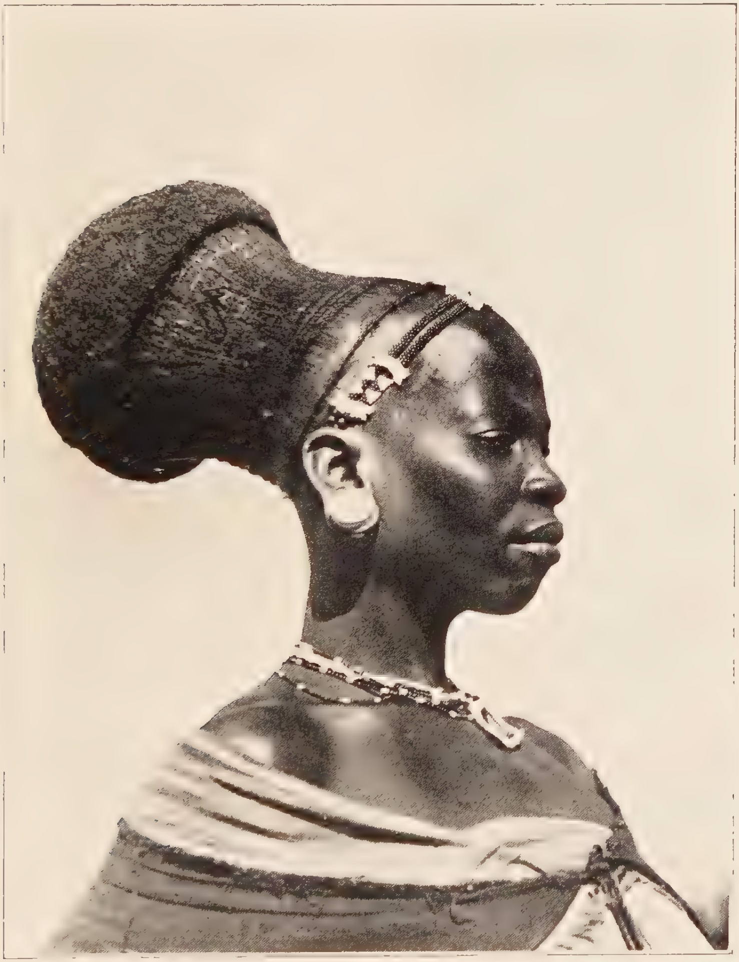
It was a queer journey, this pilgrimage of the men of a new continent among the warriors of an old one. At one time the travellers found themselves delayed at the Tugela because the wolves had eaten most of the " skin boat," which—after the example of Isaacs—was used to ferry light baggage and travellers across ; at another they marvelled at the Zulus beating the newly-hatched young locusts to death, so that they might not mature. They thought it hardly fair of the natives to follow the honey-birds, who led them of set purpose to the hives of the wild bees, and then not to accord their guides the share of plundered honey they expected. And they prayed long and steadily in the land which suffered under " the rod of a pagan King, in darkness and the shadow of moral death."

A few miles from Dingana's home the brethren met Mr. Norden on his way back to Natal. He had with him no less than a hundred and fifty of Dingana's warriors, each carrying one or two elephants' tusks, some of which were seven and eight feet long. Trade was good. No wonder Mr. Norden spoke so well of the monarch.

As the missionaries approached the royal kraal, they were much impeded by " several lusty women heavily laden with brass and beads " who paraded before the wagon and held it up until pacified with gifts. These were the " sisters " of the King.

In the kraal of a thousand huts, with its myriad cattle-pens and a great central parade and dancing-ground, they found Dingana, to whom they were introduced by their interpreter as " Ugaloti, Tadamvoosi, and Umbaselo." The King was seated in a large, old-fashioned arm-chair just presented to him by " Mr. N." This was, of course, Mr. Norden. A few days later this chair was exchanged for one " very like a European one," but made out of a single block of wood. This was the one that Gardiner had seen ; it is still preserved. Dingana, swathed in a red plush cloak with two rows of buttons along its whole border, received with interest a razor, an umbrella, some pictures, beads and handkerchiefs, a knife, a tea canister, and the lock of a tin trunk. He examined the wagon—and took a fancy to a piece of green baize, which was also presented to him. He was fascinated by a turning lathe with which the missionaries fashioned a snuff-box out of a piece of rosewood, and summoned his brass-smiths to view the miracle. He worked the lathe himself until his dress became entangled in it, and insisted on its mechanism being fully explained. While this was happening, his harem were all excitement, but they presented no attraction to Champion, who thus described them : " Corpulent beyond all description, their hips and necks loaded with beads of various sorts, and with no clothing on most, except a short coat round the loins, they present *in toto* as they drag their load over the ground, and in this warm weather, an appearance which excites in a stranger both ridicule and disgust." The missionaries were, however, vastly intrigued with the other activities of the kraal. They watched the brass-smiths making the fluted armlets which the King conferred upon his bravest captains. They viewed the shield-makers at work, fashioning out of ox-hides, and by hand, thousands of the same pattern ; they inspected the brewing of beer from Kaffir corn or millet ; but the King's beer was " too near the strong beer of other countries for any man to drink much of it." And they regarded with pity the adorning of the harem with brass collars, which imposed upon their necks a rigidity that was as permanent as it was uncomfortable. These brass armlets and collars were not only a source of discomfort but a menace. The brass became "cankered within"; the neck or arm was continually inflamed, and often septic. Champion records that the armlets had been known so to injure the arm, as to cause it to rot off.

When the Americans put forward their request to found a mission the King was bored, and even petulant. He referred them to his Indunas. What he really wanted was a bead-maker. The chiefs were by no means urbane. Ogle had, at Cane's request and with Dingana's consent, shot Jacob dead, but the prophecy of that native adventurer was indelibly imprinted on the Zulu brain. The Zulus were afraid "that one white after another would come into the country and want to build a house and live in the country, till at last an army would come and take the country from them." Their fear was well grounded, The Americans, however, with greater wisdom than Gardiner or Owen, rammed no theology down the dark Zulu throat. They talked about learning to read and write. In the end Dingana temporised with them. They were first to establish themselves at the Port, and later on he would assign them a place for a school. And if his people were to be taught to read and write he and his chiefs would require to be taught as well. The Americans now hastened joyfully back to the Port, to find the *Dove* still there. Grout and Adams sailed back to Algoa Bay in her. Champion remained to select the site of the new mission. Grout reached Bethelsdorp, a mission station near Algoa Bay, to find his wife so ill that she died on the 24th of February 1836. He bore his bereavement with courageous resignation. Just before she died he sadly wrote of her to his superiors in America: "Should she this hour or the next close her life it would not be unexpected. All this, however, among our blessings, I am not disposed to consider as a frown. It is indeed taking from me my chief and almost my only earthly comfort; but I have to reflect that it is the hand of Him that cannot do wrong which inflicts the blow, and were it not best, He would not do it. I know not the reason for the course He takes, neither do I feel anxious to know. I would say, 'It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good.' She appears as quiet and happy as I can conceive it possible she could be, while in the flesh. When thinking of the good cause in which she has embarked, and especially when she feels what a wide and effectual



A Modern Zulu Woman.

door is apparently open for us at Natal, she would go and help us; but if the Lord will otherwise, she will give us her blessing, lay her body to rest at Bethelsdorp, and wing her way to glory."

Grout had been much impressed, not only with the Port—where "an India ship" could easily call—but with the Zulus. In them he found—as others have—two "remarkable traits of character for a heathen community, honesty and chastity." With every opportunity of theft they stole nothing belonging to his party. Mrs. Wood—the mother of William—travelled among them, unprotected, without the least thought of danger. Grout would sooner have trusted his wife or sister alone for days and nights with them than with many of his own country.

While Grout was sadly preparing to return to Natal with Adams, Champion had established himself on the Umlazi River, close to the abode of Mr. Pickman.

On the 7th of March 1836 he opened his school under the shade of a great tree, and traced the first three letters of the alphabet in the sand, for the benefit of twelve small native children. His efforts were somewhat impeded by the fact that some of the girls had infants to look after while the mothers worked in the fields, and that these lifted up their voices without either cessation or continence at the sight of a white man. Still the girls thought it great fun—some of them insisted on attending three times a day. One white boy joined the class. This must have been William Wood.

Champion lived in a simple native hut. It was by no means an easy life. He could only avoid being bitten to distraction by "musquetoes" at night by keeping a smoking fire well alight. And the clapping on shields by dancers and the cries of the night watchers, who were keeping the wild pigs out of the sweet potato fields, hardly conduced to dreamless sleep. But Mr. Pickman supplied him with fresh vegetables and fruit; that was something. Champion also preached to the whites at Durban, but their interest soon waned. The natives were more regular, and even increased in number. By the middle of May a hundred assembled "under the verdant Kaffer trees . . . and listened."

Grout and Adams returned on the 21st of May 1836, having travelled overland. They were much impressed, on the way, with the progress of Kingwilliamstown, and were positive that it would " soon be as large and important a place as Grahamstown " ; the Umzimkulu River was the most beautiful place they had ever seen ; and they heard the story of Faku, who, when he saw a plough for the first time, exclaimed, " It is worth six wives."

All three missionaries now visited Dingana once again. The result was that they were authorised to open a mission station in his territory. Dr. and Mrs. Adams took over the one established by Champion on the Umlazi River. Mr. and Mrs. Champion selected a site some eight miles north of the Tugela and about ten miles from the sea, which they named " Ginani," or " Lo, I am with you." Mr. Grout was to be liaison officer and work at either place as he was needed. To deal first with Adams. The school begun by Champion grew steadily in size. It soon " bade fair to make the little one's interpreters of the glad news of salvation to their parents and friends."

In the latter half of 1836 Norden, the Grahamstown trader, paid Adams a visit, which the *Grahamstown Journal* described in the following terms : " Considering the short time he had been a resident of the country, the improvements made by him were very surprising. His own dwelling-house, a very comfortable building furnished with a good library, and several others of a minor character, were finished. A school for girls had been established by Dr. Adams in which were 29 scholars, all neatly clothed in cotton dresses. At the time of Mr. Norden's visit some were employed at needlework and others learning to read ; and the whole scene with its association was calculated to excite in the mind feelings of the most pleasing character. In teaching the system adopted is on the principle of infant schools, so as to combine amusement with instruction, and thus to keep the mind in healthy exercise. Dr. Adams stated that their prospect of usefulness was so exceedingly good that they had written to the American Board of Missions to send out 3 suitable persons to conduct infant schools."

Adams had also asked for a " printer, with press and apparatus," which he received in due course. He had also suggested that the reinforcements he wanted should be sent direct by an American vessel. As he put it : " We have often said, how refreshing it would be to see a vessel within three months from Boston at anchor in the Bay with helpers for us in the great work."

The school was still flourishing in May 1837. The attendance was about fifty, and one class was reading the New Testament. There was also a class for adults, held at sunrise, and a sewing school for women twice a week. But domestic duties and work in the fields were drawbacks to regular attendance by the women and children. The Sunday classes were, for some reason, much more popular. Mrs. Adams had three hundred pupils—all children; and Dr. Adams himself expounded the Scriptures weekly to about two hundred and fifty adults.

In the meantime Champion and his wife were pioneering at Ginani. After the visit to Dingana in June 1836, and the selection of the site for the new station, Champion returned to the Umlazi to hand over to Dr. Adams. He and his wife left that spot at the end of August 1836. They bade farewell to the natives, who with tears in their eyes kissed the hands of the missionary and his wife " as their testimony of affection "; on their way north they spent a Sunday of prayer and meditation on the spot where Tshaka's corpse had been tumbled into a grain-pit; and they saw six lions and three troops of buffaloes a hundred strong in all on their way to the Tugela. When they reached the site, Mr. Grout, who was with them, went on to the royal kraal to ascertain if it met with Dingana's final approval. Mr. and Mrs. Champion pitched their tent, and slept among a strange and savage people in a " verdant, mountainous region." Poor Mrs. Champion! It is hard to say whether the unpleasing table habits of the Zulus or the growling and snarling of the wild dogs and hyenas outside the tent disturbed her the more. The country was alive with locusts; and a gale of wind nearly disposed of the tent for good and all. There the party built a primitive dwelling of three rooms, each ten feet by eight. The floors were ant-heap, pounded hard; the walls were built of mud and stone; the roof was thatch, and the ceiling wagon-canvas; the doors and windows were made of mats and reeds. The building leaked like a sieve. Here they struggled to make known the word of God, in circumstances which at times well-nigh drove them to distraction.

Some of the congregation at the first service, for example, conversed and took snuff freely during the sermon. Others left in the middle, after bidding their friends a noisy farewell.

Still the couple braced themselves, and one day interrupted a feast at which raw entrails were being freely consumed, with the result that the diners listened " attentively to the Story of Jesus." Some of the women said they loved God, and would not forget Him ; but the missionary was worldly enough to regard their instantaneous conversion with extreme suspicion. He felt that they were about to demand *largesse*, or, as he put it, that their hearts went after their covetousness.

When Champion killed a snake that invaded his home there was an uproar among the natives, who accused him of slaughtering the spirit of one of their forefathers in search of a square meal ; Dingana accepted costly blankets from him and sent oxen in return which were " but a picture of Pharaoh's lean ones," and that by messengers who were both insolent and importunate ; one of his neighbours—a headman—was " smelt out " and murdered, having been accused not only of having had converse with owls, but of having been seen with a bug under his arm. Another neighbour—a woman—was strangled near the mission by order of the King for no apparent reason ; and a boy who had fled from the royal kraal to Ginani was deliberately starved to death almost under Champion's eyes.

The only sign that civilising influences had reached Dingana, was the fact that he now paraded his kraal in a cart drawn by six oxen, instead of remaining static, and that was hardly convincing. But the classes increased in number—and sometimes showed real interest especially when Champion preached in their own language. Progress was, however, rather impeded by an eclipse of the moon, which upset the equilibrium of the whole district.

The services were still, however, constantly interrupted by cackling fowls, barking dogs, and the loud singing of new arrivals ; most of those who attended for the first time laughed unconsumedly at the prayers and singing of hymns. It must have been more than disconcerting. Champion records that to a stranger from a Christian land his " audience would seem assembled for almost any other purpose than for religious worship."

Moreover, every living soul for miles around—from the great captains to the lowest—cadged persistently and offensively. Champion almost despaired ; but he never really lost heart ; he wrote in his journal that " he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed," would doubtless "come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." And when he and his wife, along with Grout, partook of Communion, his soul grew calm. "It was a sweet season," he wrote, "with Christ within the doors."

The work proceeded thus until the 27th of July 1837, when Lindley, Venable, and Wilson ended their weary trek at Natal. They had made the journey "in perils of waters, in perils of the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often and in hunger and thirst." As Dr. Wilson said, "wagons have no wings, neither have oxen"; and he aptly but wearily told his Board that in an ox wagon every mile was a long one.

Brother Lindley was equally devastating, as regards the earlier portion of the trek, from Mosega down to the eastern Cape. "Monotony, wearisome monotony, marked the whole." Day after day the missionaries travelled over the parched and treeless veld, in a "clumsy, dead wagon drawn by jaded, creeping oxen, panting under an almost vertical sun"—oxen whose "projecting bones and lashed sides" nearly broke their hearts. The groves of mimosa, which appeared "so beautiful in books," were nothing but patches of scrubbed thorn-bushes set in a "wide expanse of dead, unmoving land." In these arid, treeless wastes there was so little fuel that the party often went to sleep hungry because there was no fire to cook their food. Lindley felt on these occasions that "a loaf of bread in the road" would have considerably "enlivened the prospect."

The result of this accession to the strength of the mission was the establishment by Lindley of a station at Ifumi on the Illovo River, south of the Umlazi, and by Venable and Wilson of another at Hlangezwa, thirty miles deeper in the mountains of Zululand than Ginani. The station at Hlangezwa could only be established by the King's consent, which Venable and Wilson procured in person, after a journey during which Venable thought that some parts of Zululand "resembled the wood pastures of Kentucky." Towards the end of 1837 there were therefore four American mission stations at Natal, two south of the Port, and two in Zululand itself.

Owen, the missionary, visited both Ginani and Hlangezwa in that year.

The outward situation of Ginani presented no attraction to him, but " the deep love of piety, the unfeigned humility and indefatigability of the friends whom I saw, were in the highest sense pleasing and instructive." He was astonished to find that Champion could both preach and pray in Zulu with ease.

Hlangezwa was in its infancy when he saw it. There were only two small reed houses, but they were " conveniently situated near excellent water." There he found a congregation of thirty adults, who had assembled by command of a servant of the missionaries—sent, as one of the royal house, by the King himself. Dr. Wilson offered a short extempore prayer in Zulu (he was also a linguist), and conducted the singing of a Zulu hymn composed by himself. But, all the same, an old lady who spoke for the congregation categorically declined to admit any sin on the part of herself or the others. How could they be sinful, she said, when they came to listen to the word of God ? And neither Wilson nor Owen could answer.

Wilson and the Venables, were living at Hlangezwa in a wattle-and-daub structure which contained two rooms ; its dimensions were eighteen feet by nine and a half. The kitchen and dining-room—combined—measured fifteen by nine. The storeroom consisted of their wagon cover raised on forked sticks. When they asked for furniture from America, the reply was a circular to the effect that a commercial crisis in that country had so seriously affected the Board's finances that none could be sent. So they slept on primitive beds with reed mattresses, and sat on boxes or three-legged stools. Their food was sparse. During two months the only meat they had was " that of two goats, and of a hippopotamus given to us, and that of a few wild bucks, shot by the Hottentots who accompanied us from the Colony." They lived on milk, maize bread, and a few vegetables. In their wildest moments they had never dreamt that their African adventure would include the consumption of the flesh of a hippo.

Grout sailed back to America in December 1837, and by April 1838 every one of the four American mission stations was abandoned and pillaged ; not a single American missionary was left in Natal. This was of course due to the massacre of Retief and his men. Retief, already doomed to die violently by the hand of Dingana, visited Champion at Ginani in November 1837 on his way back from his first visit to the King. There he disclosed his decision to return with the cattle Dingana had told him to recover, and an armed force of about sixty men. Champion pleaded with Retief not to do this ; his two years' experience of the Zulu monarch had convinced him that Retief was simply courting disaster. Retief would not listen. It took a Dutchman (as we have already recorded) and not an Englishman to understand a Kaffir. When Champion reminded him that he was an American, Retief said the difference was too small to notice.

Neither the Voortrekker nor the missionary knew that had Dingana's orders been carried out by his headman Sigwebana, Retief would never even have reached Ginani. His corpse would have already been picked clean by the hyenas of Kangela.

Retief had hardly continued on his southward journey when Sigwebana and his people in full flight from the King's wrath, reached the Tugela. There they were overtaken by a pursuing Zulu army and almost decimated.

The captives were taken back past Ginani " to taunt the missionary ; to show him his helplessness to save them, and also to harrow his feelings."

The soldiers took two women out of the mission house and clubbed them before Champion's eyes. The older one was left dead. But Joseph Kirkman, the interpreter at Ginani, cheated the oncoming vultures of the other, who was insensible. He chased them off while he went for medicine. He hid the unconscious woman under some long grass and laid her small baby—uninjured—beside her. The child had been spared by the warriors because " the wolves would do what was necessary." When Kirkman came back with ammonia the older woman was " but a few scattered bones as white as snow." According to Brownlee (the interpreter at Hlangezwa), she was Godase, mother of Sigwebana.

After nightfall Mrs. Champion tended the unhappy woman and child, and the two, with five others, were then taken to the Tugela River and ferried over into Natal, so that they might escape a brutal death. Kirkman—who was, like Brownlee, only a boy—remained with the missionary and his wife, while Hopkins, the mission carpenter—an American—rowed them across. Hopkins was a man of great physical strength who had earned the nickname of " Silosehlati " (The " Terrible One of the

Forest "), from the rapidity with which he felled the native trees. He took his axe across the river with him. Brownlee says that he was worth twelve Zulus in a hand-to-hand conflict with the axe. But when the news came, later, of the massacre of Retief, Hopkins apparently deserted the mission and crossed the Tugela into Natal.

Brownlee—the son of a Scotch missionary in Kaffraria, afterwards commissioner of the Gaika tribes, a distinguished magistrate, and for a time Secretary for Native Affairs for the Cape Colony—must often in later years have thought of Hopkins and his axe ; so must Kirkman, the son of a frontier trader near the Brownlees' mission station. Many of the wounded managed to crawl from the Tugela and take refuge with the Americans. Mrs. Champion spent days " in attending and dressing wounded Zulus." One woman had eighteen spear-wounds in her body.

When Retief reached the Port, he visited Lindley, who was much impressed with his worthiness. Lindley translated into English a letter he was writing to Dingana, and was delighted to find him speaking so well of the missionaries to the King.

Suddenly in February 1838 came the treacherous murder of the Boers.

Mrs. Venable and Dr. Wilson were at this time on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Champion at Ginani. As they were sitting at dinner one night a shadow suddenly darkened the door. Every one started up, to find at the entrance a Zulu warrior in the full panoply of war. He was a messenger from the King. He saluted Mr. Champion and told him that Dingana had murdered the Boers ; Champion was, however, not to be afraid ; he might stay or leave as he thought fit. In either event he was under the King's protection. The missionaries were much alarmed ; Mrs. Venable was distraught. She thought of her husband and Brownlee miles away at Hlangezwa. For all she knew they might be dead. As it happened, they were both at that moment actually in Dingana's kraal consoling the unhappy Owen. It was just as well that she was unaware of that. They had visited Dingana in order to protest against an order issued by " Mungo," one of his Indunas, forbidding the natives to attend the services at Hlangezwa ; and they stumbled on a massacre. They saw the heaped-up firearms and baggage of the unfortunate emigrants, over whose bodies the vultures were still hovering.

Mrs. Venable was a brave woman. She insisted on travelling back to Hlangezwa, where she finally met her husband and Brownlee, who arrived there from the royal kraal. Dr. Wilson and Kirkman went with her.

After many anxious days Mr. and Mrs. Champion, Mr. and Mrs. Venable, and Dr. Wilson, as well as Owen and his party, met and crossed the Tugela River. Wagons and oxen were lost in the crossing in spite of the efforts of Hulley (Owen's interpreter) and Kirkman; the women were suffering badly; they could neither eat nor sleep, and it was with a deep sense of relief that the harassed party reached the Port. There Mr. and Mrs. Lindley and Dr. and Mrs. Adams met them from the south. After a long discussion the Americans resolved to give up their mission. This decision to abandon Natal, for a time at any rate, was not arrived at without much searching of the heart. Champion was loath to leave, although his wife's nerves were frayed beyond belief by so much spilling of blood, almost before her eyes, a few weeks before. Venable was for remaining, until Mrs. Venable refused point-blank to stay. Wilson, who, like Grout, had endured in this wild country the agony of bereavement, was discouraged. Lindley thought of giving up the natives altogether, and trying the Dutch as a field of labour. He had always found his work among the natives more irksome than the others—not that he lacked industry or enthusiasm, but he was blessed—or cursed—with a sensitive and introspective temperament; when his hearers asked why they had not heard before of the new doctrine, he was desperately tempted not to tell them how long it was since Jesus Christ had been crucified. He dared not confess that the Church had for so many centuries been oblivious of their souls. His only comfort was that he—at even this late stage—was obeying the command to preach the Gospel.

Gardiner, who was at the Port in exactly the same plight as the Americans, wanted to move all his natives down across the Umzimvubu, a plan which Champion euphemistically described as "Quixotic." Ultimately all the missionaries, except Lindley and Owen, sailed in the brig *Mary* in March; but Lindley and Owen were forced to depart after Dingana's armies had reddened the Tugela with the blood of thirteen British settlers and hundreds of their followers. They left in the *Comet* in May.

Venable went back to America and received an honourable discharge from the Board. Champion also returned to his native country. He became gravely ill, and went off in search of sunshine and health to Santa Cruz, where he died in December 1841. He was only thirty-one. A man of ample fortune, he devoted himself to, and died in, the service of his Redeemer.

Dr. Wilson, like the other two, reached America again. After a time he sailed on a further mission—this time to West Africa. There he gave up his life in the service of Christ in October 1841. As he died, he relied on " the atonement of Christ alone," and said that " he could not part with the Saviour for the universe."

Adams and Lindley returned to Natal in June 1839, and Aldin Grout a year later. He left Boston on the *Levant* in March 1840, and arrived at Capetown on the 12th of May, just in time for the smallpox epidemic which ravaged that city with terrible results.

Lindley was, in his heart of hearts, delighted to return to Natal, " a land flowing with milk and honey," compared with any part of Southern Africa he had seen ; a land which, instead of presenting the parched and arid appearance he had so often encountered, abounded in water " flowing in limpid, noisy, living streams." Capetown had its smallpox in 1840, but Natal had its measles in 1839, and the epidemic paralysed all missionary effort. After much searching of the heart, Lindley decided finally to minister to the Boers. By the end of January 1840 he had opened a school for the emigrant children south of Durban, and had ninety pupils, who manifested " in general a laudable disposition to improve." The farmers treated him with the greatest respect and courtesy. They built him a house and a school. Among them Lindley found " a few truly pious people " ; and he " organised a church," with " Elders and deacons," who were " not unworthy of their office." His wife toiled steadily with him—in spite of three young children who claimed a great deal of her time. They all had " hooping cough " very badly, by the way, and one of them nearly died. Lindley reported progress, a year after he commenced his labours. Two hundred pupils had passed through his hands. Most of them had " with praiseworthy diligence and success learned two catechisms" which, though they "contained 646 questions and answers," were in Lindley's opinion "inferior to the Westminster catechisms." He was not nearly so successful in teaching his pupils the more practical subject of arithmetic, because he had no books. Still they all learned to read—after a fashion—and most of them "made more or less progress in the art of writing."

Mrs. Lindley was still working by his side. She taught daily in the school, conducted a home class in English, and held each week a well attended "Mothers' Meeting," at which she read aloud "Abbott's Mother at Home," a book which furnished "many topics for useful conversation." She also distributed tracts weekly to every family in the encampment. And she ran an evening school for native servants every night except Sunday. Who is there among us that will not pay tribute to her saintly toil? Lindley had now decided to become a pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church. There was no ordained minister among them; a year among them had taught him to love them, with all their faults—"and they are many." The doctrine of their Church was in accord with his ordination vows, and they agreed to provide him with a living. He wrote therefore to America—with the concurrence of Adams and Grout—to ask for his discharge upon three conditions, viz., "1st, that it be honourable; 2nd, that you give it heartily; and lastly, that I be at liberty to accept it or not, as the mission may decide, when it shall have come to hand."

He explained that the last condition was only added because Africa was "a land of revolution." And, he added, "I look upon my discharge as only nominal. My heart is with you, and I trust that my work shall be for the Lord." His request was granted by the Prudential Committee of the Board.

Lindley now found in the Boers a fruitful field. He ministered to them until 1847, when he established in more peaceful days a native mission at Inanda, near Durban.

After many years of mission labour, Lindley and his wife returned to America to spend their remaining years. There Mrs. Lindley died in 1877 and the missionary in 1888.

The town called Lindley in the Orange Free State is a tribute to his work among the emigrants. By the end of 1843 he had celebrated among them in Natal eight hundred and nineteen baptisms, three hundred and four confirmations, and seventy-nine marriages. He had in addition ministered to the Overberg Boers, for on a visit to Potchefstroom and Winburg in 1842 he baptised no less than five hundred and eighty-four children, confirmed two hundred and seventy-nine young persons, and married eighteen couples.

The Reverend A. Faure, a Dutch Reformed Minister of Capetown, was sent by the Governor of the Cape among the Natal Boers at the end of that year to ascertain how far their religious needs were being supplied. He wrote enthusiastically of the ex-Presbyterian pastor from the Southern States of America, who found himself, after such strange adventures, among the hardy white nomads of the south of another continent.

Lindley had of course ceased to draw funds from America; he depended upon the voluntary contributions of the Boers. They regarded him with affection and confidence. His task was one of tremendous difficulty. The young Boers were " growing up more expert in the use of the gun than the knowledge of the alphabet "; they were courageous but unrestrained; and the absence of education left them uninformed and credulous. Lindley mourned the " ignorance and prejudices " of this people; he endeavoured to " imbue their minds with sound doctrine," and by his " seasonable and powerful " intervention did much to mould along gentler lines the generation that was being bred in the wild open spaces. Let that be his monument.

Adams returned to his station at the Umlazi. By some miracle it had not been burnt, although it had been plundered. The brand which Dingana's warriors had thrust into the thatch as they marched south in 1838 had failed to do its work. On the 14th of March 1840 he wrote: " The Lord continues to prosper us in our labours at this station. Our congregations are large. Sabbath and day schools flourishing. I have lately put up the printing press and printed a few lessons for the schools." He preached to five hundred natives every Sunday; there were forty children in the day school. In 1845 his congregations varied from five to eight hundred in winter, and from six hundred to a thousand in summer. His day school now provided instruction for a hundred pupils. He was ordained in Capetown on the 10th of December 1844, and died at his post in 1851. He was only forty-five and died of overwork. His wife returned to America five years later. The " Adams Mission Station " still flourishes—a living monument to him.

Grout, who re-married in America, reached Natal again in July of 1840, and after visiting Mpande, the new Zulu king, and communicating with the emigrants, finally established in 1841 a new mission in Zululand, near Empangeni, which he christened " Inkanyezi " or " The Star." He found Mpande " perfectly accessible, free, and familiar," a " plain honest man," disposed to be friendly with the whites, but the inferior in " natural talents " of Dingana. The sad part of his journey was when he and his wife passed " Ginani " and found it burnt and looted. There was not a soul within two miles of it, and " the death-like silence was broken only by the wild animals darting occasionally out of the long grass, or the shrill note of the insects." It took him hours to recover from the shock.

Mpande had greeted him with a hospitality and attention that were almost effusive, and Grout was optimistic as to the future, but the loneliness, the " grum tones of the hippopotamus," and the gloomy howls of the hyenas rather frayed his nerves. He preached to two hundred women his first Sunday. The men were away fighting somewhere.

Grout built himself a house, " as good as a New England barn," and conducted his school in a native hut. He found the people on the whole respectful and attentive—but he had an uncomfortable feeling that opportunism was one of their chief traits.

Grout prayed for rain during a drought, at the request of his audience, and " in mercy, rain came that night." But the region round the King's kraal was not similarly blessed, and he sent a messenger to Grout to ask him to repeat the performance. By a coincidence rain began to fall that night and the delighted monarch sent his thanks. Grout's reputation as a rain-maker was by now so firmly established that his protestations fell upon deaf ears. The Zulus said the rain came from his black overcoat, because he wore it on wet days.

He wrote long and definitely pertinent letters to the Board to prove how favourable a field there was for mission work in Zululand. There was no system of idolatry to break down ;

there was no real strong drink among the Zulus; they had—polygamy excepted—no moral equals for purity "in any nation upon the globe, pagan or Christian"; there was no stealing. But, Mpande came to view the Mission with suspicion and disfavour. The better things went with Grout, the less the King liked it. The success of the white man meant the weakening of his authority. Just before dawn on the 25th of July 1842 Mpande's armies attacked and burnt the kraals surrounding the mission, and every prominent supporter of Grout was murdered, along with his whole family. All the missionary knew of it was that he was awakened and told that the King's regiments were killing nearby. He and his wife commended their spirits to God and walked out of their room to meet whatever might befall. They were not, however, attacked; but they hastened to the Port, where Grout established yet another mission in a deserted Boer house, on the Umgeni River, six miles from Durban Bay.

The Reverend A. Faure also visited Adams and Grout at the end of 1843, and was filled with admiration of their work and methods. He found them the centre of two native communities of fifteen and eight thousand respectively; preaching to about a thousand souls each Sunday, and explaining the Scriptures to the Zulus in their own language. The result was a devotion and attachment which vastly impressed the Capetown minister.

But the missionaries were much disturbed. The American Board of Missions, discouraged by the news of constant setbacks had told them that the missions would probably be abandoned. In due course the blow fell. Orders came for Adams and Grout to return. The former hesitated; his mission was safe and progressing. At the worst, he had his profession to provide him with funds. Grout obeyed, but when he reached Capetown on his way home he was urged both by private individuals and the Government to continue his work in Natal. He was overjoyed. His wife and he had sailed from Natal "with hearts well nigh broken," amid the mournful cries of their mission natives. For nearly ten years they had been "in search of a place where we could stop long enough to preach the gospel and witness its fruits," and it seemed as if they had searched in vain. The expenses of his journey to the Cape and back were subscribed, and he accepted an appointment as Government missionary in

Natal with a salary of a hundred and fifty pounds a year. Every one from the Governor downwards, gave him, not only encouragement but practical assistance. Sir Peregrine Maitland remarked that missionaries were more likely to keep savages quiet than soldiers were.

Adams could have had a similar appointment, but declined it. He carried on until the Board, encouraged by Grout's treatment at Capetown, withdrew its decision. His connection with America thus remained unbroken.

Henry Cloete arranged a Government grant for mission purposes of all the land around him, and, as we have seen, the Adams Mission Station still carries on its work. Adams lies buried in the heart of it.

Grout continued as Government missionary on a tract of land also set aside through Henry Cloete for mission purposes on the Umvoti River, close to the grave of Tshaka. But when the Board withdrew, he gave up his appointment, returned to their patronage, and continued to work for them. " Groutville " is a flourishing native settlement on the banks of that stream to-day. After many years of arduous toil Grout's health failed and he returned to America with his wife. They were still hale and hearty in the early 'nineties ; they had just celebrated their golden wedding.

In 1845 all the missionaries of the Board throughout the world were asked to assemble for devotional purposes in their respective districts on the day of its Annual General Meeting at Brooklyn. Adams and Grout obeyed. And at almost the same moment as the General Meeting celebrated the Lord's Supper, on the afternoon of Thursday the 11th of September 1845, the two lone representatives of America in South Africa and their wives partook of communion on the Umvoti River along with a few of their adherents. Grout reported this to his superiors in these words :

> " On Thursday evening, nearly at the moment when the emblems of Christ's great work of love and mercy were passed around your great collection of disciples, and the Master of the feast was heard saying, ' Do this in remembrance of me,' we had the same memorials spread out before us ;

> we who were but two or three, not in a spacious church surrounded by a host of believers, but in a private room, surrounded by a little company of heathen, some of whom beheld these solemnities for the first time; we, not in a Christian land, but in these ends of the earth, in sight of the place where Chaka, the great conqueror of this region has left his bones, and where the bleached bones of some of his people are yet lying in sight, but a short distance from our door. Surrounded thus with dry bones, dead and alive, when Christ said to us, ' Do this in remembrance of me,' our hearts replied, ' Yes, dear Savior we will remember thee, not only in thine ordinances, but we will preach, we will prophecy upon these bones and say to them, " Oh, ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord "; and by thy grace may we soon see " bone coming to his bone, and spiritual life breathed into them." ' "

And then this puny, struggling band of celebrants offered up one of the Great Prayers of the World. They prayed that one great unanimous, harmonious, and unquenchable desire to make known the gospel of peace to every creature would recruit a mighty sacramental host of God's Elect for work among the benighted peoples of the whole world, and so possess all Churches that they would in one grand and deafening chorus cry, " Lord Jesus, we go; the silver and gold are the Lord's, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." If this, through humble, united, fervent and universal prayer should ever come to pass, they felt that then at last the earth, as it turned upon its axis, would become " but one vast censer swinging in the hand of the Great High Priest." With this we may leave them, alone with their prayer—the outpouring of the hearts of a few humble, weary, and indomitable servants of Christ. None may read it—unless his heart be dead —without wincing at a stab from the invisible rapier of his conscience. The tragedy is that, after eighty years and more, it remains so largely unanswered. The day is not yet when " The Kingdoms of the world are become the Kingdoms of Our Lord and of his Christ."

It was not only by her missionaries that America found herself interested in South-Eastern Africa. Her trading ships—and especially her whalers—sailed along its shores in the early days with much greater frequency than is generally supposed.

It was the *St. Michael*, an American brig of a hundred and fifty tons burden, that brought Isaacs back to Natal early in 1830. This vessel, under Captain Page, had called at St. Helena on her way to Africa. She had gunpowder on board, which, being of inferior quality, she sold—apparently as a matter of course—to the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay; Isaacs does not say whether she landed any at Durban. But John Cane told the Civil Commissioner of Albany in November 1830 that she had landed muskets, cutlasses, gunpowder, and salt in Natal. What is more, Captain Page told every one concerned that he would return to America for the purpose of bringing out men and supplies to form a settlement in Natal. He did return to America and reached Natal again in 1831, but he brought no would-be colonists. Captain Page was not the first American sea-captain to suggest that his nation should colonise South Africa. Captain Stout of the *Hercules*, an American vessel wrecked near the Umzimvubu in 1796, gave an account of the whole affair to Congress on his return to his native land and " endeavoured to impress them strongly with the expediency of planting an American colony on this coast." He met, however, with no success.

While Isaacs was at St. Helena, and before he met Captain Page, he had very nearly come to an arrangement with Captain Williams of the American ship *Francis*, which called at that place. The captain was greedy for information about Natal, and Isaacs, smarting under the treatment of the Natal settlers by the port authorities at Algoa Bay, unburdened his heart. The American, however, decided to make straight for Mozambique, " where he anticipated a favourable result in the disposal of his notions."

When Isaacs finally left Natal on the *St. Michael* in 1831, Captain Page having been disappointed by Dingana's hostility, he called at Delagoa Bay. There he found no less than eight American whaling ships and one American brigantine at anchor. The *Sally Anne* of New Bedford and the *Pacific* were among them. The *Martha*—also of New Bedford—had been driven ashore a few weeks before in a hurricane. She had six hundred barrels of sperm and three hundred barrels of " black whale " oil on board. She was sold as she lay, with her cargo, to the master of the English brig *William of Calcutta* for twenty-nine dollars. Isaacs found that the whole eastern coast from Port Natal to Cape Guardafui was, with the exception of Mozambique, to all intents and purposes an American preserve. An English whaler put in occasionally for water and provisions, but that was all. The same was true of the western coast of Madagascar and the islands in the Mozambique Channel. He was vastly impressed—as many others have been—with the commercial enterprise of the Americans, whereby they enjoyed "all those beneficial returns which adventuring thither justly gives."

The possibility of an American settlement of Port Natal became almost an obsession with Isaacs. In September 1832 he was at the Cape, and addressed a long letter to the Governor, Sir Lowry Cole, in favour of British action at Natal. In this letter he pointed out that wealthy American shipowners had proposed to him the "forming of a Company out of Salem . . . for the purpose of building a Factory and Fort at Natal," to carry on an extensive traffic. "Although," he continued, "the Government there cannot form Settlements beyond their own coast, merchants can settle and build Factories abroad, and claim the Government protection. I am convinced that the Americans have this place in view, that is, to open a trade there in the manner before mentioned, and in all probability had I gone there, instead of coming here, Natal at this period would have had the American Ensign flying on its shores, and even at this moment I should not be surprised if the vessel that took me away, has fitted out to return there." Sir Lowry Cole remained unperturbed by this communication. But the underlying idea still survived, as is proved by the following. In May 1834, Dr. Andrew Smith, of the medical staff of the Cape Garrison, who had visited Natal and interviewed Dingana in 1832, wrote thus of American enterprise in relation to Port Natal: "Several American vessels have lately entered the harbour, and out of them nearly fifty stand of arms, and a tolerable quantity of gunpowder, were bartered, all of which are at present in possession of the Zulus. Hitherto they have used them only little in their wars; but the King stated to me that, should he find himself unable to overcome his enemies by the weapons most familiar to his people, he would then have recourse to them. Should it therefore become an object for the Zulus to require an extensive supply of firearms, they would find Natal a convenient place to barter for them—more especially as there are hundreds of American whalers nearly the whole year off the coast. It is generally believed that the American Government has some intention of forming a small establishment there, so that the numerous vessels which the States send out to the Southern seas may have a port of their own to resort to in case of need. This belief has lately gained ground from the circumstance of an American vessel of war, with a political commissioner on board, having run along the coast and observed the situation of the bay. Let the intention of the Government be what it may, I know from undoubted authority that the nation is about to send out missionaries to labour in that vicinity."

No further move in the direction of securing a port of refuge for its vessels was made by the American Government; no colonists from America made their appearance in South Africa. There were, however, always American whalers at Delagoa Bay. The *Comet*, for instance, put in there in June 1836 and found thirteen of them at anchor. The missionaries did arrive at Port Natal at the end of 1835. We already have the history of their adventures. They were her sole representatives for years—though Mr. G. C. Cato, of whom we have also heard, was American Consular Agent at Durban in the early 'fifties, if not before.

Even when the missionaries arrived, however, the view was held in some quarters that they were merely a cloak for American commercial and political aggression. A letter in the *Grahamstown Journal* in February 1836 asked whether the "dexterity of America" was to be "permitted to forestall our markets, seize our ports—and under our very name acquire in Africa a means of wealth and power which England indolently relinquishes." They hoped, the writer said, to make Natal the "grand entrepôt" of their missions in South Africa; and this, he added, indicated their underlying motive, which was the colonisation of Africa and the foundation of an American-African Empire. One wonders what the poor harassed American missionaries would have said had they read this outpouring.

One or two more facts. In August 1841, according to Theal, an American brig, the *Levant* (which had brought Grout to Capetown in 1840), put into Durban Bay and offered a cargo of merchandise for sale through her supercargo. Business was bad, and the supercargo no doubt lamented the fact. But here was another nation trading with the emigrants—actually offering them merchandise from a foreign ship in the harbour which the British Government had so far declined to occupy with any degree of permanence. This was too much for the Capetown merchants. Why should not Britain (through themselves) enjoy this new trade? Their patriotic outburst reverberated through the corridors of the Government headquarters, and aided the Governor, no doubt, on his reluctant march towards the inevitable military expedition to the Port, which he had so far avoided.

Early in December 1841 he proclaimed his intention of resuming military occupation of Natal. He gave his reasons for this at length, but he said nothing about America, or the little *Levant*.

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